

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

January

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MICKEY ROONEY GETTING SWELL-HEADED?

Read the Truth
on Page 26

GENE AUTRY'S ADVICE TO AMERICAN BOYS

FRANKEST CONFESSIO! by Jeannette MacDonald Herself

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Here's the perfect solution to your CHRISTMAS GIFT PROBLEM! SCREENLAND has made a SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATE so you can send all of your friends a FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO SCREENLAND at low cost! ONLY 75¢ SENDS AMERICA'S SMARTEST SCREEN MAGAZINE, REGULARLY \$1.00 PER YEAR, TO EACH OF YOUR FRIENDS! Twelve thrill-packed issues! How your friends will think of you when SCREENLAND arrives each month! No other present will receive such enthusiastic welcome! SCREENLAND is full of exciting Hollywood gossip, powerful reviews, sparkling features, action-filled fiction, glamorous styles fresh from the movie sets, overflowing with big exclusive rotogravure pictures!

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• Tailored simplicity in plaid with schoolgirl collar, buttoned blouse and below-the-elbow sleeves.

He first admired her Tartan Plaids but he lost his heart to her lovely smile!



**Your smile is priceless—it's YOU! Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush".
Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter teeth!**

HOW QUICKLY a bold, bright plaid can capture the eye of a man. But it takes a smile, a bright and sparkling smile, to hold his rapt attention.

For without a radiant smile, a girl wins not admiration, but indifference. Pathetic the one who spends hour after hour selecting the style that best becomes her—but ignores "pink tooth brush."

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Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

The very first time your tooth brush "shows pink"—see *your dentist!* It may not be serious

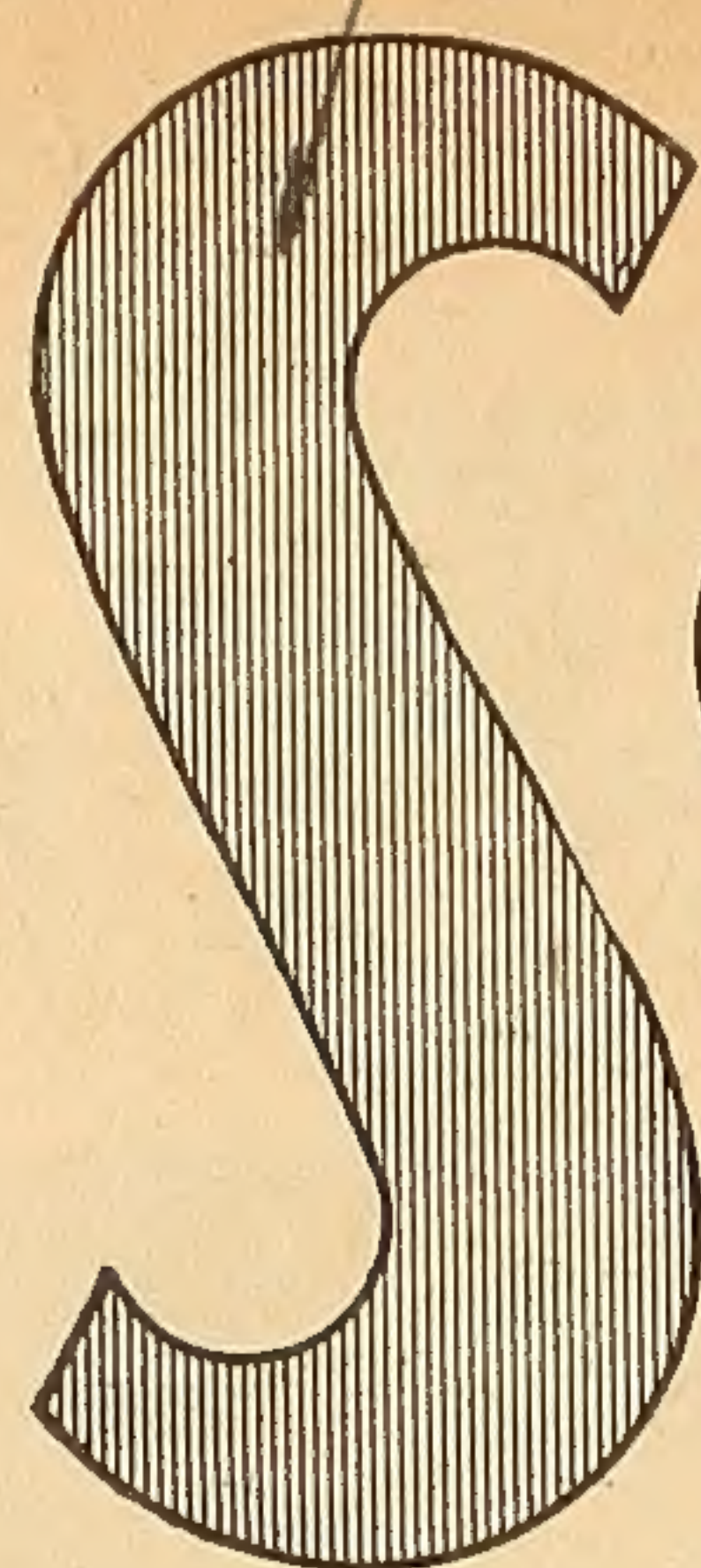
—but get his advice. He may say that yours is another case of "lazy gums"—gums robbed of vigorous chewing by modern, soft foods—gums that need the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth put a little extra Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or fingertip and massage it into your gums. You feel a pleasant, exhilarating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means circulation in the gums is awakening—gums are being helped to health and to strength.

Get a tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage show you how bright and lovely your smile can be!



IPANA TOOTH PASTE



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative

MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

DOES ELEANOR POWELL REALLY LIKE TO DANCE WITH FRED ASTAIRE?

As you know, these two great tap-dancers are co-starred in "Broadway Melody of 1940." They had never danced together before. Fred's famous partner was always Ginger Rogers, while Miss Powell was always indisputed queen of her own dancing numbers. Then—they met, for the first time anywhere, on the set, and had to plan their intricate dances together. What happened? Did their temperaments clash, did they fight over their highly individual dance ideas? In the next issue you'll read the exclusive story of the Powell-Astaire combination, and every one who loves to dance—and who doesn't?—will enjoy this feature.

WHAT NEXT FOR HEDY LAMARR?

She's feuding with her studio! She's adopting a baby! She's having a baby of her own! Here are the headlines you've been seeing about Hollywood's most exotic star. But what's the truth behind the headlines? That's what SCREENLAND always wants to know—and what it finds out and passes along to you. Watch for the authentic story in the next issue giving you the latest low-down on a lovely lady. All the features for the February issue, in fact, are sure to please you.

**DANCE RIGHT UP AND GET
FEBRUARY SCREENLAND ON SALE
JANUARY 3rd.**

PAUL C. HUNTER, Publisher

January, 1940

Vol. XXXX, No. 3

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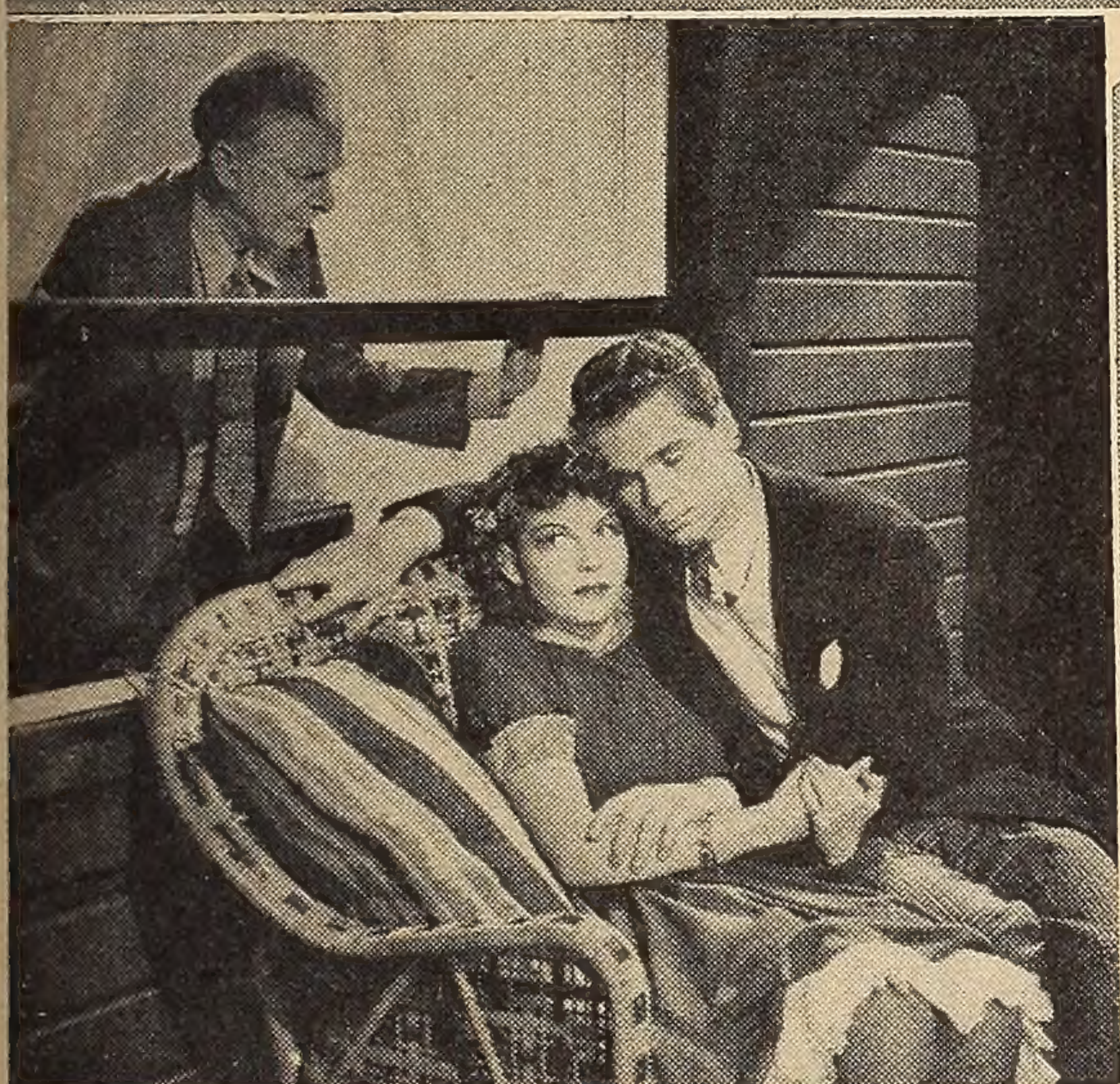
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Screenland Honor Page

Here's to Youth, personified by Betty Field and Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen"

THE screen has finally discovered that there is no theme so universally appealing as Youth—its freshness and its gaiety, its joys and its sensitive sorrows. So now Paramount gives us Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" which co-stars Jackie Cooper and Betty Field whom you first applauded as a team in "What A Life." Pretty Betty and Jackie, as the big city girl and the love-stricken lad, enact the scenes of adolescent romance you see at left below with charm and conviction. In Betty Field, Paramount has a bright new star.

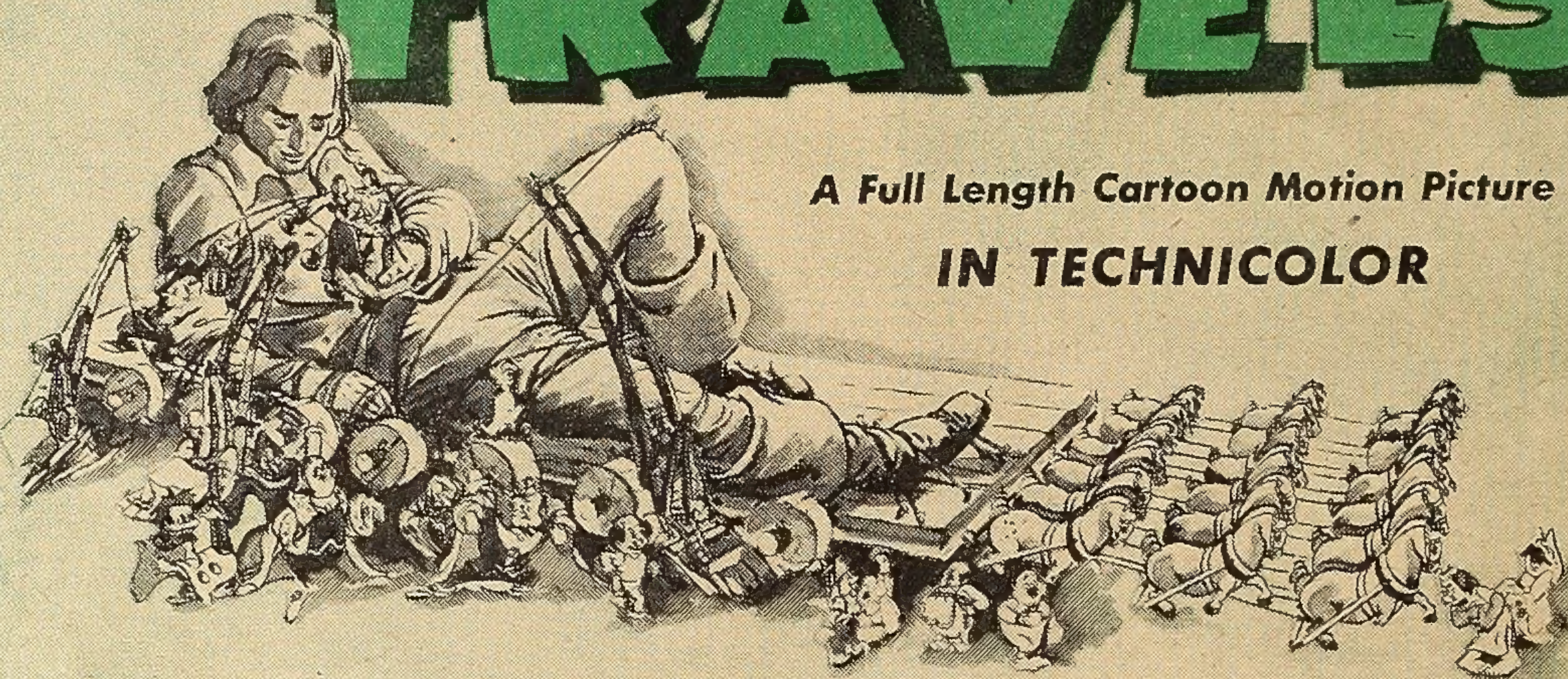


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Adventure with the shipwrecked Gulliver among the tiny people of Lilliput land...25,000 of them.



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the town crier.

Laugh till your sides ache at the antics of Gabby, the town crier, the little fellow who discovered the giant Gulliver but couldn't find himself in the dark.



Sneak, Snoop,
and Snitch.



Prince David and Princess Glory.

Meet King Little and his terrible tempered rival, King Bombo. Meet the charming Princess Glory and her brave lover, Prince David . . . hear them sing their love songs, "Forever" and "Faithful."

See the tiny Lilliputian horses drag the giant to King Little's castle. See Gulliver, single-handed, capture the entire Lilliputian battle fleet!



King Little and King Bombo.



Twinkletoes.

Thrill to those three spies, Sneak, Snoop, and Snitch. Meet Twinkletoes, the carrier pigeon . . . Meet them all . . . laugh with them . . . sing with them eight never-to-be-forgotten Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger songs: "Faithful Forever," "Bluebirds in the Moonlight," "I Hear a Dream," "It's a Hap-Hap-Happy Day,"* "All's Well," "We're All Together Now," "Faithful," "Forever."

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE • PRODUCED BY MAX FLEISCHER • DIRECTED BY DAVE FLEISCHER

* "IT'S A HAP-HAP-HAPPY DAY"—Words and Music by Al. J. Neiburg and Sammy Timberg & Winston Sharples

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AND A VERY MARY (MARTIN) NEW YEAR!

"A KISS IN THE DARK" ...

"KISS ME AGAIN" ... "THINE ALONE" ...

"I'M FALLING IN LOVE WITH SOME ONE" ...

"SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE" ...

"GYPSY LOVE SONG" ...

• **THE GREAT MARY** ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") **MARTIN** ... as the singing sweetheart of Victor Herbert's Broadway... Allan Jones, as the star who means it when he sings "Kiss Me Again" to Mary ... The Great Victor Herbert's most familiar melodies as the glorious background for a love story as romantic as yesterday, as real as today.

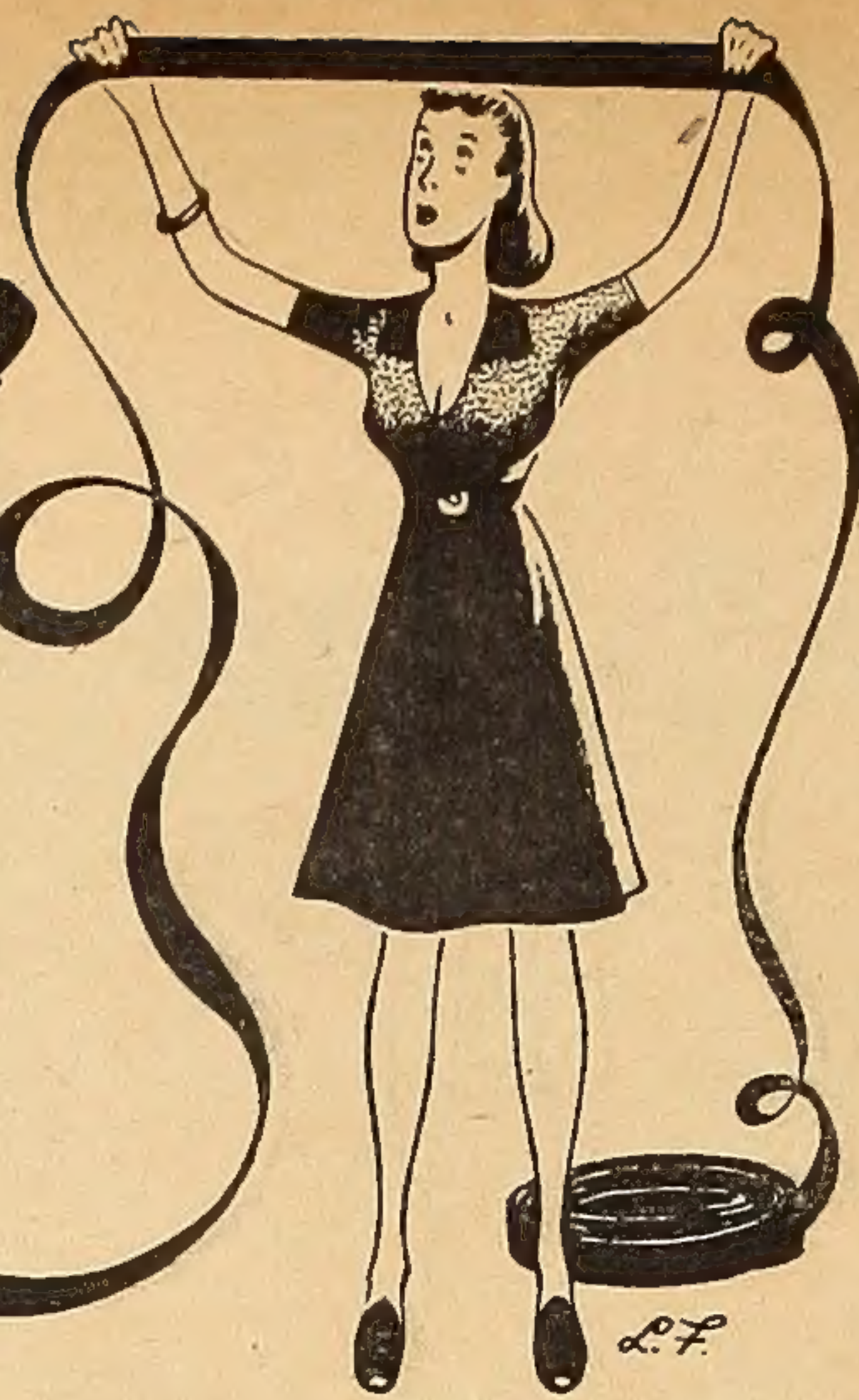
"THE GREAT VICTOR HERBERT"

A Paramount Picture with

Allan Jones • Mary Martin • Walter Connolly

Lee Bowman • Judith Barrett • Susanna Foster • Produced and Directed by ANDREW L. STONE
Screen Play by Russel Crouse and Robert Lively • Based on a story by Robert Lively and Andrew L. Stone

Tagging the Talkies



Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53



Disputed Passage—Paramount

A forceful melodrama with Akim Tamiroff playing a great surgeon with a heart of stone who believes that there's no room for sentiment where science is concerned. He tries to mold his protege, John Howard, to his own likeness, but errs in coming between John and Dorothy Lamour. The scenes with Tamiroff and Howard are superb. Dorothy, who struggles with a Chinese accent, is not quite convincing as the China-born American girl.



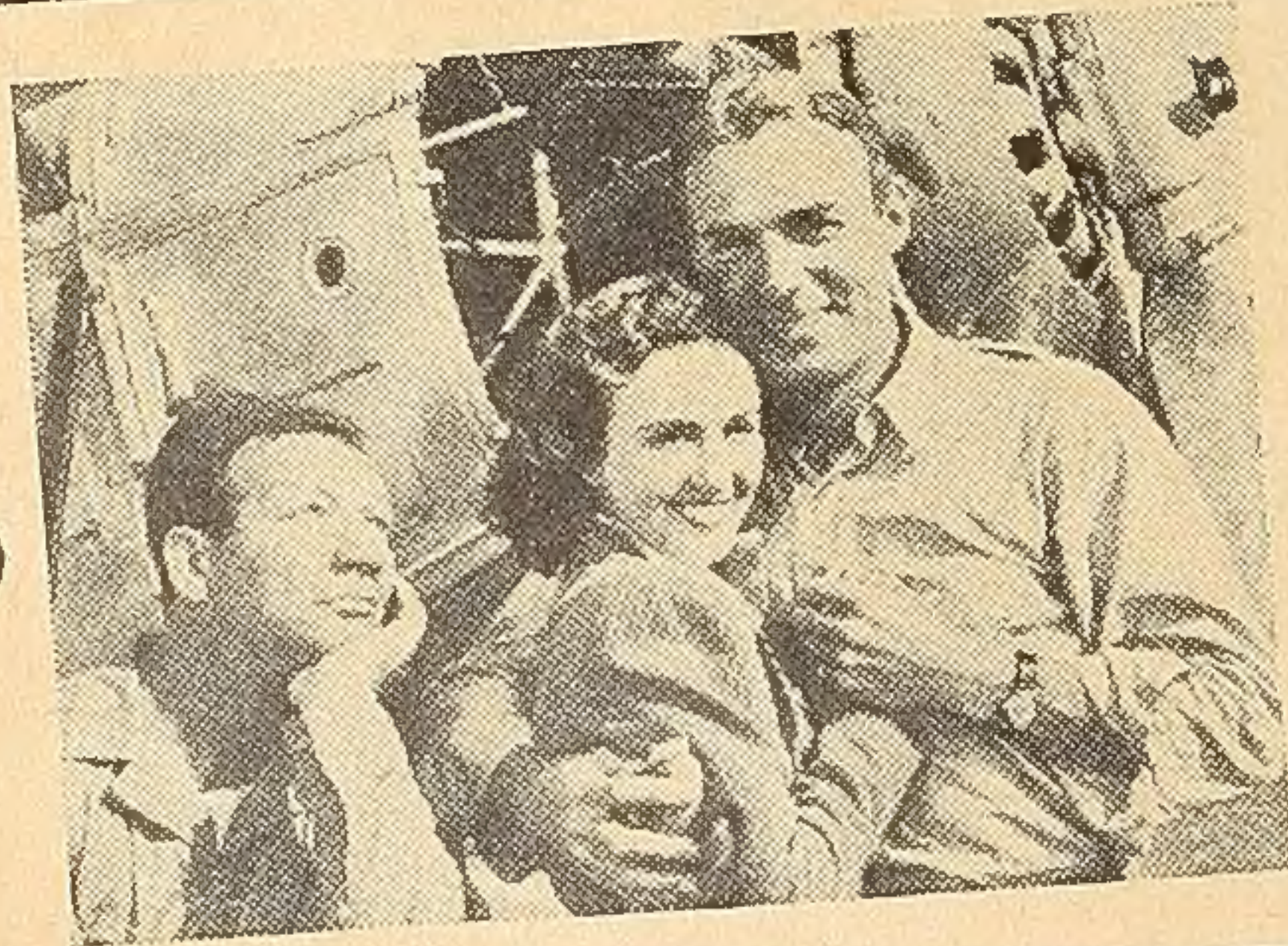
On Dress Parade—Warners

The tough Dead End Kids, with one exception, are so well-behaved in their rôles of young cadets, you'll hardly know them in their latest film. Leo Gorcy, hoodlum of the New York slums who's tricked into military school, is the exception. He does a swell job as the boy who rebels at the academy's rigid regulations. It's a story of regeneration under the colors and glorifies military training. Will appeal to young picturegoers.



On Your Toes—Warners

This tuneful musical comedy is about a Russian ballet troupe of which Zorina is the premier ballerina, and a former vaudeville hooper, Eddie Albert, who turns composer and then ballet star. Zorina's dance numbers are so enchanting you'll wish she'd never stop dancing. As former hooper, Albert's first-rate. Alan Hale, Frank McHugh, James Gleason supply laughs. Has a good jazz ballet number which is a satire on the Russian ballet.



20,000 Men A Year—20th Century-Fox

The government's plan to train 20,000 college students yearly as a military aviation reserve is the theme of this film. It shows ground training and students making first solo flights. Randolph Scott, cast as pilot-instructor, has the only important rôle. Preston Foster, Margaret Lindsay, Maxie Rosenbloom are in cast. The flying scenes over and through a canyon, when Randy goes to the rescue of a student, are spectacular and thrilling.



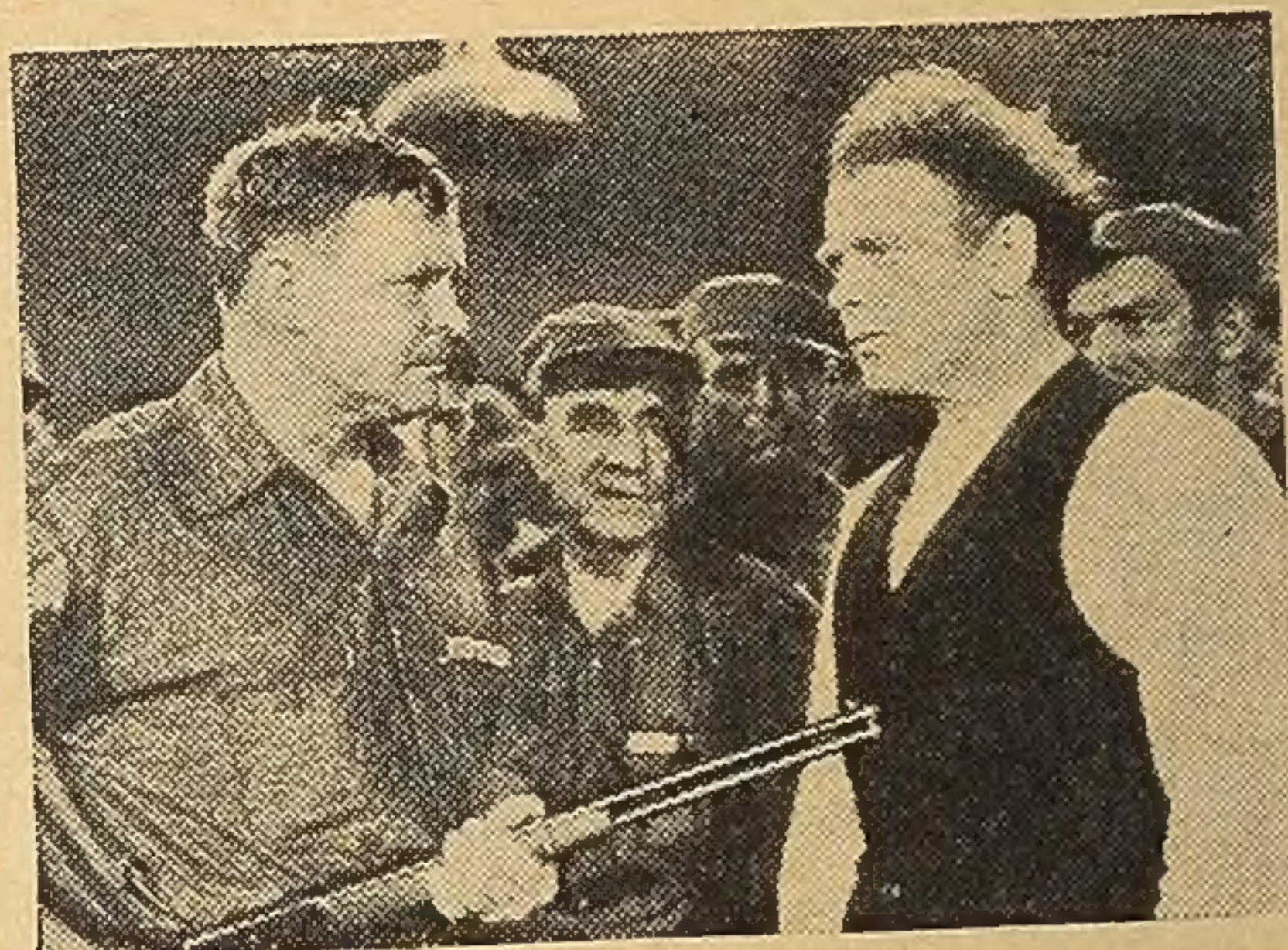
Flying Deuces—RKO-Radio

Lovers of slapstick will go for this Laurel-Hardy comedy. They play two Americans who join the Foreign Legion so Oliver can forget Jean Parker. Their superior officer turns out to be Jean's husband so they decide to desert and that's where the fun begins. It's all too silly, but it does have one or two screamingly funny episodes, especially the one in which Stan converts a bed-spring into a harp and plays it in Harpo Marx style.



Laugh It Off—Universal

This musical which has Constance Moore as a night club singer and Johnny Downs as an attorney who gives up his practice to lead a swing band, is about a group of old-time show girls who must prove themselves self-supporting. The "dancing grandmothers" put on a show which, naturally, wows 'em. Not much of a story, but watching the "girls" (Cecil Cunningham, Marjorie Rambeau, Hedda Hopper and Janet Beecher) train is great fun.



Mutiny in the Big House Monogram

A powerful drama, based on the Colorado State Penitentiary prison break at Canon City in 1929, and the heroism of the prison chaplain in helping quell the riot. Its all male cast is headed by Charles Bickford, who departs from his usual "tough guy" rôles and gives a fine performance as *Father Joe*, and Barton MacLane, riot leader. The film stresses the importance of intelligent handling of prisoners.



Jeepers Creepers—Republic

This tale of a hillbilly town which operates on a "love thy neighbor" policy has the Weaver Brothers and Elviry (with their claptrap musical instruments), Roy Rogers and Marie Wrixon. The peaceful community is thrown into a turmoil when coal is discovered and an unscrupulous coal magnate buys their land for unpaid taxes. Except for scenes in which such popular songs as *Little Brown Jug* are sung, it's a slow-moving film.



Thunder Afloat—M-G-M

This is a timely film because the story parallels current events. It takes place during the World War, off the Atlantic Coast, where subchasers war on enemy U-boats. Wallace Beery plays the rowdy tugboat skipper, who believes it's a personal war because the enemy sank his "Susan H," with gusto. His feuds with Chester Morris, his commanding officer, are very amusing. Virginia Grey good as Beery's daughter.



Katia—Mayer-Burstyn

A fine film, based on the historical novel, which tells the tragic, touching love story of Alexander II of Russia and his morganatic wife. Danielle Darrieux plays *Katia*, for whose love the young Czar, John Loder, defies court tradition. The rôle of mischievous *Katia*, gives Danielle ample opportunity to display her charms and ability as a fine actress. It's her best performance since "Mayerling." Settings for court scenes are beautifully done.

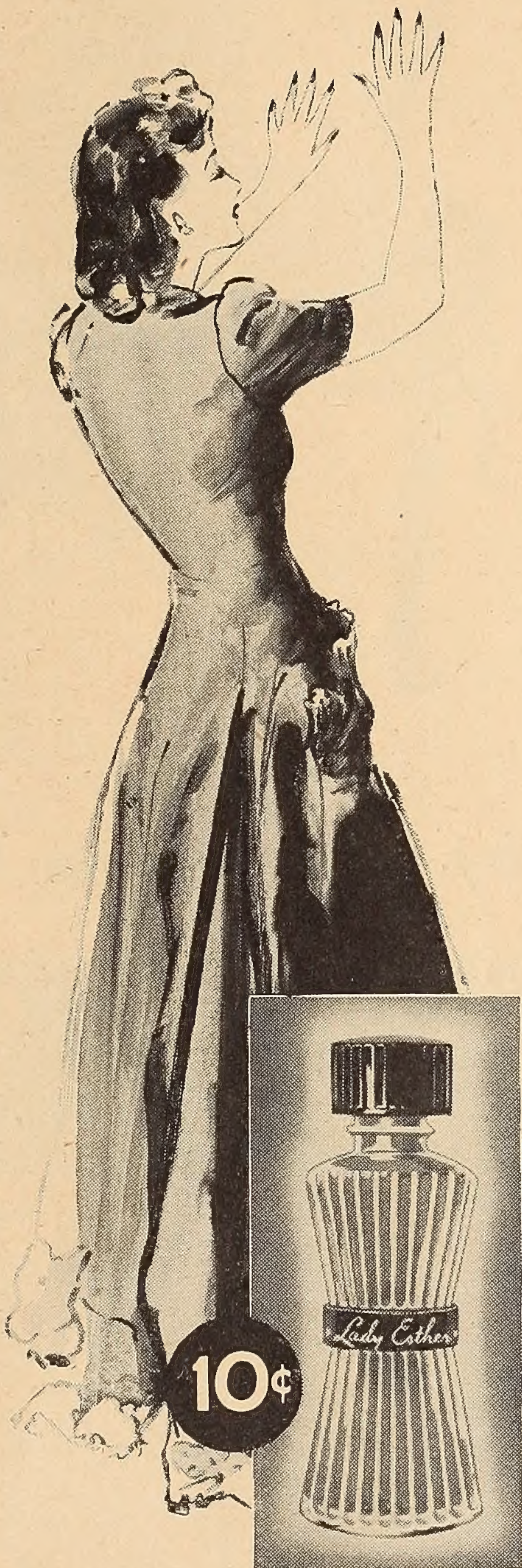


Three Sons—RKO-Radio

Here's the newest version of the novel, "Sweepings," about the building of a great store after the Chicago fire, and a father's disappointment in his three sons. Edward Ellis ably enacts *Pardway*, the father, which is the rôle played by Lionel Barrymore in the earlier version. Other noteworthy performances by J. Edward Bromberg; Kent Taylor, Dick Hogan, Robert Stanton as the sons. Good family film.

Lady Esther says

"Think of It—a Cream Nail Polish that
LASTS 7 LONG DAYS!"



Try all 12 Smart Shades of
My New 7-Day Nail Polish
With My "Magic Fingertips."
Send For Them Free!

NO LONGER need you put up with nail polish that loses its lustre... that chips and peels... after one or two days on your fingertips. My new 7-Day Cream Nail Polish ends all that! For it gives your hands flattering beauty for 7 long days.

You'll be delighted with this rich cream nail polish. You'll be thrilled with its 12 glorious colors. You'll be amazed... when you see how its starry brilliance stays undimmed for one whole week. And *one* satiny coat is all you need!

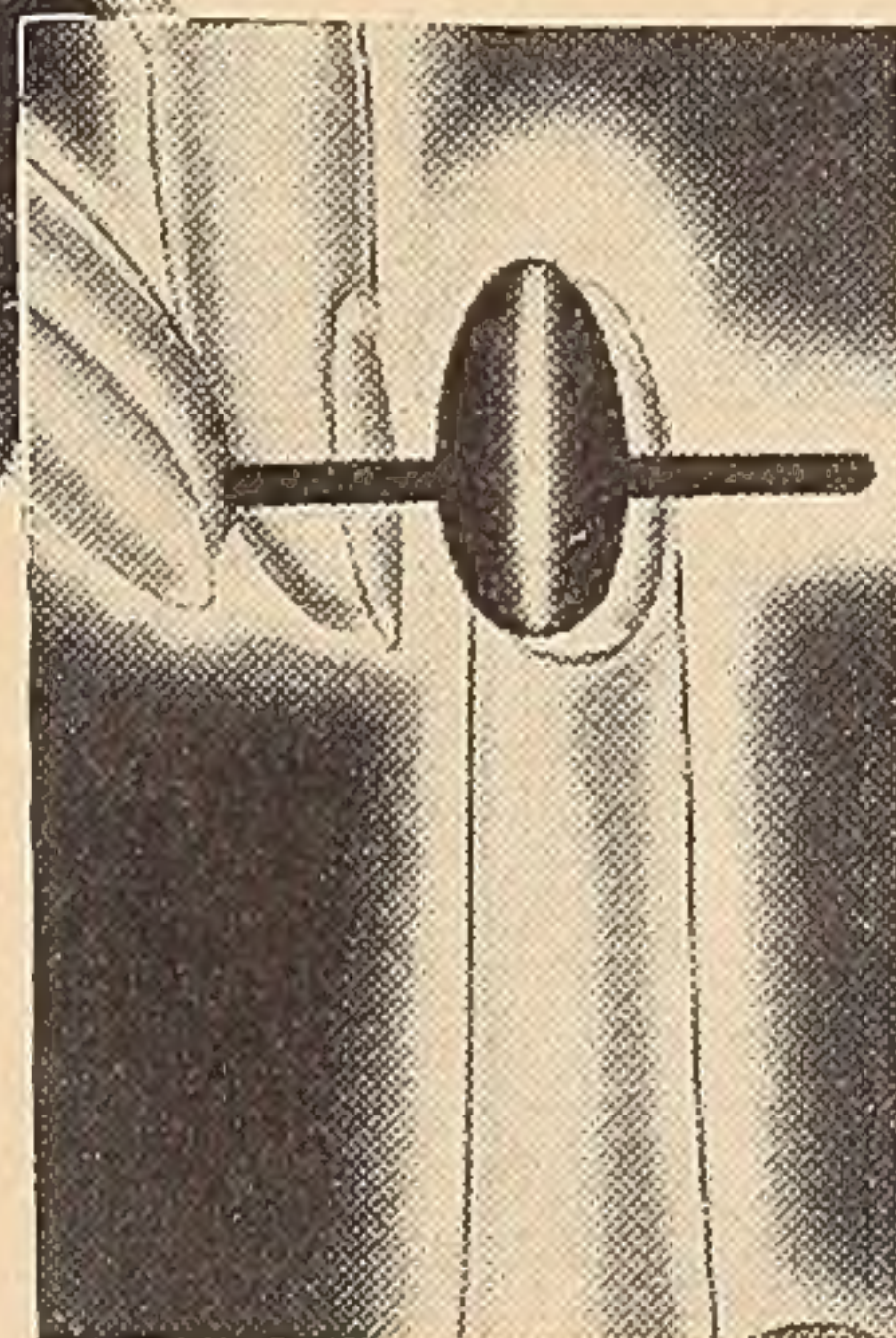
New Way to Pick Your Lucky Shade!

Never has there been an idea like Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips. Made of celluloid, they're shaped like the human nail—and each wears a sparkling shade of Lady Esther Nail Polish.

You simply hold these Magic Fingertips over your own nail... one at a time... with the slender side tabs. Quickly you'll find the shade that flatters you most—your hands, your costume colors. You save time, you save money. And best of all, *these 12 Magic Fingertips are yours free!*

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Let Lady Esther's 12 free Magic Fingertips show you the right color—the *correct color*—luckiest for you. For each wears one of the new, smart nail polish colors. Send for your 12 Magic Fingertips now!



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FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (51)

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The Awakening of "Mr. A."



MR. A.: Whew! I hate the very thought of having to take a cathartic.

MR. B.: You wouldn't, if you'd try Ex-Lax. It tastes swell—just like chocolate.



MR. A.: Ex-Lax? That's what we give the youngsters. What I need is dynamite!

MR. B.: Don't kid yourself! Ex-Lax is plenty effective, if that's what's worrying you!



LATER

MR. A.: Boy, I feel like a million this morning! That Ex-Lax sure is great stuff!

MR. B.: You said it, pal! We've been using Ex-Lax in our family for more than thirty years!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

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Joan Blondell Powell advises good food and congenial guests for an informal party's success



By Betty Boone

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

AS EVERYONE knows by now, the Dick Powells have taken the house Fay Wray and John Monk Saunders used to have. Before that, it belonged to Florence and King Vidor. But Joan and Dick have made it a new house. They've built a red brick wall around the front, with roses trained over it in the English fashion, and a little darky figure at the gate, holding out an iron hand for your horse's reins. Inside the wall, there's a brand new green lawn, thick with clover, and set with gaily colored seats. There's a croquet set and such flowers as would be a credit to a botanical garden. Only the eucalyptus trees are old. Because the driveway is narrow, Dick ordered a turn-table for cars outside the garage, and arranged a shelter for three extra cars at the side, with an ingenious use of fence, roof, and canvas curtains.

"Half the things in the house are Dick's and half are mine," said Joan after she had greeted me in the hall. "They don't match in the least, as Dick's are modern and mine are antique, and it takes time to blend them, but we're gradually getting there." She led the way down two steps to the living room. On the mantel above the whitewashed brick of the fireplace sits a black walnut clock of venerable age, ticking sonorously between two figurines. "Those are mine, as you'd guess," she said, waving a hand toward



Dick Powell at the bar in the Blondell-Powell home prepares for his guests.

Left, across page, Joan arranges the ash-trays and glasses on the game table, one of the Powells' most prized possessions. Sunken discs at the four corners of the table serve as glass coasters and the sunken ovals are for chips. The lamp is a converted old-fashioned oil-burner. At the right, the buffet table as personally prepared by Mrs. Dick Powell.



them. "Eddie Horton brought the figurines from England for me. Just feel how light they are, and they look so heavy. They are the molds for the Chelsea China figurines and are made of very light carved wood."

The living room used to be a somber place, done in old Spanish style. Now it is light and gay. The walls are white; the draperies light, and the carpet—which is the same in halls and den—of light olive pebbleweave. Dick has cut out part of the walls between the den and the living room, filled in the lower halves with books, and left the upper spaces open. It's not hard to pick out what is Joan's and what is Dick's—a small spinning-wheel by the fireplace and an old-fashioned settee are Joan's, unmistakably; a dark blue love seat and a modern chintz-covered chesterfield, as clearly Dick's.

"I crocheted the circular rug for the hearth," my hostess went on. "I took white yarn and dipped it myself in varied dyes—you know, a twist of it here and a squeeze there, so that it came out partly white, partly rose, blue, orchid, yellow and so on."

Above the spinning-wheel are two crossed muskets. Beyond the chesterfield are two powder-horns, and the opposite wall are two midget revolvers. "Dick's idea," smiled Joan. "When he proposed putting his armory in the living room, I said 'No!' loudly and firmly. One day when I was out, he put them up and when I came home I had to admit that they add a certain piquancy to the decoration, so they stayed."

Let's have tea in the den, shall we? We can watch Normie in the garden, then, and see Ellen up in her play-penthouse."

We stepped through the doorless doorway to the den, where Dick's piano is silhouetted against one glass wall filled with Joan's collection of beautiful glass. Another glass wall, with French doors, reveals the paradise of a back garden, complete with bricked terrace, green lawns, tennis courts, child's play house and new-made barbecue pit.

"We had been in this house barely a week

before we had our first party," said Joan, settling herself before the tea tray. "There were twelve guests. We set food out on the bar over there and everyone helped himself. Then we ate wherever we pleased, living room, den, terraces, gardens, even on the stairs. By the way, did you notice that the stairs are padded? There's not a corner in this house too sharp. My children aren't going to crack up on their home grounds! To return to the party: We began with

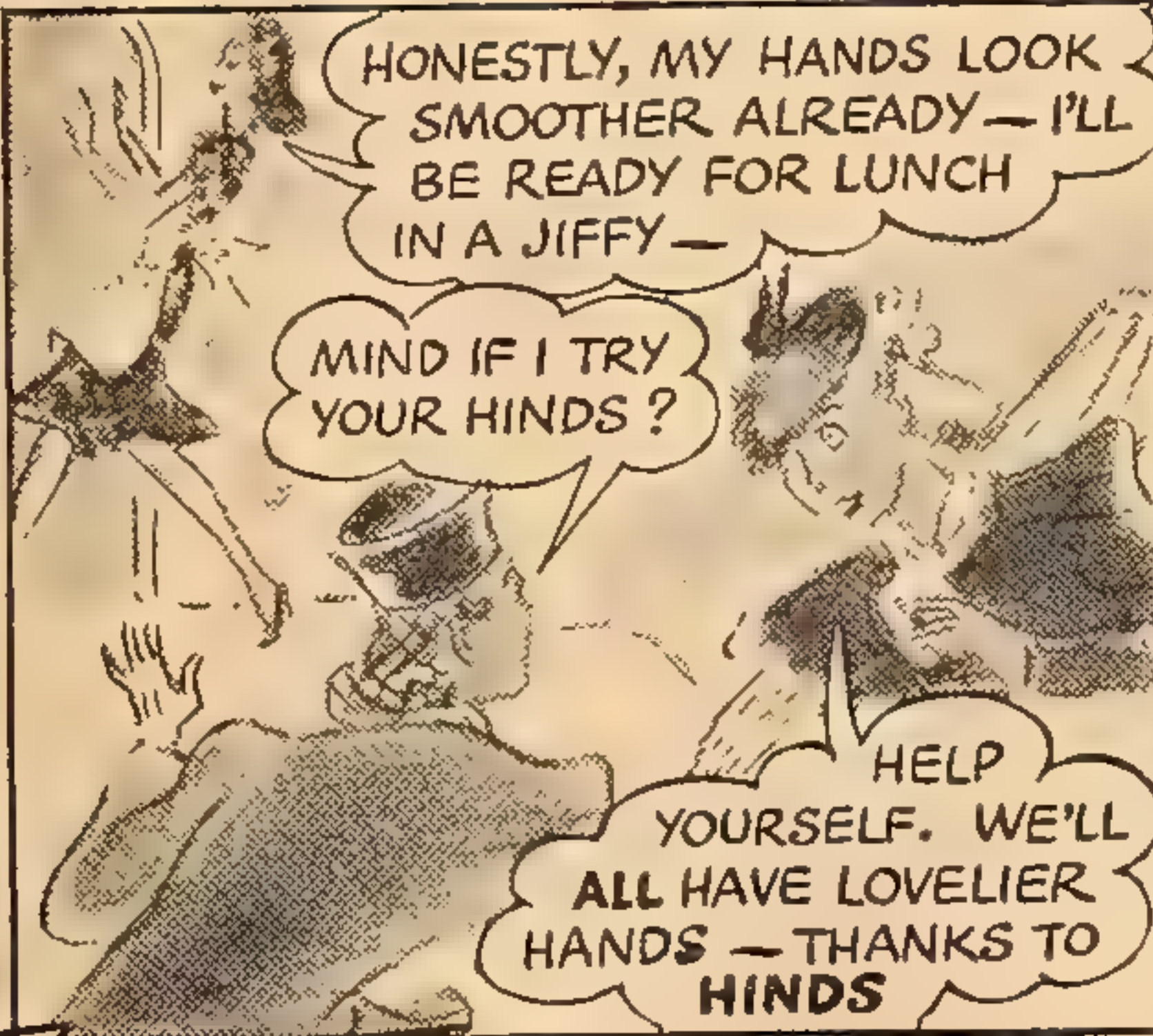
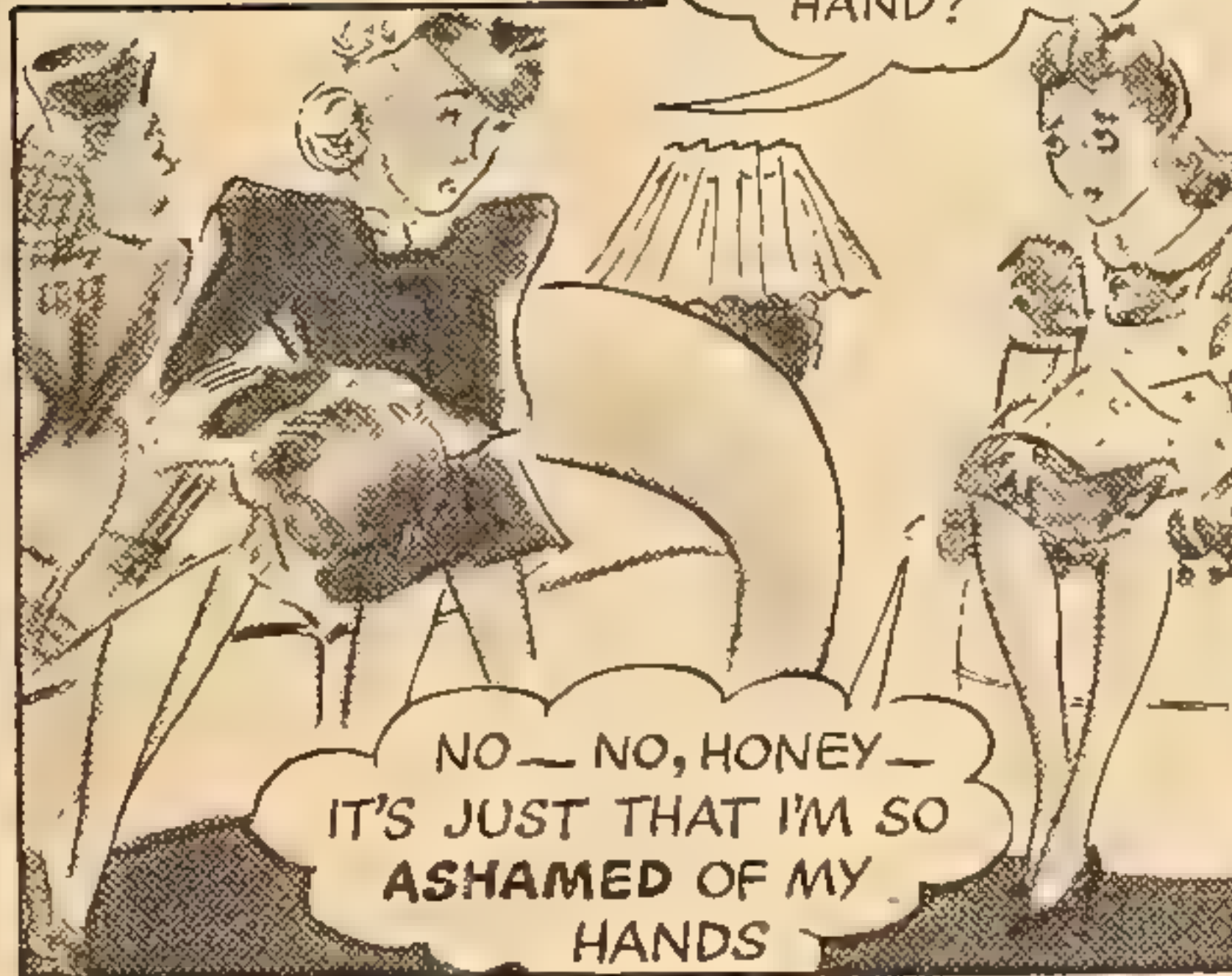
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Honey

BEAUTY ADVISOR

says

"RED, CHAPPED HANDS
SPOIL A LOT OF FUN!"

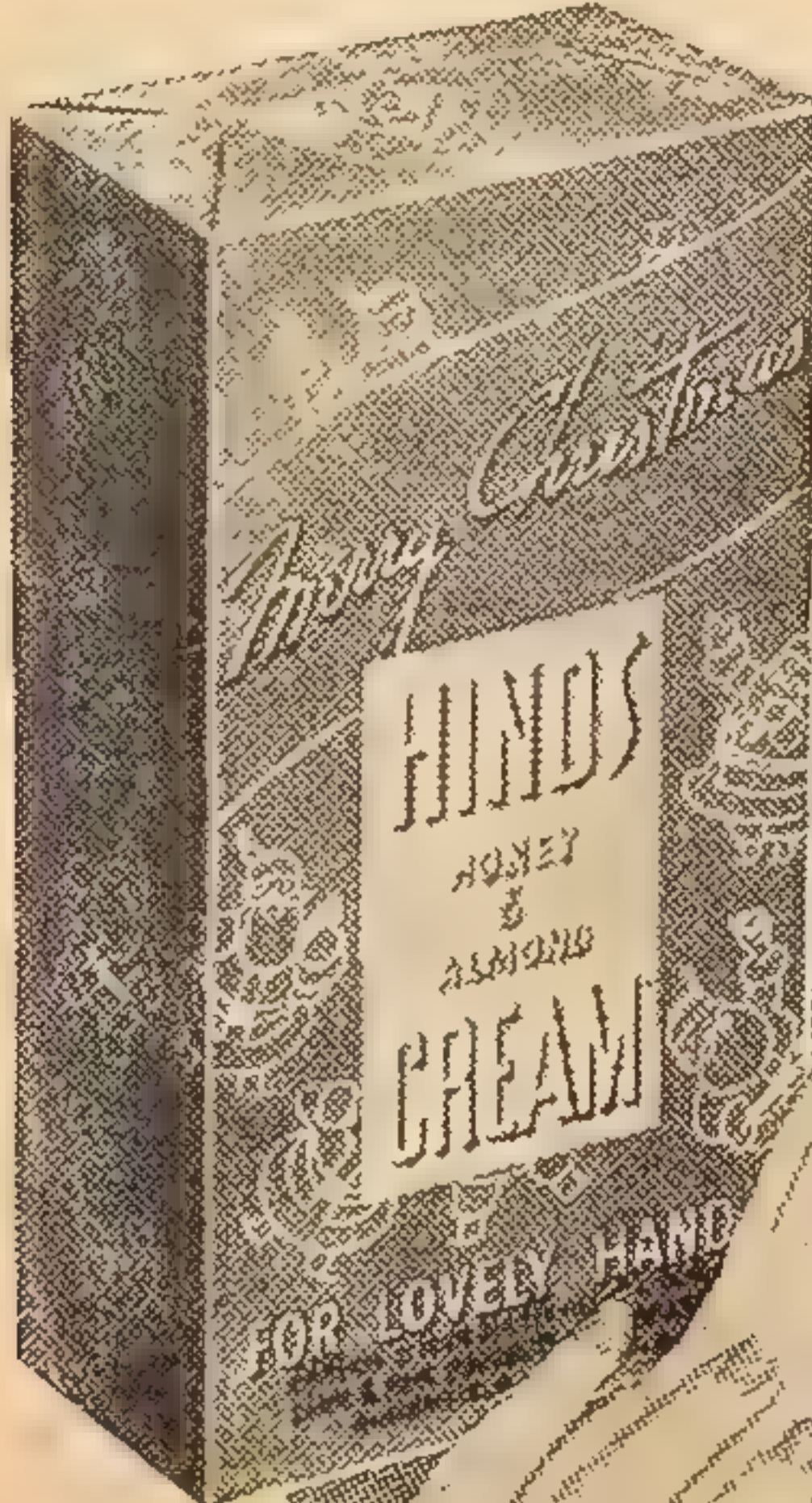


NICER-LOOKING HANDS...in a jiffy!

IMAGINE! Even one application of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream helps chapped hands look smoother, feel softer! Extra-creamy, extra-soothing—Hinds brings soothing comfort. Tones down redness... smooths away rough chapping. Now contains Vitamins A and D. \$1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ sizes.

NEW! Hinds Hand Cream — In Jars. 10¢, 39¢.

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HINDS FOR HANDS

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN

Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

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Hinds big gift size—
in holiday red, with
fat Santas all over it.
Looks gay, looks
impressive.

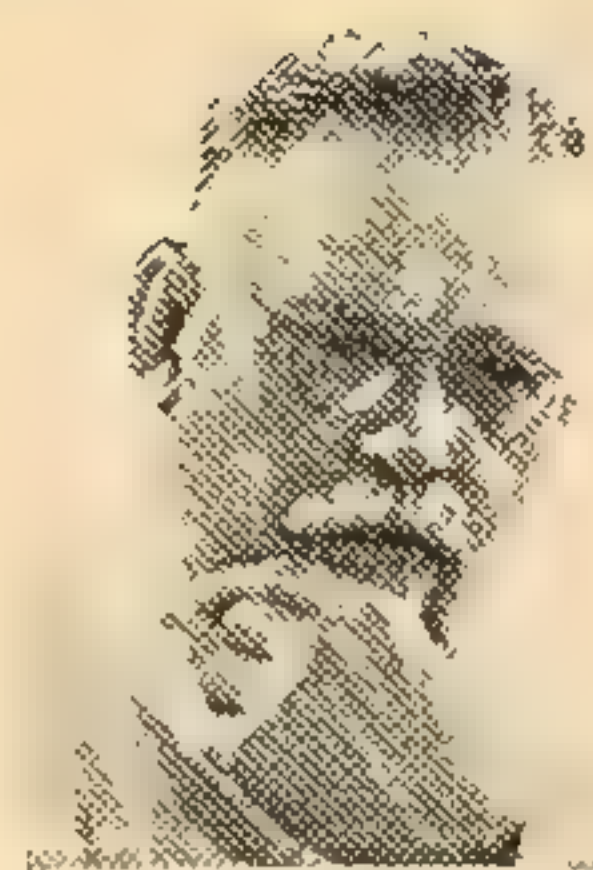
It's no fun being 30 ...AND ALONE



"I AM one of those women who, as the saying is 'missed the boat'... women who dream of a husband, a home, and children—and never get them.

There is never a morning as I start out for work but that I wish I could remain at home to look after a family. There is never a twilight but that my loneliness comes out of the dusk to sadden me as I open the door of my empty flat.

It wasn't always like this. Men used to find me attractive. Two wanted to marry me. Then some unexplainable change took place in me. I met new men of course, but somehow their interest was only momentary. I could not fathom the reason for their indifference then, nor can I now. To this day I do not know what is wrong with me. I wish to heaven I did. It's no fun being thirty—and alone."



right now—and ignorant of the reason for it.

After all, nothing repels others and kills a romance so quickly as halitosis (bad breath). Sometimes it is due to systemic conditions, but usually and fortunately it is caused, say some authorities, by fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. And Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such food fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes.

"Why risk offending?"

The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom



"Is anyone immune?"

An unusual case, you say? Nothing of the sort. Countless women and men are probably in exactly the same situation

realize when you have it. At this very moment you may be guilty. But why risk offending when it is so easy to take precautions by using Listerine Antiseptic?

You simply rinse the mouth or gargle with it every night and morning, and between times before social or business engagements. It freshens and invigorates the mouth and your breath becomes sweeter, fresher, more agreeable to others.



"It's my passport to popularity"

If you want people to like you, if you want to get along in business, use Listerine night and morning and between times when you want to be sure you're at your best. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant may be the passport to popularity that you lack.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter to Ann Sheridan

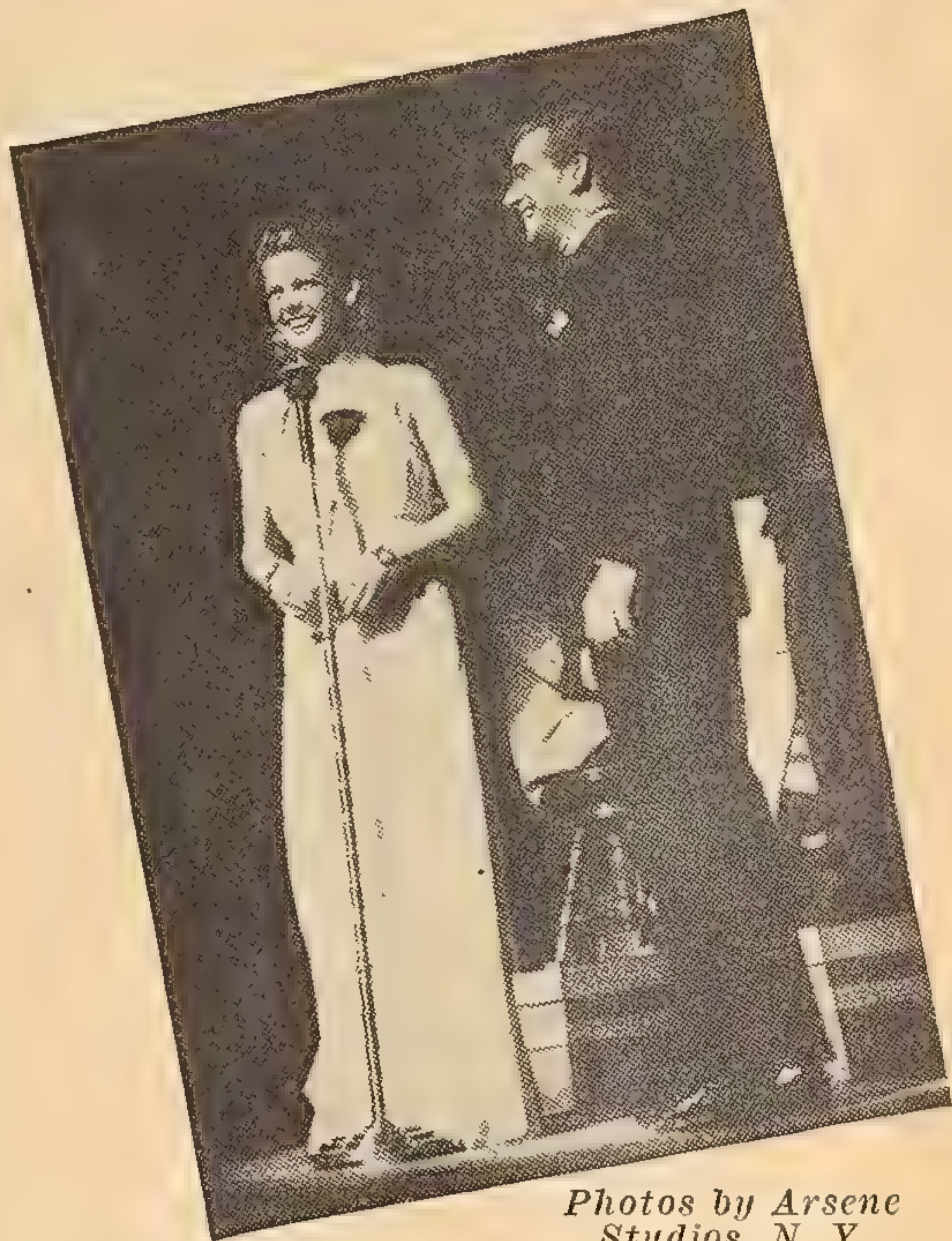
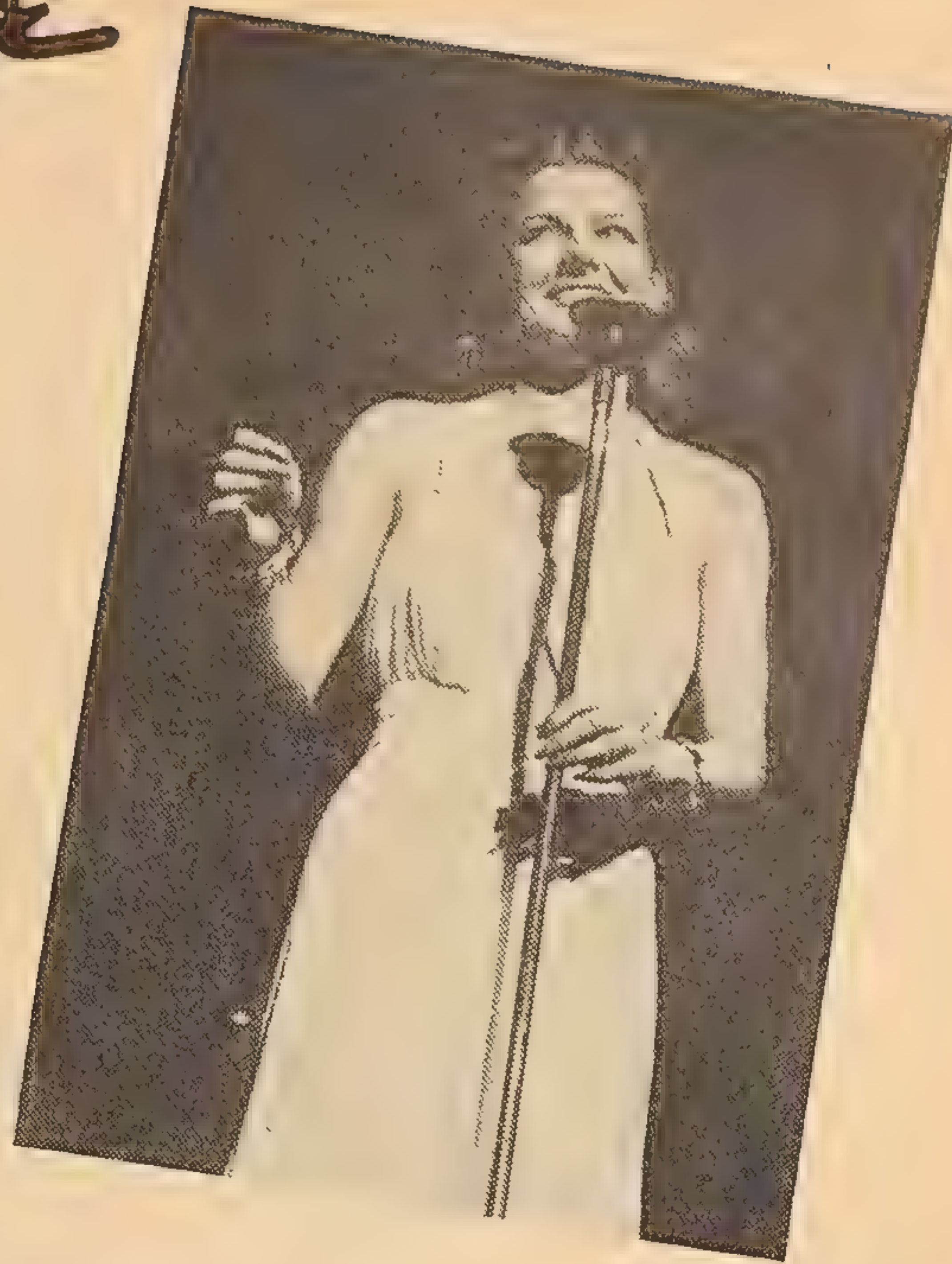
DEAR MISS OOMPH:

Sorry. I know you're sick of that word. When reporters met you at the station on your New York personal appearance tour and asked you, "Just what is it, anyway—this 'Oomph' you're supposed to have?" you kept right on grinning as you answered, "I haven't any idea—have you?" After all, you didn't invent the word. Some bright publicity brain made it up and pinned it on you and you've had to wear it ever since. It's hardly fair to blame you for it.

Your first trip East for the purpose of introducing Oomph personally to New York was a sensational success—for everybody but you. Six shows a day at the Broadway Strand for a girl who had never been on a stage before and who was running a temperature—sinus, not bad disposition; who could have been the toast of the town but didn't have time for it because she had to work—and still you kept smiling. The entire Manhattan movie-going public came to see you with one chip on the shoulder: "Oomph, eh? Well, go ahead and show us!" Well, you showed them. With the jitterbugs stamping up and down the aisles and a highly professional and popular stage show surrounding you, with your throat feeling like Andy Devine's sounds—still you showed 'em. You wore a dazzling white gown, you sang three songs in a nice torchy voice, made a little speech about the Oomph sandwich—hamburger with onions—and bowed yourself off leaving your audience no longer in doubt as to the definition of Oomph. An Oomph Girl, they decided, was somebody very nice.

New York has heard better singers and seen plenty of girls, but what you got over was a breezy and likeable charm—and that honest and disarming grin. If Hollywood would give you a chance you could easily live down the heavy lurid title and play forthright honest rôles with sincerity. At least that's New York's verdict. The thing that impressed you most about your hectic-with-work sojourn in our city was the fact that a crowd of small boy fans clustering around the theatre all the time would yell at you as you came out, "Good luck, Clara Lou!" No elegant Oomph there, but you loved it. And that's the nicest thing about you. You'd trade that Oomph title for the good old Texas name of Clara Lou any time.

Delight Evans



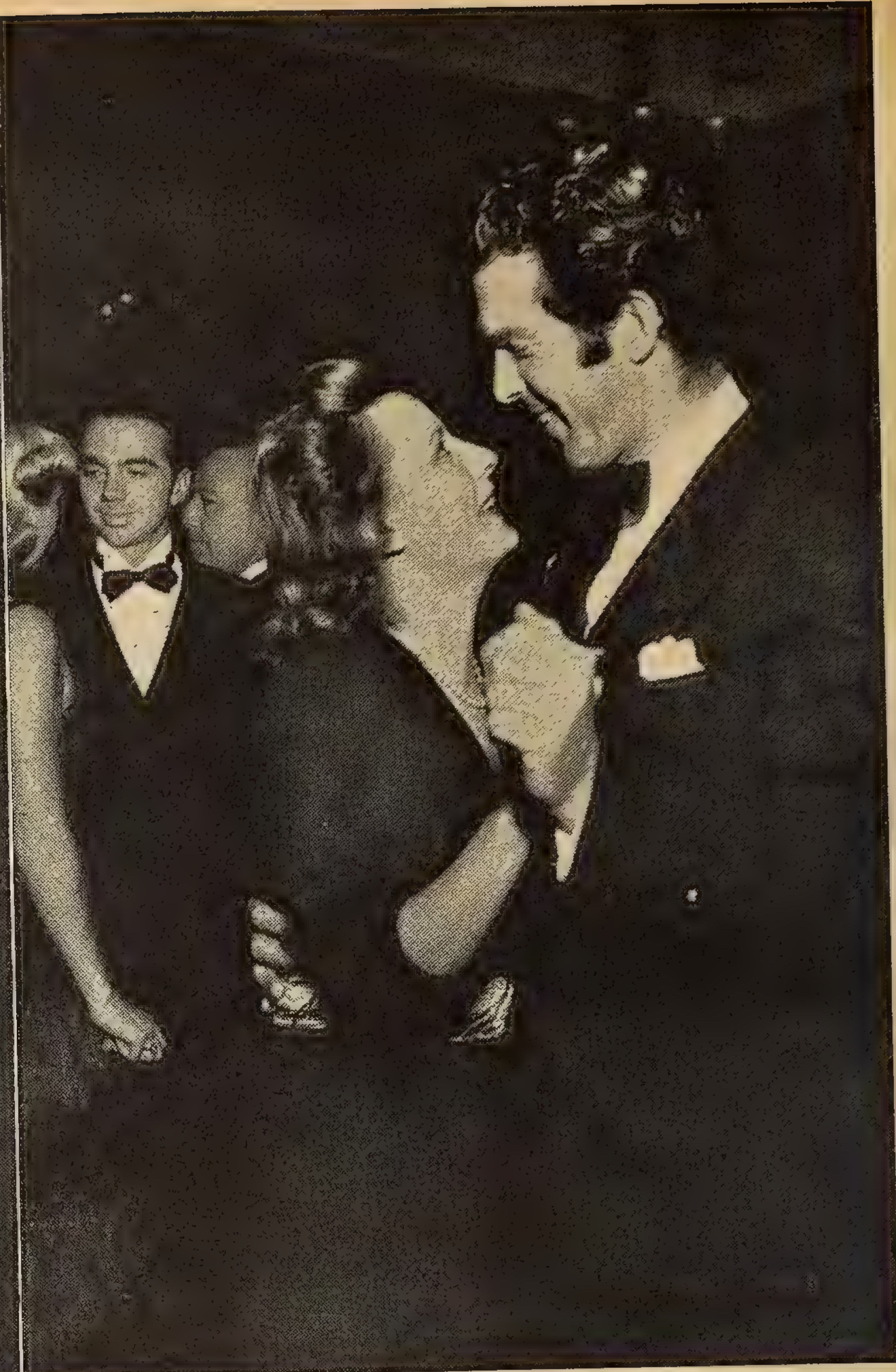
Photos by Arsene Studios, N. Y.



Charmingly candid pictures of Ann Sheridan as she was giving Broadway a load of Oomph on her recent personal appearance tour. Earl Oxford is her handsome partner.



Best off-guard photograph ever made of Irene Dunne! Above, Hollywood's most dignified beauty in one of the rare moments when she let a cameraman get close enough to watch her while she is stepping with husband Dr. Griffin.



Here Irene is dancing with Fred MacMurray. Fred's sideburns are for his new picture. The event: engagement party of producer-director Frank Lloyd's daughter, Alma, to Frank Gray, in the Palm Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

HOLLYWOOD WHIRL

Jump on the movie merry-go-round with demon camera reporter Len Weissman—he has all of the headache but none of the fun as he keeps up with the social pace set by your favorite screen stars



Gene Raymond looks solemn, Irene Dunne looks intrigued as Fred MacMurray stops by their table. But the whole story behind this picture is: Fred asks his former co-star for the pleasure of the next dance.

Popular radio star, Kate Smith, in Hollywood for "Drums Along the Mohawk" broadcast, visits Coconut Grove and is greeted by Morton Downey and Stuart Erwin. Right: Sonja Henie enjoying a dance with handsome Alan Curtis.



Bobby Breen, boy singing star, about to bid his career goodbye for two years while he attends military school, gives a farewell party. Here's Bobby clowning with Penny Singleton, better known as the movies' "Blondie."

Invitations to Bobby's party read: "Come as your favorite comic-strip character." So cute little Virginia Weidler is costumed as "Olive Oyl," and our picture shows her gazing admiringly at her hero, "Pop-eye."

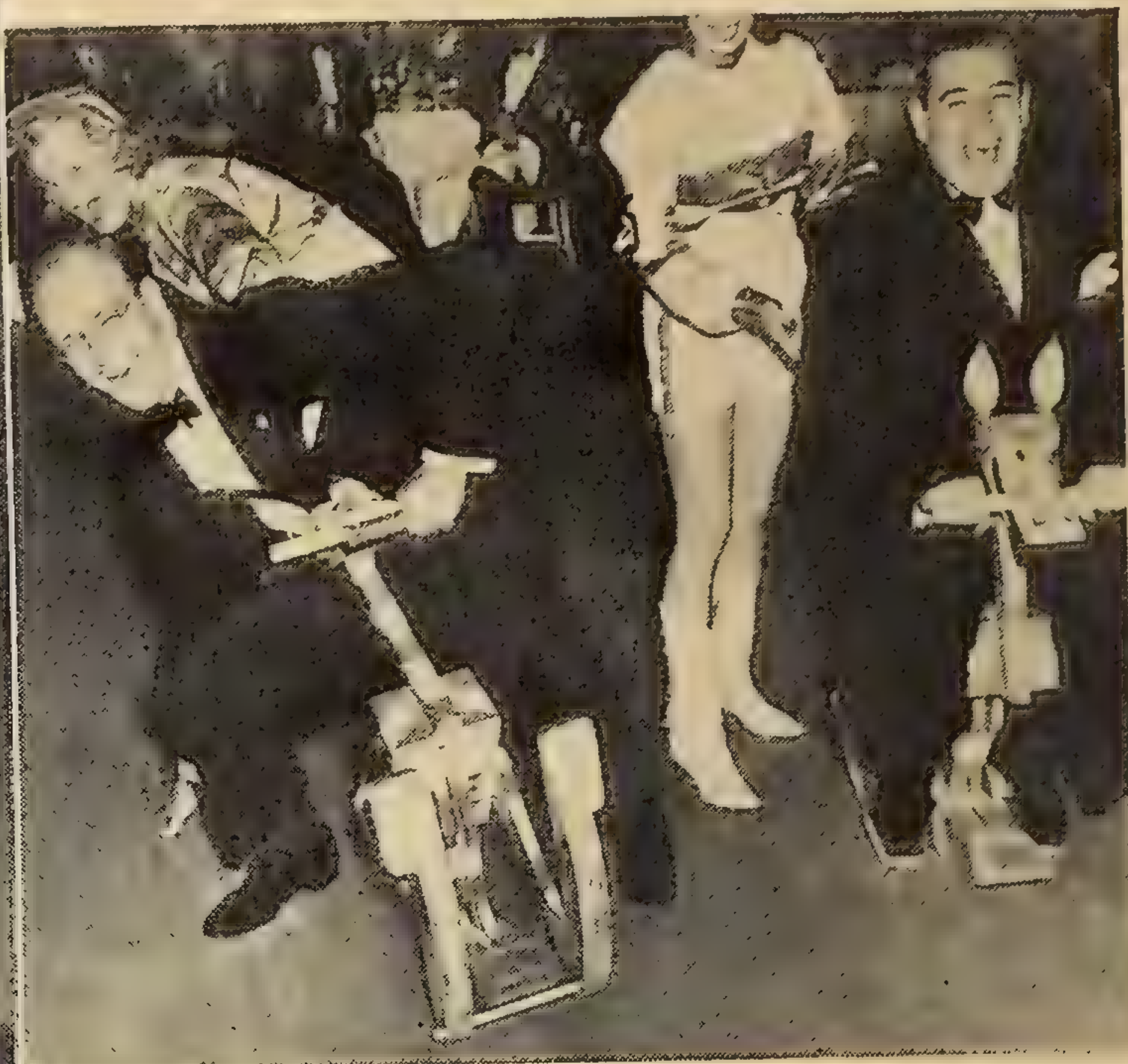


James Roosevelt, affectionately known as Jimmy in upper-bracket Hollywood, gives himself a ride in the Coconut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel. The occasion: premiere of Harold Lloyd's "Hobby-Horse Race" which is now a regular Grove feature. Because Harold is one of Hollywood's most popular people, all of film colony's smart set turned out.



Historic photograph! Not since the widely circulated pictures of the then Prince of Wales taking his spills while hunting has such a famous figure been camera-caught while going down in such undignified fashion. It's top producer Darryl Zanuck, folks, in picture above. Gilbert Roland, at right, is having better luck. A celebrated crowd on sidelines laughed.

Opening of Harold Lloyd's "Hobby-Horse Race" evenings also marked the first night of Morton Downey's singing engagement at the Coconut Grove. Downey received a rousing reception—Hollywood considers him one of the gang because he is married to Barbara Bennett, sister of Joan and Connie. Below, Downey howls at one of Jimmy's spills.



Judy Garland, all decked out in her first really sumptuous evening outfit of elaborate chiffon and sequins topped with ermine jacket, gamely gets on one of the "Hobby-Horses" aided by pretty girl jockey. Judy had her troubles with obstreperous steed but our gallant cameraman Len Weissman obligingly looked the other way so we'll never know whether little Miss Garland hung on or also took a spill.



There are two stories to the pleasant picture below. One is that Paramount, co-starring Dorothy Lamour and Robert Preston in "Typhoon," thought it would be smart publicity to work up a romantic angle between the two. The other is that Dottie and Bob needed no suggestions from that department but are really having fun stepping out together.



Now, now, don't take this picture (below) too seriously! In this case we can assure you—as definitely as we ever can about Hollywood twosomes—that Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone are not reconciling, but are simply preserving their genuine friendship by spending an evening together now and then. Here they are at the Cocoanut Grove. At left, a glimpse of Norman Foster's profile and Sally Blane.



Are you tired of reading captions like this? "Picture shows Cary Grant dancing and dining at popular night spot with Phyllis Brooks, soon to be Mrs. Grant." Don't blame us! Cary and Phyllis are one of Hollywood's most consistent twosomes and we wouldn't be surprised if she *is* soon to become Mrs. Grant; but they haven't set date so what can we do?

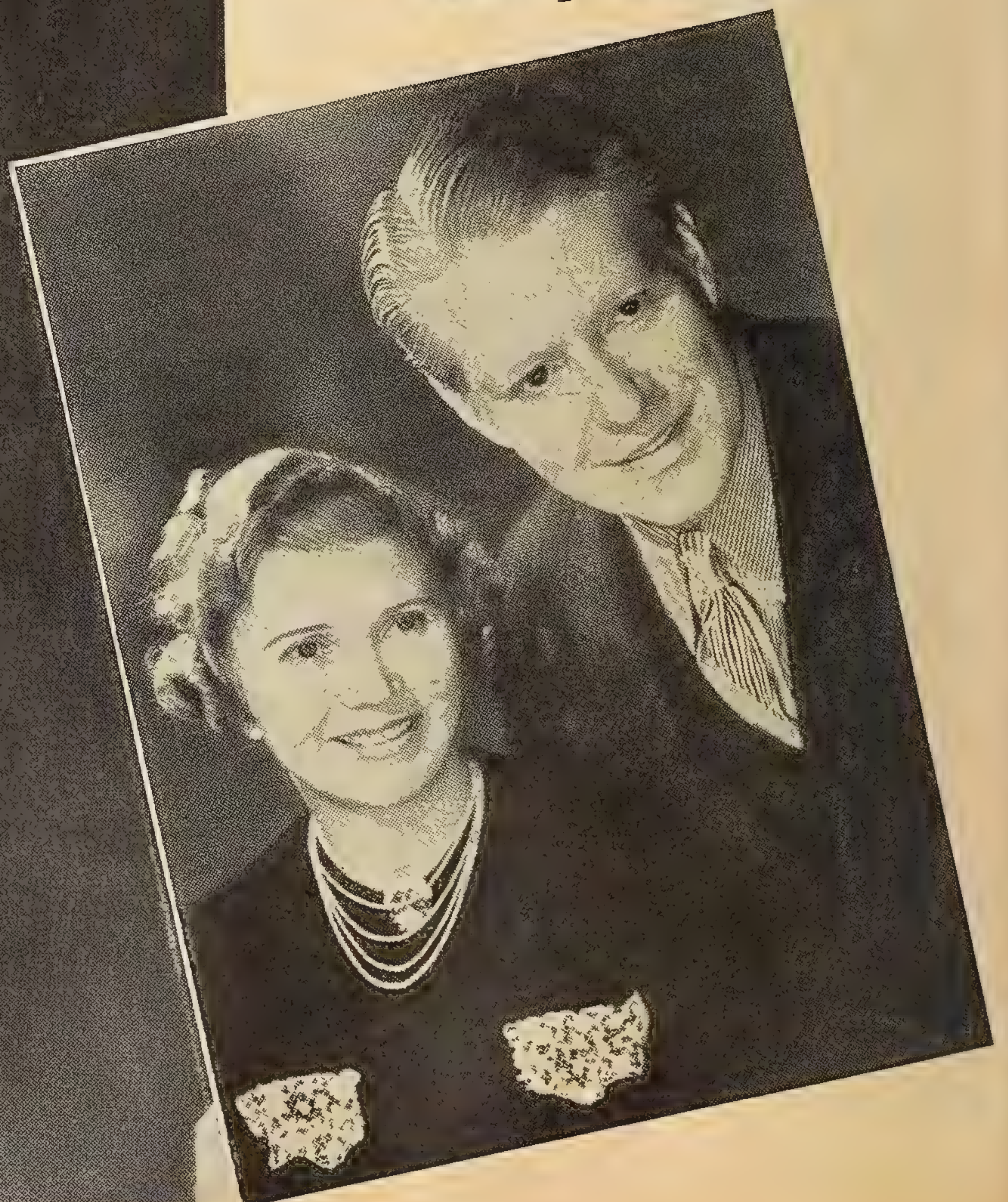


And here's still another story! Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart have been seen together so frequently of late, with Loretta's eyes registering even more dreamily than usual, that we are inclined to place some substance to the stories that at last the elusive Jimmy's affections are permanently put. Once again, don't blame us if it doesn't come true.

How
Nelson Eddy
Faced
Christmas
Eve Alone

Revealing a surprising closed chapter in the life of Hollywood's supposedly most secretive star—in the spirit of "Peace on earth, good will toward men"

By
Mary Jacobs



IT WAS Christmas Eve, and the city of brotherly love lay beneath its shimmering blanket of snow; the peal of the church bells echoed through the deserted streets. The spirit of Christmas pervaded the air; through the brightly lighted windows one could see families laughing as they hung gayly wrapped packages on the glittering trees. For one brief night in the year, unhappiness seemed to fade in the presence of the Prince of Peace.



To Nelson Eddy, winding up his concert tour, the night seemed forbidding and chilly, and dreadfully lonely. With his mother in Hollywood there was no family to greet him lovingly, no fireplace where he could sit and dream; no Christmas tree for him to dress. For proud as Philadelphia is of her illustrious son, Christmas night is one reserved for the family, and nary a soul was at the station to greet him. Taxiing to his hotel he pondered how to spend the evening. Of course there were dozens of people he called "friends" who had urged him to drop in whenever he was in town. His old music teacher, Edward Lippe; the wonderful-old lady who had been his patron when he first started his career; neighbors and business acquaintances.

Yet he hesitated. Tonight he felt was a night for family groups when an outsider, regardless of how much respected, was just that, an outsider, an intruder. Up and down his hotel room he paced. It was miserable spending Christmas Eve alone; surely somewhere in the city was another lonely soul! Years before, when he had been soloist at the Church of the Saviour, the organist, a quiet man, seemed always by himself. Perhaps they could spend this evening together. So Nelson Eddy, envied by millions, the young man who has the world at his feet, called up the organist and spent Christmas Eve rehearsing old Christmas tunes in the empty church loft. Till the early morning hours the rafters reverberated with his sonorous tones, even though there was no audience to hear them.

You never thought of Nelson Eddy as lonely, as sacrificing for fame many of the everyday things you and I take for granted, did you? Why, he makes so much money he can have everything his heart desires, you think. And he can. You're right. Now he is no longer lonely; now he has found peace and his heart's desire. But once upon a time. . . .

"At the beginning," Nelson once told me, his blue (*Please turn to page 81*)

Now Nelson Eddy will never again know loneliness—he has found happiness with his wife, Ann, pictured with him on page opposite. The years have changed Eddy very little—compare most recent portrait, opposite page, with small picture above, showing him as he looked in the days when he was radio's "Voice of Firestone."



Watch Out,

Bette Davis!

Will Hollywood history repeat in the case of Ida Lupino? Will her performance of Bessie in "The Light That Failed" equal Bette Davis' portrayal of Mildred in "Of Human Bondage"? You will be the judge!

By
**Elizabeth
Wilson**



Bette Davis, above in her memorable rôle of MILDRED opposite Leslie Howard in "Of Human Bondage," paved the way for Ida Lupino's "bad girl" characterization opposite Ronald Colman in "The Light That Failed." See Ida in character at left.

DON'T look now, but right behind you, there over your left shoulder, is another Bette Davis. And if there is anything Hollywood needs right now it is another Bette Davis. First of all, a little Grade-A Davis acting never does us any harm; and second of all, poor Bette herself has so many pictures lined up for her for the next few years that she could never do them all even if she was quintuplets which is too late now. Believe me, it's easier to find that needle tucked away in a haystack than it is to find a second Bette Davis. It's the luck of the Irish—but Hollywood's found her!

Heavy on the drums and horns. Give her your extra special fanfare. Toot-toot-toot and boom-boom-boom. The curtain rises. And in walks—Ida Lupino. "Ah nuts," you say, "we've seen *her* before. She's cute as a kitten all right, and pretty too. Yeah, a clever little ingénue. But—she's no Bette Davis."

You're right—you're wrong. As a matter of fact, you *have* seen Ida Lupino on the screen for seven years. Seven years ago Paramount was carrying on one of those mad-helter skelter searches for an *Alice* to play the lead

in "Alice in Wonderland." (Paramount always was queer for searches. A restless studio, they always seemed to be looking for something. Remember the search for Beauty which gave us Ann Sheridan, and the search for the Panther Woman which gave us Gail Patrick?) Potential Alices arrived on every plane, train, and covered wagon. Everyone had been tested for the part from Peggy Fears to Baby Leroy. (When it came to testing, *Alice* was the *Scarlett O'Hara* of her day.) In the midst of all the confusion Ida Lupino, accompanied by her attractive young mother, got off a plane in Glendale and casually announced that she had been signed by a Paramount talent scout in England to play *Alice*. Ida was fifteen, on the plumpish side, with bleached hair, beaded lashes, and clothes much too sophisticated for her extreme youth. The studio folk took one look, shook their head, and said, "No *Alice in Wonderland* for this baby." But they gave her a contract, at a small salary, and told her to stick around. She did, and had one silly, stupid picture after another tossed to her.

Now it doubtless seems a far cry from a frustrated

Here Comes Ida Lupino!

Alice in Wonderland to First Lady of the Screen Bette Davis. But there's a connection, believe me. Bette Davis was not handed an Academy Award the day she arrived in Hollywood in 1930 on a Universal contract. No one swooned over her first pictures. The public didn't line up at the ticket windows. The press didn't drool over their typewriters when writing reviews of Bette Davis pictures. In fact quite a lot of Bette Davis pictures had been released over the country before anyone swooned, drooled, or even noticed her. Bette was an ingénue in those days. She, too, had badly bleached hair. Universal told her she had no sex appeal, and definitely no acting ability, and dropped her. Warner Brothers, half-heartedly, signed her. George Arliss liked her, and anything to please George Arliss. But the change in studio didn't particularly change her luck. Bette kept on being just a second-rate actress, ignored by the press and the fans.

Bette had ever been able to sink her teeth in. She gave it the works. The picture was released and the swooning started.

There's an old bromide going around that history never repeats. But Hollywood history, of course, is extra special, and anyway, you can't even count on the earth in Hollywood, so why bother counting on a bromide? All of us who have seen the unreleased "The Light That Failed" or even the stills from "The Light That Failed" are fully convinced that history *is* going to repeat itself. Another bad woman, it seems, is just about to make another great actress. What *Mildred* did for Bette Davis, *Bessie* is going to do for Ida Lupino.

Bessie, in case you've forgotten your Kipling, is the little model in "The Light That Failed" who poses for the Melancholia, painted by Kipling's war-correspondent-artist, *Dick Heldar*, who goes blind with the last strokes

You've known Ida as a pretty ingénue. Wait until you see her in her hard and realistic new rôle! Right, Buddy Westmore makes her up to look the part. Below, a close-up.



"Cute" was once the word for Ida—but not any more! She's an actress now. Lower center, a dynamic scene with Colman in "The Light That Failed" which should convince you.



And then after four dull years in pictures Bette got her break—the lead, opposite Leslie Howard, in RKO's "Of Human Bondage." Leslie Howard, like George Arliss, realized that Bette could be a great actress if ever given the chance, so he urged the studio to borrow her, and it was certainly okay with Warner Brothers. (But just try and borrow Bette Davis from them now!) Hard, calculating, immoral *Mildred* was the first part that



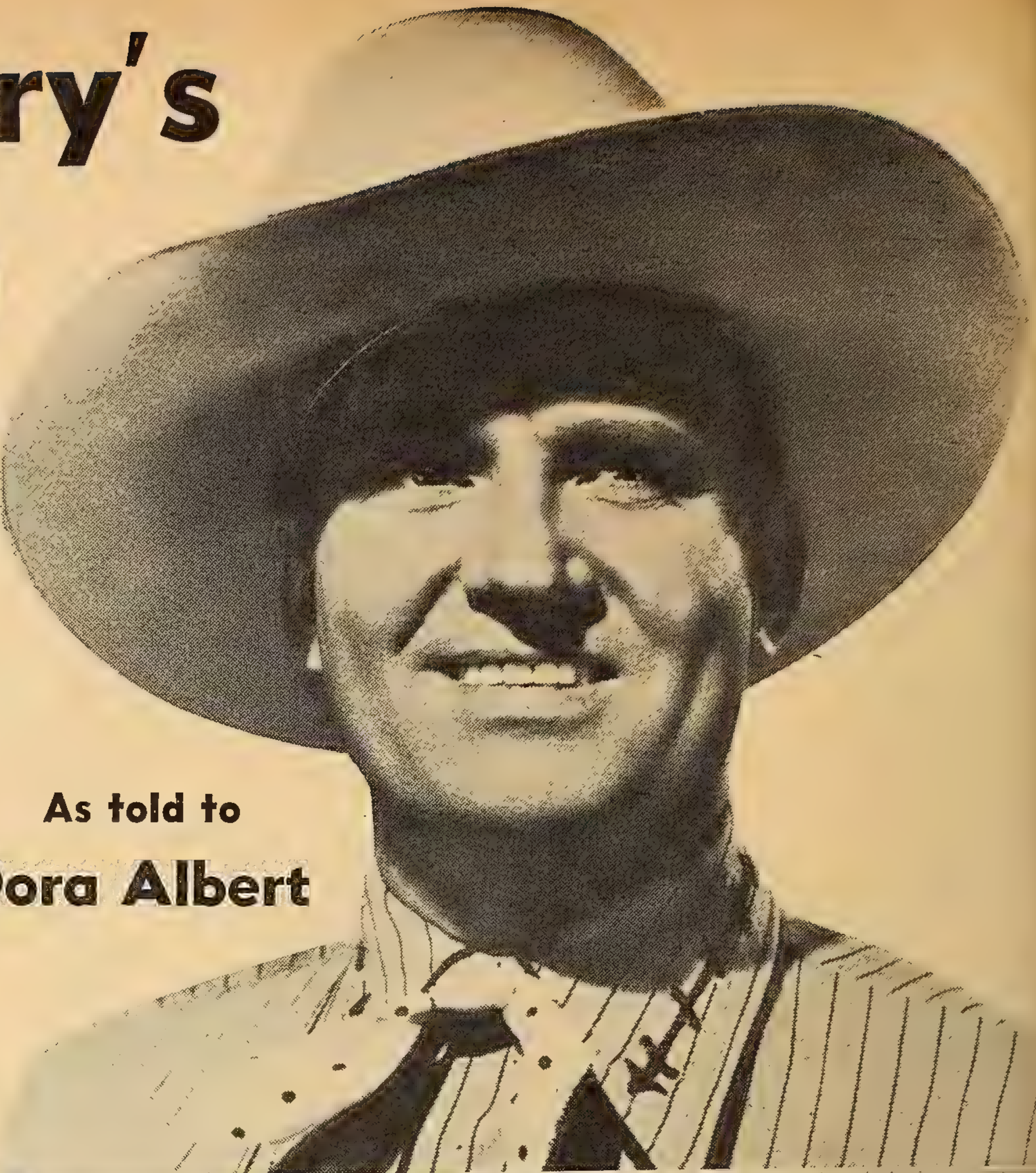
of his brush. *Bessie*, dirty, unkempt, and with no more morals than a flea, is one up on *Mildred*. And if you hated *Mildred* for what she did to Leslie Howard, wait until you see what *Bessie* does to that poor Ronnie Colman. *Bessie*—Ida Lupino feels—was well worth waiting seven years for.

As soon as it got bruited about—and it was Ronnie Colman himself who started the bruited—that Ida was a cinch to be a second Bette Davis I could (Please turn to page 66)

Gene Autry's Advice to American Boys

**Scoop! Inspiration,
with a punch, from
the Croonin' Cowboy**

**Astold to
Dora Albert**



BE SINCERE! In the long run, sincerity gets you a lot farther than high pressure. Sometimes a fellow sells a future employer a bill of goods which he can't deliver. Then he's in the soup.

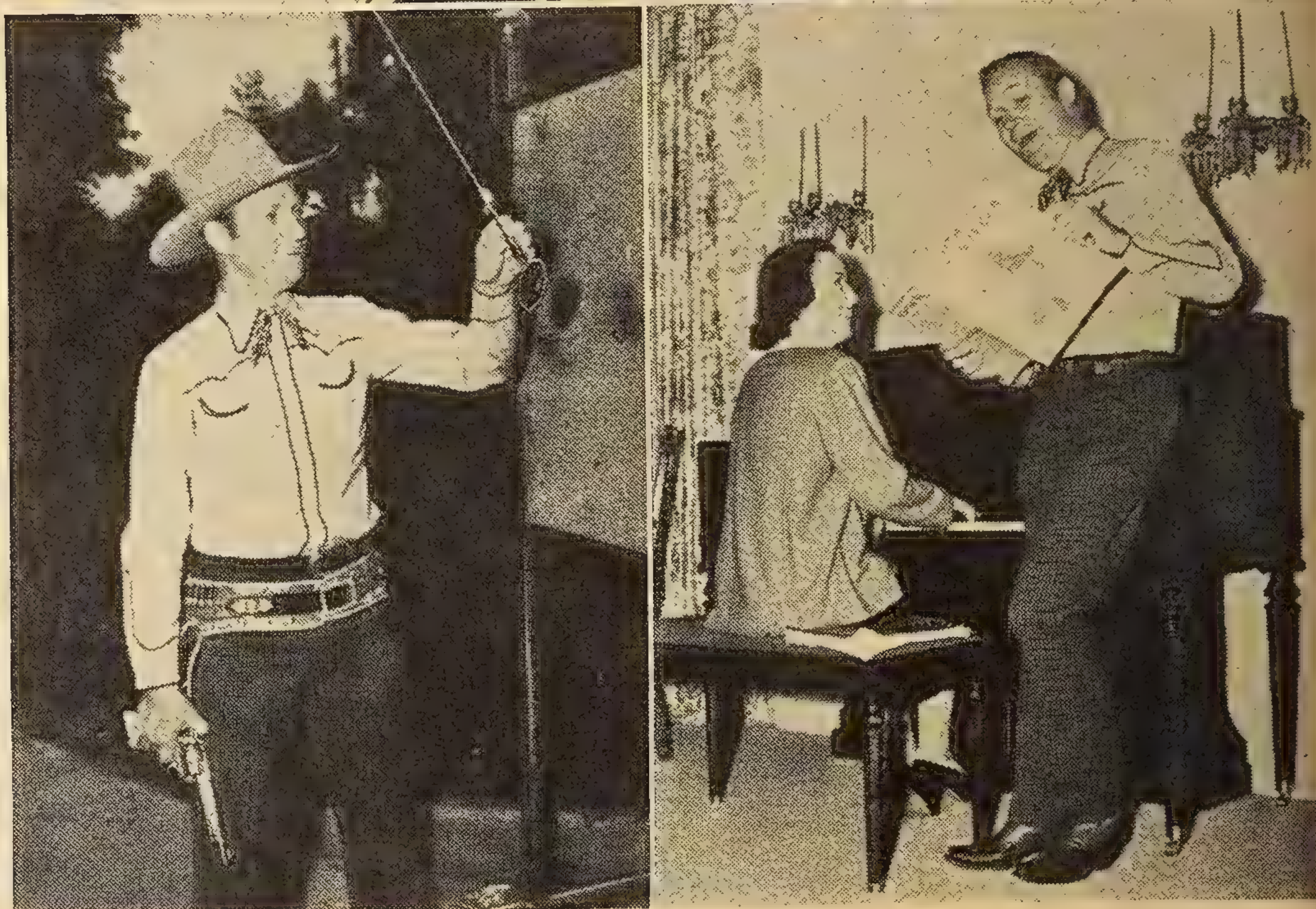
DON'T BE TOO QUICK WITH WISECRACKS! You'd be surprised how many times people have wisecracked themselves right out of jobs. People who are quickest to be wise guys often have nothing else to offer.

DON'T THINK IT'S SMART TO GET DRUNK! A sociable drink at the right time with the right people may be all right, but it's disgusting to see young people drink. Nine times out of ten when young people get into trouble, it's because they've been drinking too much.

NEVER ENTER AN ILLEGITIMATE BUSINESS! No matter how much money you coin, you'll lose your peace of mind in the long run.

DON'T BRAG! A conceited fellow usually finds out a few years later that he doesn't mean as much to the world as he thought he did.

Gene Autry



BOYS, be sincere! Don't misrepresent yourselves. Don't brag. Don't be too quick with the wisecracks. Never discourage anybody. It's just as easy to give people a pat on the back as a slap in the face. And if you're discouraged and thinking of quittin'—don't. Just keep pluggin' along. Remember that the most important thing in the world is peace of mind. You can have all the money and fame in the world, but if you haven't peace of mind, you haven't anythin'. If you've got peace of mind and can sleep soundly at night, then you've got the most important thing in the world."

Boys, that's the straight goods from Gene Autry himself, the man who conquered the screen with the help of nothing but a guitar, a voice, and a horse. At least, that's all the movie moguls thought he had. They knew that his records sold better than Bing Crosby's, so they figured he had a voice. They knew that Colonel Johnson himself, originator of the famous rodeos that pack New York's Madison Square Garden

every year, had said of Champion, "That's my kind of a horse," so they knew he had a horse. And they knew that he had a guitar because he was always taking the thing out of its case and playing it.

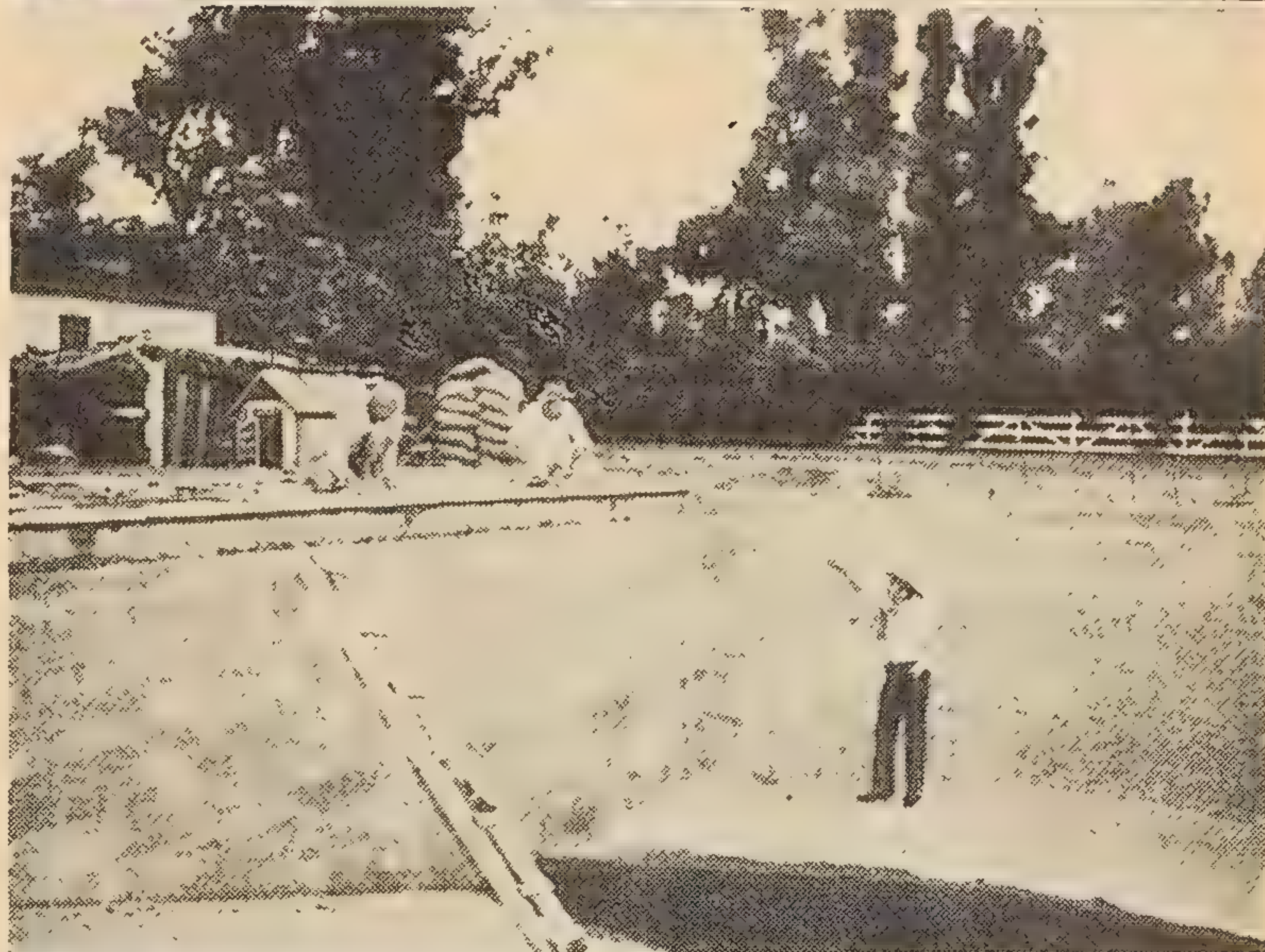
The big shots of the movie racket didn't discover what Gene had; *you* did. A number of them thought it was ridiculous to put a guy who played and sang the guitar into a wild, roaring Western. One man threatened to quit his job if horse operas were going to turn into musical affairs and cowboys into crooners. Timidly, tentatively, the producers put Gene into a small spot in a Ken Maynard Western. And they would have kept on putting Gene into small spots in other Westerns if it hadn't been for the clamor you—his fans—made, if it hadn't been for the thousands of letters his studio received, demanding more and more and more of Autry (pronounced Aw-tree). You got more of Autry in a serial called "The Phantom Empire" and in dozens of Westerns which have followed that. Today Gene is in demand for pictures, on the radio, and for personal appearances. When he went to England recently with his horse Champion, he was a sensation. You did all that for Gene by discovering him. He's never known how to pay you back. But now he's doing it the best he can by giving you the lessons he's learned as the result of thirty-two years of living.

When you meet Gene Autry, you are aware of the fact that there is nothing gaudy, nothing tricky about him. Sandy hair; honest boyish blue eyes in a wide open naïve countenance, and a cowboy suit consisting of a white shirt, light blue trousers, a ten-gallon hat and real cowboy boots—these are the things you notice first. For some reason, you get the impression that he's tall—maybe it's because you expect a singing son of the saddle to be tall. Checking up, you discover he's really of medium height, but there is something about the man that gives the impression of towering strength.

There are plenty of actors who destroy all your illusions the first time you meet them. For instance, there used to be one famous comedian who never smiled off the screen; and there's a leading glamor girl whose language is so shocking that if any magazine attempted to reproduce it, it would be banned from the stands. But off the screen, Gene Autry is—Gene Autry. He never appears in public except in his cowboy duds, declaring that if he did, he fears it would destroy the illusions of his fans.

"I reckon," Gene told me, "many people don't recognize how important sincerity is to them. So that's what I want to talk about first in giving advice to American boys. My small town background (I was born in Tioga, Texas) has been a great help to me in this. Sometimes people who are brought up in a big city adopt a shell of hardness and insincerity as a protection. Sometimes I wonder what they're protectin' themselves against? Often they may be protectin' themselves against the very people who might like to help them. In the long run, sincerity gets you a lot farther than high pressure. People don't like to listen to a bag of wind. And even if you should succeed in sellin' someone a bill of goods, you'll be in the soup if you can't deliver what you've promised.

"When you go out to look for a job, don't misrepresent yourself. I guess Lincoln's little line about that is as good as any. 'You can fool some (*Please turn to page 74*)



Exclusive pictures of Gene Autry, made especially by Republic Pictures for this SCREENLAND feature: opposite page, left, Gene displays moving target on his private target range; right, rehearsing theme song of his current picture, "South of the Border," with Mrs. Autry at the piano. On this page an exterior view of the comfortable, unpretentious Autry home in Hollywood: Gene supervises the work on their new swimming pool; then, at his desk, going over his daily fan mail; right, Gene and the Missus on the steps leading to the pool.



2 Little

First little girl is Brenda Joyce, who left college to score on screen as Fern in "The Rains Came." Read her sunny success story

By
Ida
Zeitlin

Shirley Temple grown up! That's how Ida Zeitlin describes joyous Joyce. Below, Brenda with her mother and boy friend Owen Ward.

THE long arm of the movies reached down to Dallas and plucked out a dark-eyed child named Monetta Roy, who was still going to high school. Fishing in nearer waters, it drew up Betty Leabo, just as she had completed two years at UCLA. They are now Brenda Joyce, and Linda Darnell, two young hopes of Twentieth Century-Fox.

Linda was sixteen on October 16th. With her, the traditional movie need has been reversed. Her years have been added to, instead of subtracted from. Nevertheless, she's just sixteen. Brenda will be nineteen next February. The former is a luscious brunette beauty, "a doe-eyed honey," as one appreciative journalist named her. Brenda's a darling of another kind. Under a mop of fair hair, her face is serene, her hazel eyes laugh. She has a sunny, trustful quality that suggests Shirley Temple grown up.

Both girls represent the newer Hollywood. They're modest and level-headed. Ten years ago affectations would have been thrust upon them. Now they're allowed to be themselves. They would blush to refer to "my public," and it slays them to be called glamor girls. They're staggered by what's happened to them—also frankly overjoyed. But they've followed the one-minute careers of other movie finds, so they're laying no bets.

They both live in small houses near the studio, Brenda with her mother; Linda with her mother, two sisters and a brother. Undeen sells insurance. Monte and Calvin are ten and nine respectively. A



Maid's from SCHOOL



Second little girl is Linda Darnell, who jumped from high school into "Hotel for Women." Now she's Tyrone's movie heroine

up for other lacks. "Mother's very young," says her daughter. "It's sort of silly to say she grew up with me, because she's not *that* young. But we did things together, the way sisters and girl friends do. I never had any secrets from her—well, just one. I'd sneak books into bed. She didn't like me to read so much, because I was quite nearsighted. So I'd throw something over the light to keep it dim, and that way she never knew how late I read."

Linda's father is a postal clerk. She tumbled about with the other children of a large household. Her mother, having dreamed of the stage, vowed that if ever a talented child were born to her, she should be an actress. Linda was elected. She took singing and dancing lessons. She appeared in school plays and on civic programs. Her father didn't like it. Neither did his kinfolk, who were numerous and articulate. "They thought I was a black sheep," says Linda, "because I wanted to be an actress. The only one I hated going against was Dad. He's so (*Please turn to page 76*)

married brother and sister are still in Dallas and expect to stay there. So does Mr. Roy. Brenda owns a '36 Chevy, which she thinks she'll probably keep till it falls apart. Linda didn't own a car at all until after the success of "Hotel for Women." Then she bought a Pontiac, "But I'm not going to do anything else till that's all paid for," she says firmly.

Their backgrounds are similar in that neither family had much money. There the resemblance ends. Brenda is an only child. Linda is fourth of the six children of Mr. and Mrs. Calvin Roy. Brenda lived a rather solitary, though not a lonely, childhood. Her parents separated, and when she was five, Mrs. Leabo took her to California to live. All the relatives were left behind in Kansas City, but her mother's companionship made



Lucky Linda becomes Tyrone Power's sweetheart in her second picture.

IS MICKEY GETTING

GIVE that kid an inch and he'll take a mile; give him a scene and he'll walk off with the whole show; invite him to a party and he'll eclipse the guest of honor; let him drop into a night club, a football game, or a political rally and he'll be the featured attraction. Why, it wouldn't be safe to invite him to a wedding for he might walk off with the bride. That's Hollywood's opinion of Mickey Rooney!

At the same time, and in the same breath, Hollywood admits that Mickey Rooney is not only a number-one-player but Clark Gable's closest rival! He's a runt with a shock of yellow hair and a profile like a comic cartoon, but his current popularity will probably put his name on top of the list when the box-office poll is taken this year.

Mickey made the "Judge Hardy" series into *Andy Hardy* pictures. He received co-starring honors with the screen's twice-Academy Award winner, Spencer Tracy, in "Boys Town"; out-mugged Wallace Beery in "Stablemates" and caricatured Barrymore, Gable, and Jolson in "Babes In Arms." Looking for new worlds to conquer, he made a personal appearance on Broadway last August—and despite heat waves that were sweltering the city, Mickey Rooney broke box-office records. His two weeks' engagement lengthened into four and he'd still be there if picture commitments hadn't returned him to Hollywood.

Such success is enough to make any young man's head swim—so if Mickey's has swelled several sizes it isn't unnatural. For Mickey's been a cock-sure, wisecracking youngster from the time he made his theatrical debut on a Brooklyn burlesque stage at the age of eleven months lisping a three-word joke. Show business is, like Darwin's theory, survival of the fittest. And Mickey has seen to it that he was among the fit—working and planning from the time he was a youngster to stay in pictures so he and Mom could have the necessities of life. For Mickey's parents went their separate ways when he was only an infant, and Mickey has been the

bread-winner in his home ever since he was school age.

Screen stardom wasn't enough for Master Mickey, it seems, for his versatility knows no limit. Like George M. Cohan, he's an actor, a singer, a dancer, a songwriter, a musician and at the same time an all-around athletic American boy. His every venture has been touched with success, from the time he organized his own band and played engagements all over Southern California until increased screen activities interfered. His professional football team won, it seemed, whenever they played. And there were kids on opposing teams who were glad when Mickey's popularity arose anew and he was kept busy by the studios. But music must have some outlet. This year Mickey wrote *Oceans Apart*. Judy Garland introduced it and it's a song-hit of the season.

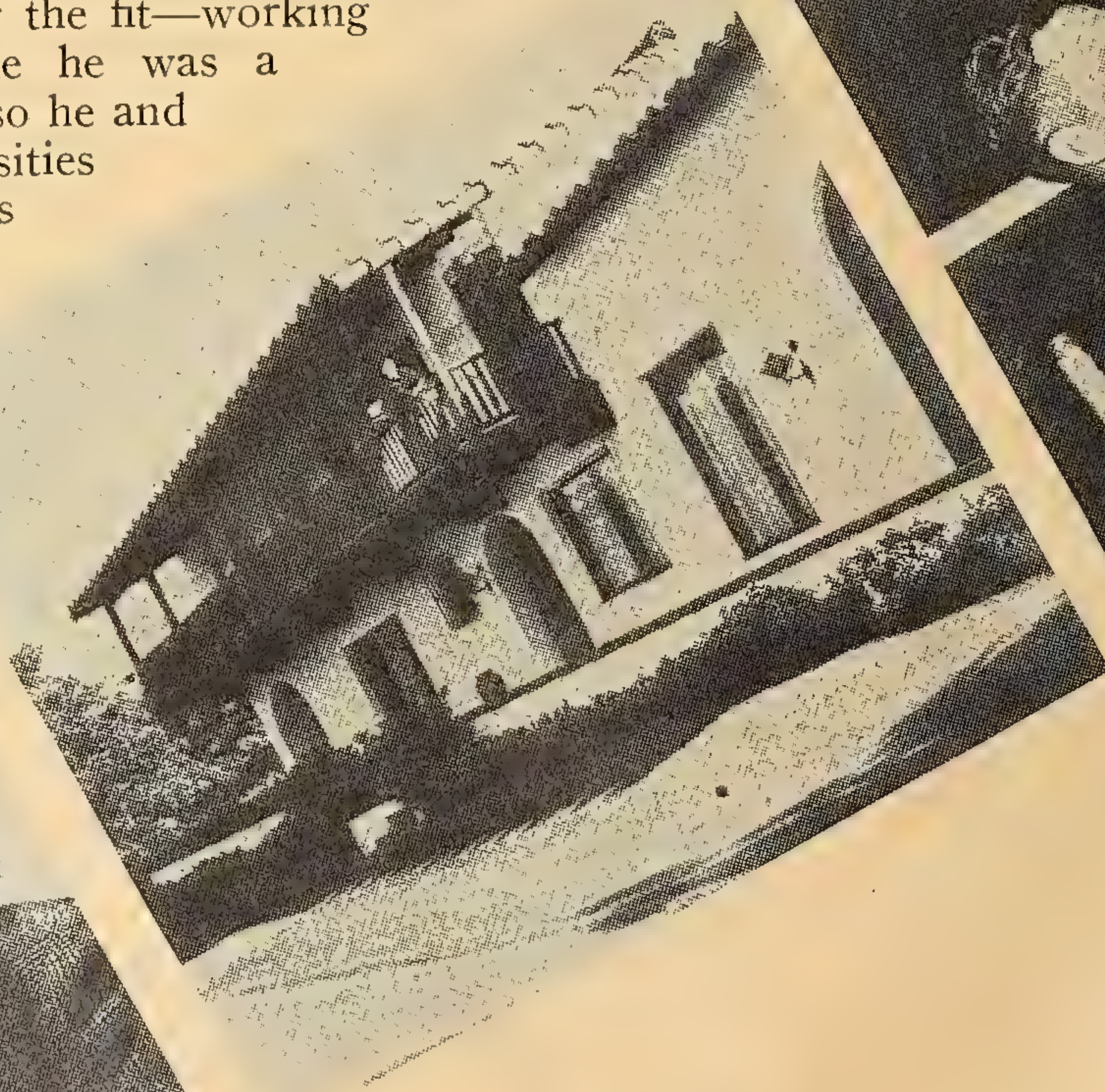
With Gable, Taylor, and Power marrying this year, Mickey suddenly finds himself (now he's eighteen) elevated into the ranks of the glamor-boy bachelor stars—right up there with Jimmy Stewart. Needless to say Mickey has his pick of the screen beauties. In fact, he has his pick of the girls everywhere he goes.

Even though he frequently chooses taller maidens to escort, they think it is a lark to go with Mickey. In New

York he dated Brenda Frazier.

He took her to the Stork Club and when que-

ried by (Continued on page 68)



Clark Gable's closest rival, or just a cocky kid who should be slapped down? You'll find the answer in this frank story

By May Mann

The Rooney grin, left, ten years ago—he was an old trouper even then. Center, the new home he bought for his mother. Right, with Spencer Tracy, who calls Mickey "a great actor." Top right, on opposite page, Mickey with May Mann, the interviewer.

Swell-Headed?





SCREENLAND ignores "No Trespassing" sign and takes you to the hideaway of Carole and Clark Gable, Andy Devine "and Company." Come along!

By Anita Kilore



IF YOU should happen to be in your car, at a point about thirty miles northeast of Hollywood, and if you should turn off the main road to the south and follow a cow track for some two or three hundred yards inland toward a heavily wooded section, you would undoubtedly come face to face with a large "No Trespassing" sign. The sign is a firm one. "No trespassing or you will be prosecuted by law," and below it are the large bold-faced words: "The Hardrock Land Company."

Well, there's nothing unusual in that, you say, but that's because you don't know the story behind that sign. Suppose we tell you that The Hardrock Land Company consists of the following: Clark Gable, Carole Lombard Gable, Andy Devine, Phil Harris, and Lum and Abner. Ah! We've got something there! That's right; we have a story.

While everybody else in Hollywood is approaching the Gables with the hopeless hope of getting a story on their little grey home in the west, and "How My Husband Looks Before Breakfast" by Carole Gable, we'll just skip all that nonsense and tell you a far more au-

Want to catch 'em off-guard? Then don't miss this swell story, all about Clark and "Mrs. Goldilocks" Gable (left), so christened by Tad Devine, shown below with papa Andy as they prepare to tear apart the big holiday turkey.



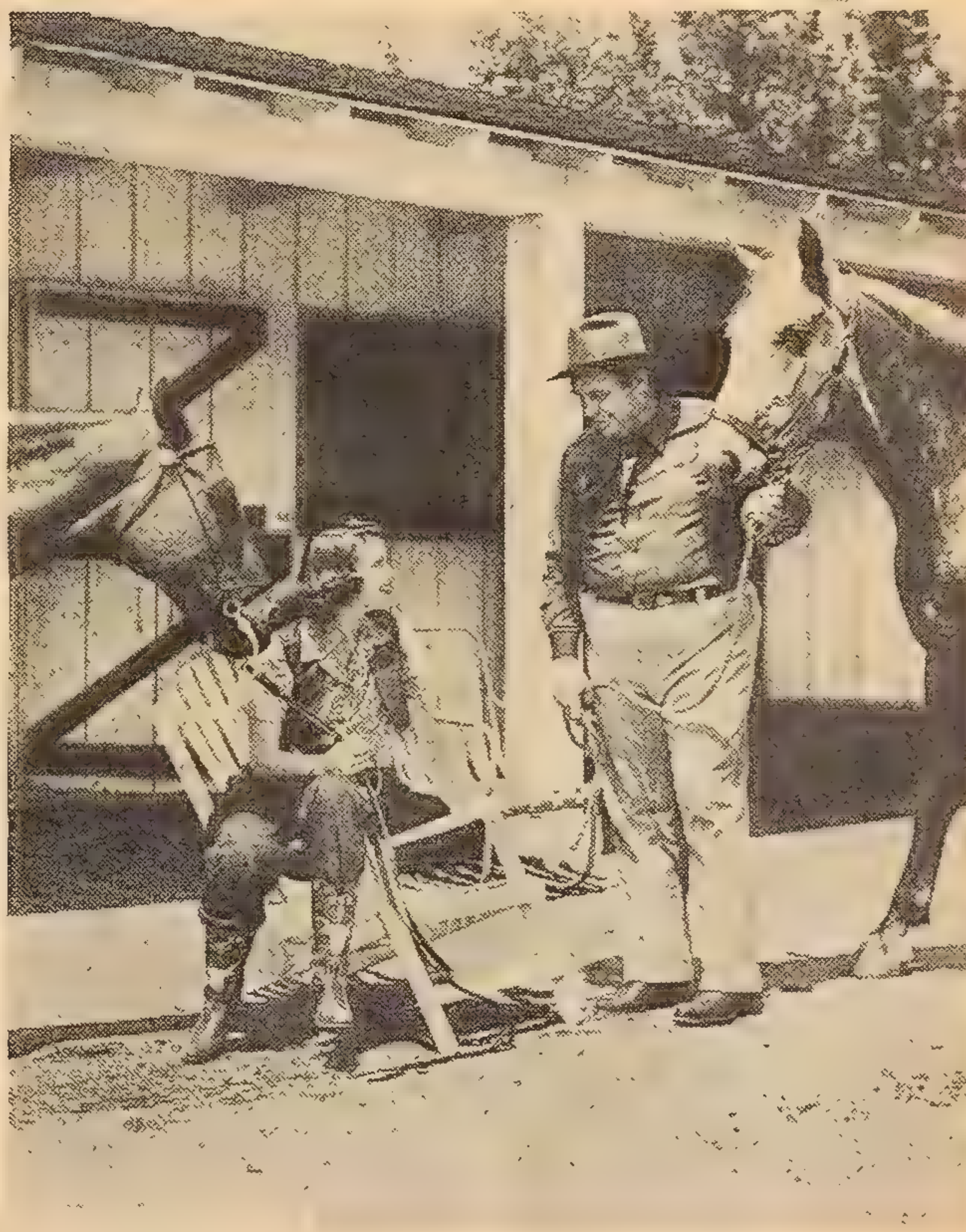


The Gables, above, enjoying their ranch home. Those Siamese cats belong to Carole, but Clark likes 'em as much as she does. See Gable's boots?

thentic, and exclusive, story of how the Gables and Andy and the others happened to get all mixed up in this land business. It's not their little grey home in the west, but it *is* their little hide-out shack in the woods, and that makes it even closer to their hearts, and to ours—because this is a part of their life which very few people know about.

It all started months ago when Andy Devine, Lum and Abner, Clark and Carole, and Phil Harris kind of struck up a close friendship over hunting and fishing. Sunday mornings, or whenever they had a free dawn, they'd get up at the crack of it, and rig up duck blinds in a marsh some forty miles from town. If the boys got up at five then it's a sure thing that Carole was up at four, because when they arrived at the appointed meeting place she always (*Please turn to page 70*)

Greatest family man of the film colony is Andy Devine—pictured right with his pretty wife, and below with son Tad, after selecting best of his homegrown birds for their holiday dinner.



YOUR 1940 HOROSCOPE

Free!

NORVELL'S SPECIAL OFFER TO SCREENLAND READERS

Send for your New Free 1940 Astrology Chart! Norvell has read and advised the Hollywood stars for years and his advice and guidance have helped many screen stars on the upward climb to fame and fortune. If YOU are having financial problems, or romantic unrest, perhaps you too will be helped by having Norvell read your chart and predict for you. Fill coupon and send to NORVELL, Box 989, Dept. F, Hollywood, California.

Please send me NORVELL'S 1940 Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS.....

MY ADDRESS IS.....

CITY

MY BIRTHDATE IS.....



Look into the Future with

Norvell, above with Dietrich, predicts that "Destry Rides Again," Marlene's come-back film, will mark turning point in her career. Norvell's prediction that Ann Sothorn's (opposite page) career would get a new start in 1939 came true, but see what Hollywood's astrologer forecasts for her in 1940.

MARLENE DIETRICH had checked in at Universal to play in "Destry Rides Again," a glorified Western. I sat in her dressing room with her and the astrology chart of her life was spread out before us. The interpretation of that chart meant a great deal to Miss Dietrich at that particular moment, for the entire motion picture industry was asking the question, "Can Marlene Dietrich stage a successful come-back?"

I realized that a great deal depended on an honest interpretation of the chart and consulted my calculations carefully. "According to the evidence found in your horoscope," I told Miss Dietrich, "you were born in the Sign of Capicorn, ruled by the Planet Saturn. Your birthdate, December 27, reveals that fortunate planetary aspects ruled the heavens at the time of your birth and helped elevate you to a very enviable position on the screen. However, during the past two years afflictions of Saturn have brought about professional difficulties that are just now being overcome."

Miss Dietrich was most attentive; she paused as she applied her make-up. "What about the future?" she asked. "Tell me everything you find in my chart!"

"The future is very bright for you," I continued, "and the picture you are now making will mark the turning point in your career. From now on you will be given more suitable stories, better publicity; your career will be handled differently. In common with most persons born between December 22 and January 19, in the Sign of Capicorn, you will go on to greater success than ever in the coming three years."

As for Marlene Dietrich's future in regard to her present marriage, I pointed out in her horoscope the difficulties that exist which might doom that marriage in the next twelve months. Her marriage has been marked by long periods of separation from her husband, and these are apt to develop into a permanent rift. Another marriage is clearly indicated within a period of three years for Marlene Dietrich.

If your birthdate happens to come in the Sign of Capicorn, you too come under the influence of the Planet Saturn. This may incline you to a strange and unusual destiny, marked by conflict, romantic confusion, and early disappointments. However, Saturn can also elevate you in its exalted phases, and bring you rich rewards that compensate for your early struggles. It will be recalled that Miss Dietrich had many obstacles to overcome before making a success in Hollywood, but because she possessed the perseverance and determination that generally characterizes Capicorn persons, she rose to fame on the screen.

Strangely enough, several Capicorn screen stars have recently staged more or less successful come-backs. They



CHECK THESE NORVELL PREDICTIONS

Loretta Young will marry in 1940.
 Luise Rainer will return to the screen.
 Divorce for Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers
 A successful come-back for Marlene Dietrich.
 Continued marital happiness for Ray Milland.
 Danger of a divorce for Ann Sothern.
 Kay Francis' successful return to screen.
 Marriage for Anita Louise within six months.

NORVELL



Norvell, the noted astrologer, interprets the message of the heavenly stars through the science of astrology and forecasts for the screen stars and for you. Find out what surprises the New Year has in store for you

are Ann Sothern, Lew Ayres and Ray Milland. I have read Miss Sothern's chart over a period of several years, and warned her some time ago that a lull might arise in her career, owing to the afflictions of a Saturn. I also read in her chart that in 1939 the afflictions would subside temporarily and her career would begin anew. You no doubt remember the picture that gave audiences a glimpse of a new and more exciting Ann Sothern—it was "Maisie," and once again Ann Sothern is on the way up. The turning point in her career, as it is in the lives of so many Capricorn persons, was a change of type or personality. That is an important clue for you to remember, if Capricorn happens to be your birth Sign. If you feel that life is cheating you, that you are tired of living the same old routine, do not hesitate a moment in changing your environment, your personality, and even your friends. Sometimes a new romance will bring that fresh glow into your life which all Capricorn people seem to require.

The two other stars born in Capricorn whose careers badly needed this revitalizing change of personality were Ray Milland and Lew Ayres. Both have shown occasional inspirational flashes and then their careers have lapsed into obscurity again. It was about seven years ago that I first met Ray Milland when he was under contract to

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and I predicted that he would remain under Saturn's cloud for some time, but that it would eventually lift. Now Ray has come out from under the cloud and his chart shows the sky is the limit. As for Lew Ayres, he will go on to greater success in 1940 in his career. His "Dr. Kildare" series has once again shown that Capricorn can overcome all adversities, and it is doubtful if Lew's career will ever again lapse into mediocrity. I cannot say as much for his marriage to Ginger Rogers. His chart shows that there is little chance of a reconciliation for him and Ginger and that a permanent separation would be sealed by a divorce in 1940. Another marriage is noted for Lew within a period of three years.

Speaking of come-backs, especially for those born in the Sign of Capricorn, what of the brilliant, meteoric career of Luise Rainer? Is she finished on the screen, or will Saturn elevate her again in the future? Miss Rainer's chart shows that she will be back on the screen in 1940 and once again win the hearts of the fans. She will be handled more expertly in her new career. As for her marriage to Clifford Odets, it will always be one of those on-again-off-again romances, that even the heavenly stars have a hard time keeping track of. They are not compatible, and according to all the laws of the universe and the planets they should not be together, but seemingly they have defied cosmic laws in their marriage.

Loretta Young, another star born in Capricorn, has known setbacks due to ill health in the past, but her chart shows no danger to career in the future. She will have fortunate aspects of the planets (*Please turn to page 78*)



MY FRANKEST CONFESSION

By *Janette MacDonald*

"AM not afraid of anything!

"I consider money important, because without financial security I was always afraid. I know what it is to finagle furiously with bills, but I have never borrowed one cent from either an individual or from a bank. I never opened a charge account until recently, when I no longer needed to budget myself. I am not extravagant. I never felt poor, as a child. Until I was thirteen I had an allowance of ten cents a week from my family. I found it quite satisfactory. At that age I was raised to twenty-five cents a week, which was sufficient. At fourteen I was self-supporting, as a dancer and understudy in the stage revue at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. Everything above modest living expenses went into the bank. I paid cash, so I would see my money going out and usually reconsider and spend less. I can't forget the axiom, 'Wilful waste brings woeful want.' A big pay-check has changed me only in removing my horror of being stranded.

"I have two obsessions—my husband and my career. Everything else in my life is secondary. I am riled quickest by reading untrue statements about myself and my marriage.

"I have a feeling of permanence about our home in Hollywood. Still, if Gene and I left pictures we might not call it headquarters. It would be hard for me to live in and not be of the movie colony. I am most myself in my own house, with Gene and a few close friends.

"I do not believe a husband should be even somewhat jealous, and I think it takes two to make love last. I want children of my own some day. But right now I have everything I want. I have my marriage and my career running as I'd dreamed they could. I have my health, my youth, my looks, and my friends.

"I am very conventional. I have an acute sense of morals. I always think of the consequences. I am

not daring or impulsive. I am not a show-off. But, instinctively, I am an actress. I feel how an effect should be gained. I have never been my real self on the screen, save when I have been singing or doing something kiddingly.

"I would like to change my height. I am five feet five and I've always wanted to be five feet one. I think petiteness is a special appeal.

"I bite my fingernails when nervous. I am emotionally well-balanced. I am religious.

"I am not concerned about what I wear. I dress as well as I can so I won't be disappointing, but I am much more interested in having attractive surroundings. I take pride in my modesty. (Please turn to page 80)

You don't see Jeanette these days wearing such a costume as this! Remember when she was kicking up her heels in "Monte Carlo"? At lower left, note the adoring look she is giving husband Gene—read what she says of him.



Hollywood's Queen of Dignity sizes herself up for us as no writer would dare to! Here you'll read of her obsessions, her regrets, her plans for the future



"Little Eva" Grows Up

Hollywood's youngest veteran, Virginia Grey, tells her incredible Cinderella story

NO HEROINE of Grimm's Fairy Tales had a more sordid, more unhappy early life than Virginia Grey. And that is what probably gives this blonde, blue-eyed girl, scarcely out of her teens, the look of a slightly bewildered angel. Her father, Ray Grey, was a director in the old, old days of silent pictures. Knowing all the ins and outs of the business, the heartaches and disappointments connected with it, he said he never wanted to see any other member of his family even remotely connected with pictures. He died when Virginia was eight. His death was sudden and when his affairs were wound up his family was left practically penniless.

The problem of living raised its head. Mrs. Grey turned to the only business of which she knew anything—the movies. She became a cutter at the old Universal studio. One day Virginia, aged (*Please turn to page 67*)



Virginia looks over her shoulder at her "past" as a child star: top, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; to the right, with Mary Astor, Roscoe Karns and Jean Hersholt in early films; with Maurice Murphy when she was 12; and in a dancing pose.

**By
S. R.
Mook**



Best

TAPPIN' TEAM?



Page Ginger Rogers! Her old partner Fred Astaire has a new dancin' date, Eleanor Powell—and he seems to like it. So does she, so will we when we see them in "Broadway Melody of 1940."

PRETTY
Foxy!



Many gallant foxes gave their all that the gorgeous 1940 girls should be clothed in beauty this luxurious season. Patricia Morison poses in bulky coat, muff, and "ropknot" of red fox.

Muriel Angelus, statuesque stage beauty who makes her first screen appearance with Ronald Colman and Ida Lupino in "The Light That Failed," chooses cross fox for her "topknot" and that huge muff.





Elmer Fryer

In and Out of Character



PAUL MUNI, JANE BRYAN

as themselves (large portraits) and as the characters they portray in James Hilton's "We Are Not Alone." See Jane, right, her real loveliness well disguised, and, with Muni in a scene from the film, opposite page. This is Muni's last movie for some time, as he's now starring on Broadway in Maxwell Anderson's "Key Largo."

Bert Siz



The Latest in Lovelies



BRENDA MARSHALL



MARY MARTIN



KATHRYN ADAMS



Cream of current pulchritude crop, these girls not only enliven the Hollywood scene with their beauty, but will bring fresh excitement to neighborhood screens. P. S. And they can act, too.

Mary Healy, right, and Dorris Bowdon, top left, contribute their charms to 20th Century-Fox films. Frances Robinson, top right, brings regal beauty to Universal's "Tower of London," starring Basil Rathbone and Boris Karloff. Now, on page opposite, you've met Brenda Marshall, discovery of "Espionage Agent," and Kathryn Adams who made such a hit in Ginger Rogers' picture, "Fifth Avenue Girl." Mary Martin is the charmer from Broadway who makes her screen bow in "The Great Victor Herbert."



Serenade—

CELLULOID
STYLE



You've heard "Sunrise Serenade" and "Moonlight Serenade"—now we give you our very own version, with Helen Gilbert, here, serenaded by Cesar Romero, over there. Not that Helen, the musical beauty who played the cello in a studio orchestra before somebody discovered she could act—and now look at her in "Dr. Kildare's Secret"—and Cesar, who's the new Cisco Kid, have ever even met, as far as we know; but we think it's a good idea, and they make a handsome pair.

"THE CISCO KID AND THE LADY"

And here's the new "Cisco Kid" himself! Cesar Romero has inherited Warner Baxter's old part and so now Hollywood's dancin'-est man-about-town has his chance to charm all the lovely ladies of the motion picture audience in a really romantic rôle.



"Miss Daniel Boone"— Otherwise Claire Trevor



Old Daniel Boone started something! Claire Trevor spent two months in coonskin hats and leather suits for her early American rôle in "Allegheny Uprising"—and when the film was finished she adapted old Dan's fashion ideas to 1940 chapeau styles. It's a good story, anyway—and a right purty pitcher.

"Mr. Anne Shirley"—
Otherwise John Payne



Better smile when you call him that. He's in love with his wife but he wants to be known for his own acting talents and we don't blame him. John recently walked out of a studio contract to freelance—object, better parts. Result: he was hired back at more money for a rôle he wanted to play.

Great Moments from BIG Pictures

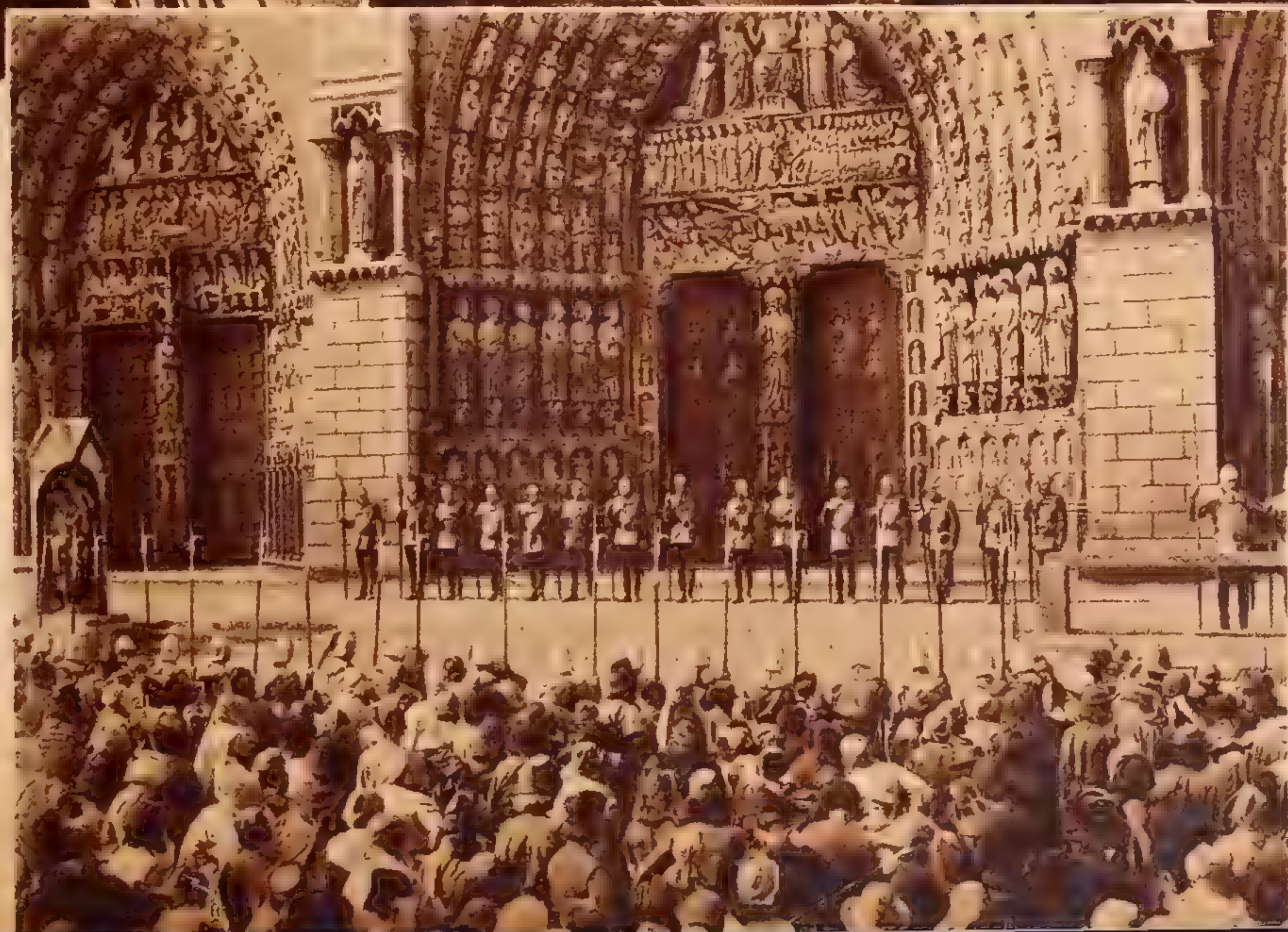


CHARLES LAUGHTON in
"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"

The Victor Hugo classic comes to the screen in a thrilling new version, with Laughton in the title rôle, his grotesque makeup challenging veteran movie-goers' memories of Lon Chaney in the same part, and William Dieterle's dramatic direction of many superb scenes against the magnificent background of 15th Century Paris, lavishly reproduced in the RKO-Radio studios. See lower opposite page for more pictures.

RAYMOND MASSEY
in
"Abe Lincoln in Illinois"

Robert Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize play of the Great Emancipator has been filmed with Raymond Massey in the rôle he created on the stage. Here we show Massey as he delivers the longest line of dialogue ever recited by an actor, 832 words, in the screen version of the Lincoln-Douglas debate, which is one of the stirring moments from the play.



ton as the Hunchback and Maureen O'Hara as Esmeralda, gypsy. At right, some of the thousands of extras and the reproduction of the famous cathedral. Closeups show Miss ara, Thomas Mitchell, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke of cast.

Introducing Gulliver and the Lilliputians



You've met Snow White and the Dwarfs. Now meet Gulliver and the Lilliputians in the screen's second full-length technicolor feature cartoon, "Gulliver's Travels"



In bringing "Gulliver's Travels" to the animated cartoon screen for Paramount, Max Fleischer has retained the fulness of Swift's satire upon the smallness of man and the foolishness of war. After his boat capsizes, Lemuel Gulliver, adventurous sailor, swims to the shore of a strange land, inhabited by a race of tiny people. Exhausted, he falls asleep and is discovered by the town crier who, believing him to be a giant, warns the Lilliputians. Above, the little men rushing to overpower the man-mountain. Above right, the frightened but curious Lilliputians come to gaze at the colossus. Right, close-up showing how they've pinioned the sleeping Giant. Top, Gulliver, who's now their friend, whittles a Lilliputian life-size boat for them.



In cartoon form, Jonathan Swift's immortal classic is treated as a musical with humor, catchy tunes, and romantic ballads, and the singing voices of Lanny Ross and Jessica Dragonette will be heard in the rôles of Prince David and Princess Glory



Hundreds of miniature derricks, blocks and tackle, are used to bind Gulliver, top. Left, the huge figure is hoisted onto a hundred-wheeled truck; above, scores of tiny horses draw the human cargo to the palace grounds. Below, with Gulliver's help, Prince David sees Princess Glory.





20th Century-Fox

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Shirley Temple in "The Blue Bird"

Lana Looks Ahead

WHEN Lana Turner first ran across the screen in that memorable scene in Mervyn LeRoy's "They Won't Forget," she made a scrap of Hollywood history. She became forthwith the world's "Sweater Girl." It wasn't important that nobody had ever heard of her before, that she appeared in only a few fleeting flashes in the early portion of the picture or that she received scant billing. She very definitely had something to offer, an electrifying presence, that many a star would give an arm to possess. Hard-boiled Hollywood took one look, a GOOD look, and to a man proclaimed here was Hollywood's new sensation.

This was the girl, then, a vital, exciting and very much alive young person with copper-hued hair falling over her white forehead, who said gravely: "This is not my life! I have other plans." She stated, simply and surprisingly, "When I am twenty-one, I will retire from the screen. Perhaps sooner. Then I will do what I've always wanted to do, all my life."

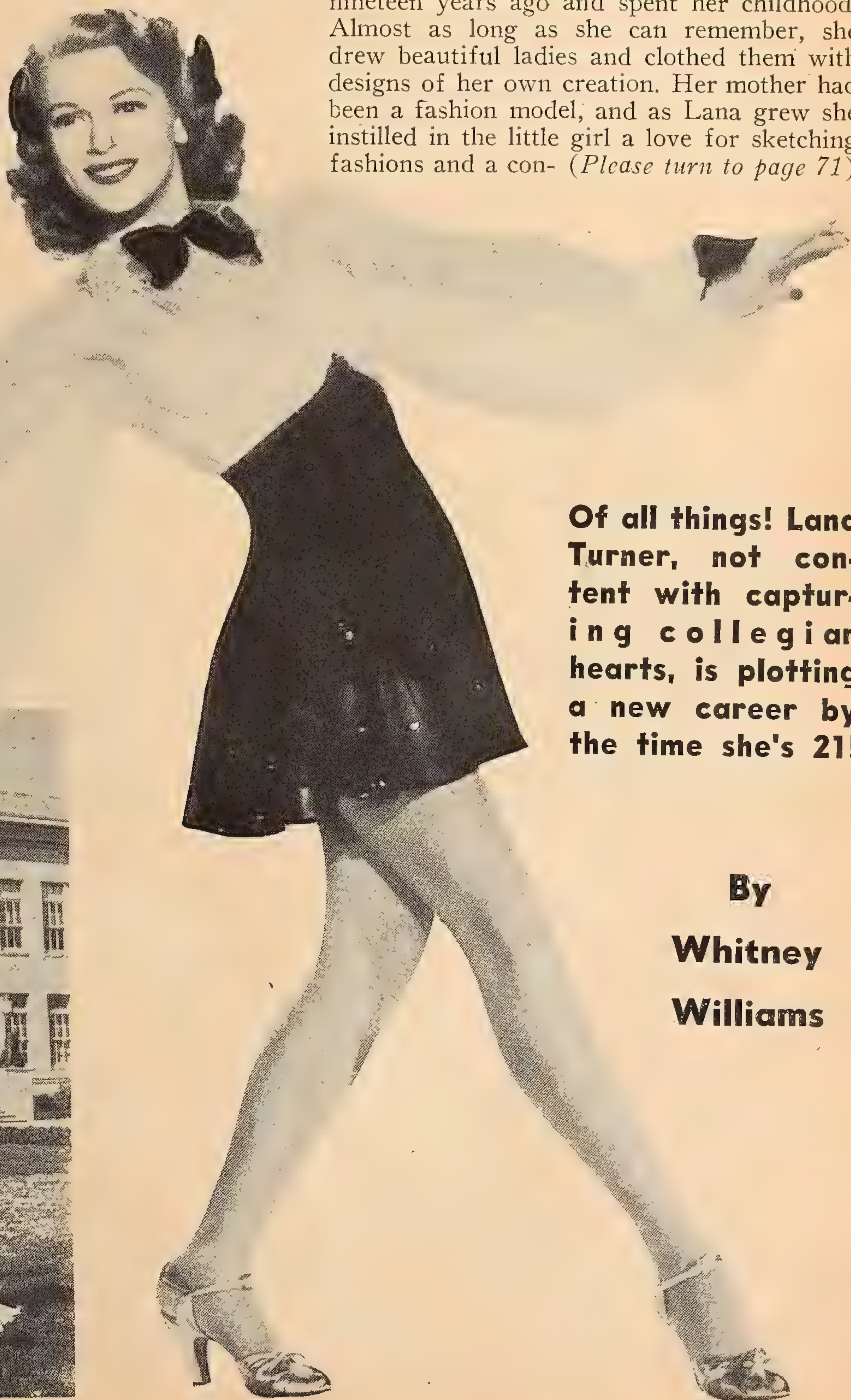
Other girls have come forth with reckless, daring statements ere this: but never has anybody had the sheer effrontery, all things considered—remember, Lana potentially ranks as one of our most lustrous stars—to make

Fresh from Hollywood High School Lana Turner crashed the screen. See her, below, as she looked then. Now look at her—it's no hardship—as she appears in "Dancing Co-Ed."

so positive an assertion, so startling a prediction.

"Of course," she hastened to explain, "I love acting, the excitement of the studios. But it isn't what I really want, it doesn't appeal to me like it does to so many other girls. What I want more than anything else in this life—and for which I intend to abandon pictures without a moment's hesitation when the time comes—is to be a fashion designer, own my own smart shop and create my own styles. I've promised someone I'd do this, leave the screen—and I've promised myself. I may have broken promises to others in the past, but myself, never! Nor do I ever intend to."

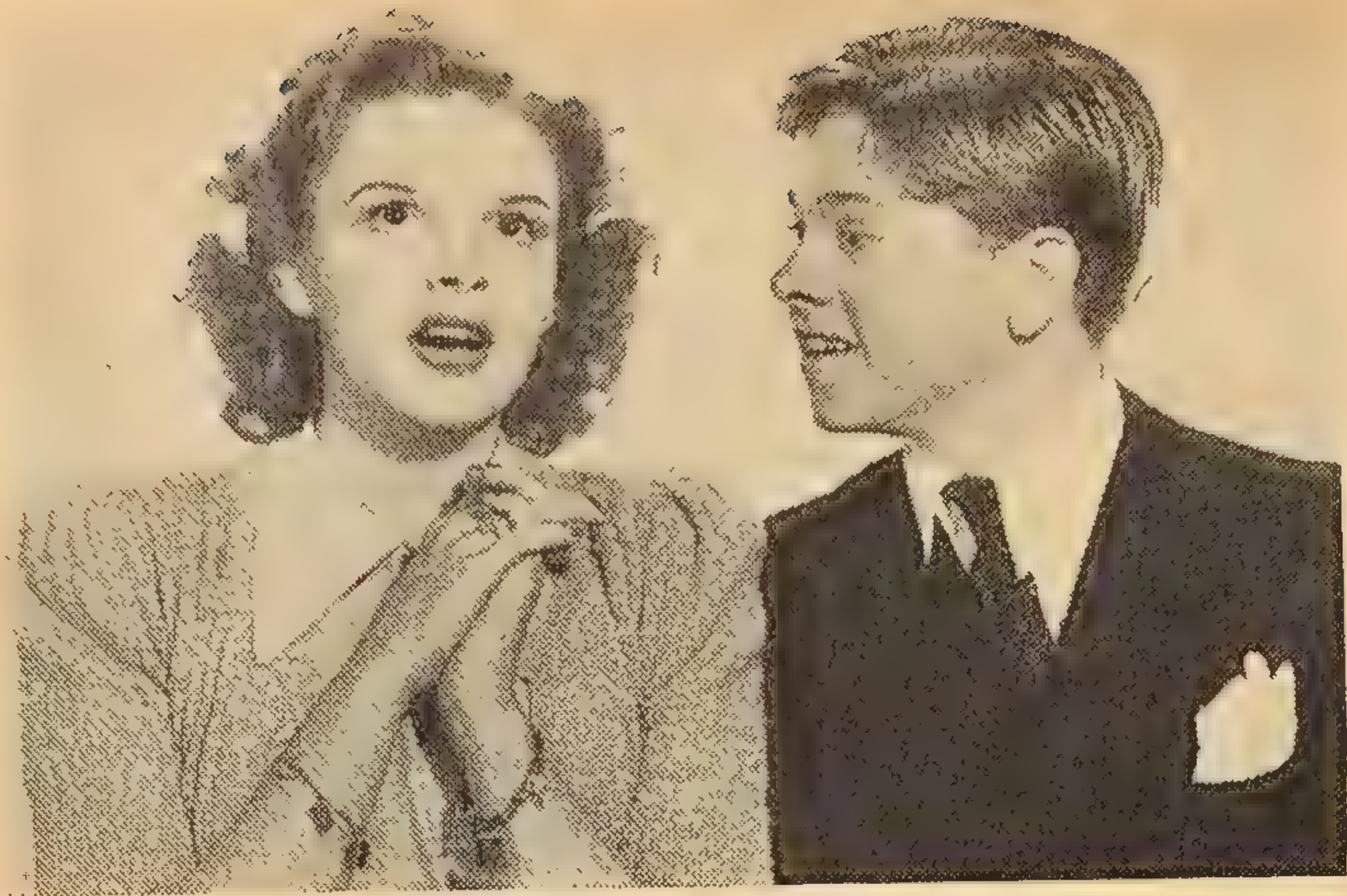
To understand her fully, let's skim back to the little city of Wallace, Idaho, where Lana was born some nineteen years ago and spent her childhood. Almost as long as she can remember, she drew beautiful ladies and clothed them with designs of her own creation. Her mother had been a fashion model, and as Lana grew she instilled in the little girl a love for sketching fashions and a con- (Please turn to page 71)



Of all things! Lana Turner, not content with capturing collegian hearts, is plotting a new career by the time she's 21!

**By
Whitney
Williams**

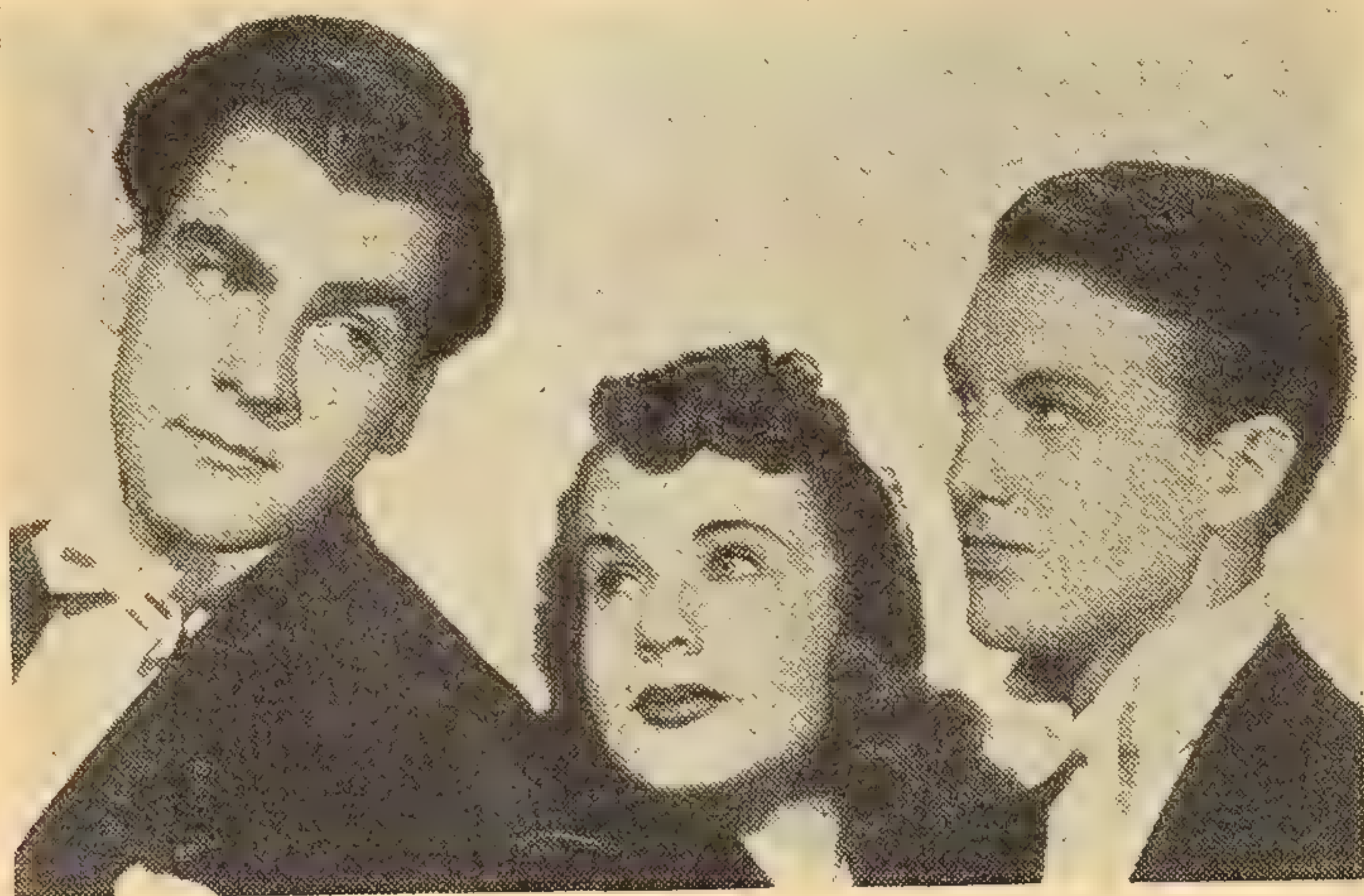




BABES IN ARMS—M-G-M



HOLLYWOOD has discovered the fountain of youth and is lapping it up in great, big gulps, with the result that the family can now go to the movies in a body without blushing. "Babes in Arms" is the biggest Family Show of the season, a clean and wholesome musical comedy with Mickey Rooney impersonating everybody from F.D.R. to Lionel Barrymore and Judy Garland leading a parade of other youngsters in the greatest display of juvenile talent in captivity. "Babes in Arms" tells the sprightly story of a theatrical community in which the young folks, scions of once-prosperous vaudeville families, take things in their own gifted hands and save the day and the old homesteads by staging a brilliant show of their own. Mickey is the ring-leader as you'd imagine, not because he's the biggest but because he can write, direct, compose and stage the show and also impersonate Clark Gable with such uncanny accuracy. The boy's a wonder. In her quiet way Judy Garland is just as expert as a trouser and with more charm, or maybe not quite so much—anyway, she's restful; and together they make a marvelous team. We expect to be getting lots of femme fan mail about Douglas McPhail, who with his stalwart good looks and excellent voice might be called a young Nelson Eddy—only then we'd get *more* letters from Eddy fans.



FIRST LOVE—Universal



YOU won't be disappointed in Deanna's first grown-up picture. It is just as gay and fresh and charming as her early little-girl films, with an added depth and sympathy to warm your heart. The only audience not to enjoy it thoroughly would be one made up entirely of school teachers—who are rather unaccountably set up in this picture's plot as examples of the thwarted womanhood which Deanna mercifully escapes by preferring Robert Stack to an academic career. Youngsters will adore this above all other Durbin numbers, for Robert Stack, Deanna's "first lover," is a personable and engaging lad, first in all probability of an endless chain of handsome fellows who will capture Deanna's film fancies after a suitable interlude of guileless chase and lovely song. Here the heroine plays with customary charm the poor little relative in a wealthy uncle's household, accepting snubs so sweetly that eventually she wins not only their hearts but the social catch of the season, the aforementioned Mr. Stack. As usual in a Joe Pasternak production, all the characters, from Eugene Pallette as the uncle who finally asserts himself in his selfish family, to Charles Coleman as the long-suffering butler, are real people you're sorry to leave when the picture ends. Helen Parrish is once more the beautiful little "menace." Lewis Howard, a newcomer, excellent as her brother.



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Evans



DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK—20th Century-Fox



AN EXCITING novel—a rousing record of real Americana—becomes an exciting motion picture. Every good American should go to see it—if not out of a smug sense of duty then frankly for good entertainment's sake—for this is a thrilling screen show with spirit and gusto and splendid performances. True, there are dull moments here and there, but even marauding Indians must take time out to rest up for the next skirmish. Aside from these few slow sequences, John Ford has directed "Drums" with sweep and skill and that absence of Hollywood trickery which makes him the best of the outdoor-drama megaphoners. The saga of the stalwart farmers of the Mohawk Valley fighting for their rights against the invasion of Tory and Indian, striving to preserve their family unity and keep up their spirits against tremendous odds has been faithfully translated from Walter Edmonds' best-selling book—seems that Zanuck is one of the few Hollywood producers to possess the important secret of bringing a big book to the screen intact—remember he gave us "The Rains Came." Real surprise of this picture, to me, was the complete conviction of Claudette Colbert's performance as a pioneer woman. She's fine—and so is Henry Fonda as the courageous young husband. Edna Mae Oliver has one of her saltiest rôles and she plays it, as usual, superbly.

FOR THRILLS:

"Drums Along the Mohawk"

FOR FUN-WITH-MUSIC:

"Babes in Arms"

"First Love"

NOVELTIES:

Garbo laughing in "Ninotchka"

Colbert serious (as a pioneer woman) in "Drums"

Durbin getting her first kiss in "First Love"

GOOD WORK:

Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Douglas McPhail in "Babes in Arms"

Betty Field, Jackie Cooper in "Seventeen"

Melvyn Douglas in "Ninotchka"

Helen Parrish in "First Love"



SEVENTEEN—Paramount



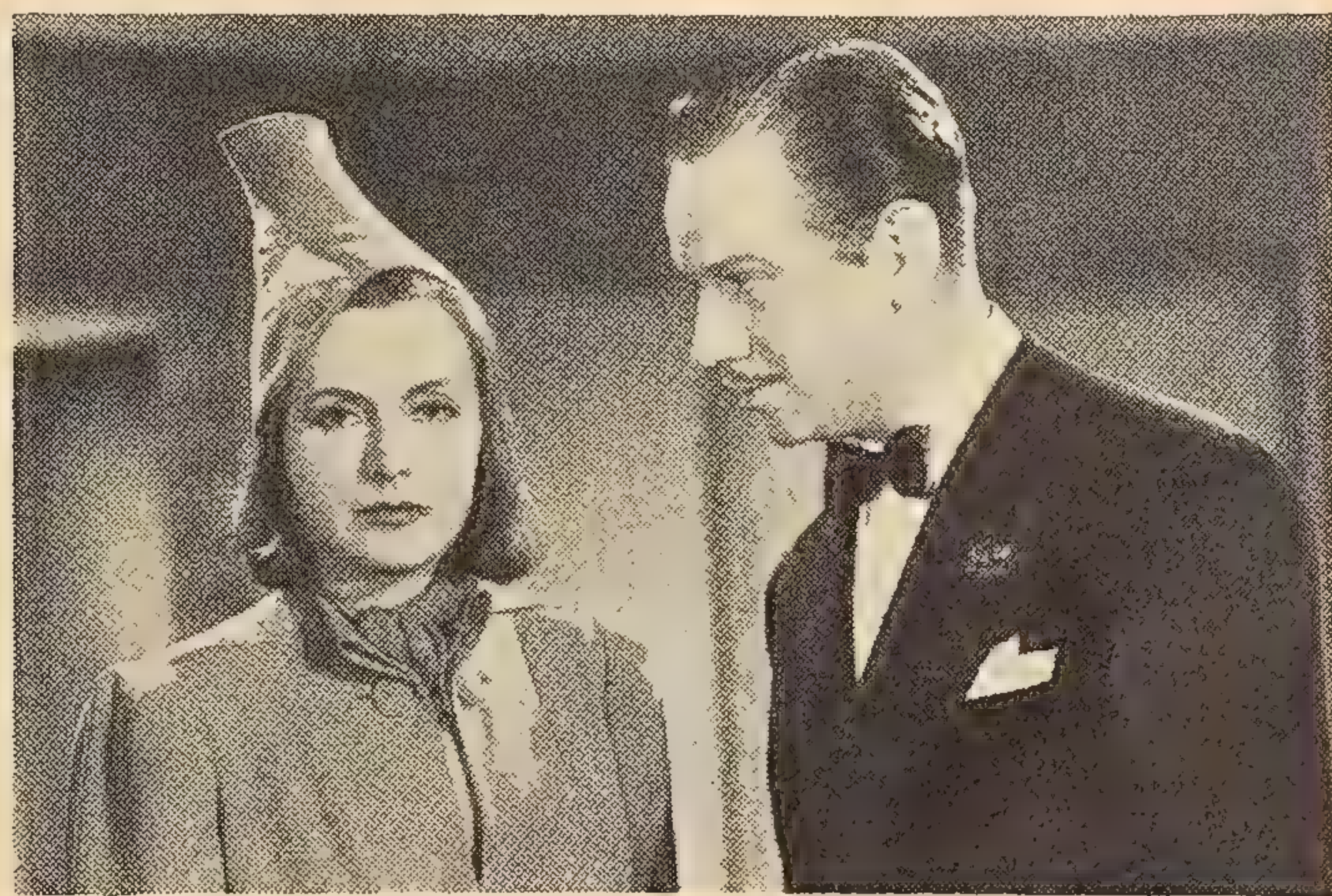
THE adorable gaucheries of 'teen-agers as recorded by Booth Tarkington provide ample entertainment in this brisk new film account of the immortal *Willie Baxter*, his life, his woes, his loves. Jackie Cooper plays Tarkington's most famous juvenile character just as he should be played—naturally enough, for Jackie himself is just seventeen, and should know—with awkward solemnity and a complete lack of humor—in other words, he IS *Willie*, and even while you're laughing at him you're all for him, through his struggles to pay for a new car, his troubles with his spying little sister, and his Great Romance with the cute and flirtatious *Lola*. Jackie is more appealing than funny as he portrays the exquisite tortures of a boy in the throes of his first romantic crush—but there is hilarity enough in the reactions of his family, especially the snoopy little sister who nevertheless helps to save the day in *Willie's* direst hour of need. Betty Field plays a small-town heartbreaker with clever malice though a little too much sophistication. However, her performance is just brittle enough to make Jackie's all the more touching by comparison. Otto Kruger and Ann Shoemaker are absolutely right as the understanding if bewildered parents. Norma Gene Nelson as the little imp of the *Baxter* household is convincingly obnoxious—clever actress!



THE ROARING TWENTIES—Warners



IF YOUR appetite for gangster melodrama hasn't been satisfied even at this late date—personally, I'm full of turkey—then you'd better hurry right out to see "The Roaring Twenties." Here is the gangster melodrama to end all g.m.'s., I hope. It has all the guaranteed ingredients: the prohibition era for a background, Jimmy Cagney and Humphrey Bogart as rival public enemies, night club scenes with floor shows, rum-running, assorted killings—and then, while you're in a weakened condition from all the shooting, comes the gruesome finish which is to prove that crime doesn't and never did and never will pay—except at the box-office. Cagney is excellent, as usual, as the ex-service man who can't get a decent job and turns to bootlegging in which he becomes a big little shot and prospers until his love for Priscilla Lane leads him to attempt the impossible—crashing the big time of crime. If you think dewy-eyed Priscilla Lane is out of place in these sordid surroundings you are in agreement with the author, who whisks her away to be the bride of upright Jeffry Lynn. It is Gladys George who gives the outstanding performance of the picture, next to Cagney's. She makes her familiar rôle of woman-with-the-heart-of-gold who befriends Cagney to the very last, a poignant and believable character. Frank McHugh is fine as always.



NINOTCHKA—M-G-M



GARBO giggles and you'll laugh right along with her at "Ninotchka." She not only giggles, she guffaws, she practically has hysterics at Melvyn Douglas taking a comedy fall—in fact, Mr. Douglas is the only person who doesn't seem to be enjoying himself quite as wholeheartedly as other members of the cast; but then *he* takes the fall. He also takes care of most of the heavy work, what with slaving so hard to make Garbo laugh, trying to make her fall in love with him, and then catching up with her after she says "I tank I go home"—yes, she really utters these historic words you've been hearing about so long; and now let them slip into oblivion, for no one can possibly say them with the same inflection as G.G. herself. "Ninotchka" is not only brand new Garbo, complete with sense of humor and retaining all the famous charm; it is vintage Lubitsch—sly, sophisticated continental comedy at its frothiest. As a gloomy Soviet envoy sent on a delicate mission to Paris, Garbo gradually unbends into a gay and frisky creature under Melvyn's benign guidance, and with the help of three jolly gentlemen who are also reformed comrades. You won't want to miss "Ninotchka" for it is filled with surprises. Until you have seen Garbo getting high and giggly on champagne you haven't really been to pictures, Ina Claire's chic also adorns the cast.

SCREENLAND



Edited
by
*Joan
Bennett*

Co-starring with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in "Green Hell," released through Universal

This year, a coat-with-fur is a "must" in the wardrobe of every smart woman, and here is Joan's favorite even above all her grand, all-fur collection. Leopard front contrasts with back and sleeves of black wool. Note high neck line, tiny waist and flared skirt. The belt is black suede as are Joan's accessories. Her tiny high hat is of leopard and trimmed with black lacquer quills. From I. Magnin Co., Los Angeles.



Glamor School



She knows the secret of combining true chic with effortless grace! Let lovely Joan Bennett be your guide to glamor

One of Hollywood's really great designers, Bernard Newman, created this beautiful white evening gown for Miss Bennett. The draped bodice crosses high at the neck with one side draping at the shoulder into a long flowing scarf which can also be worn over the head as Joan is wearing it in close-up above. The wide girdle designed in a formal flower motif is of gold leaf and exquisitely embroidered with gold sequins and beads.

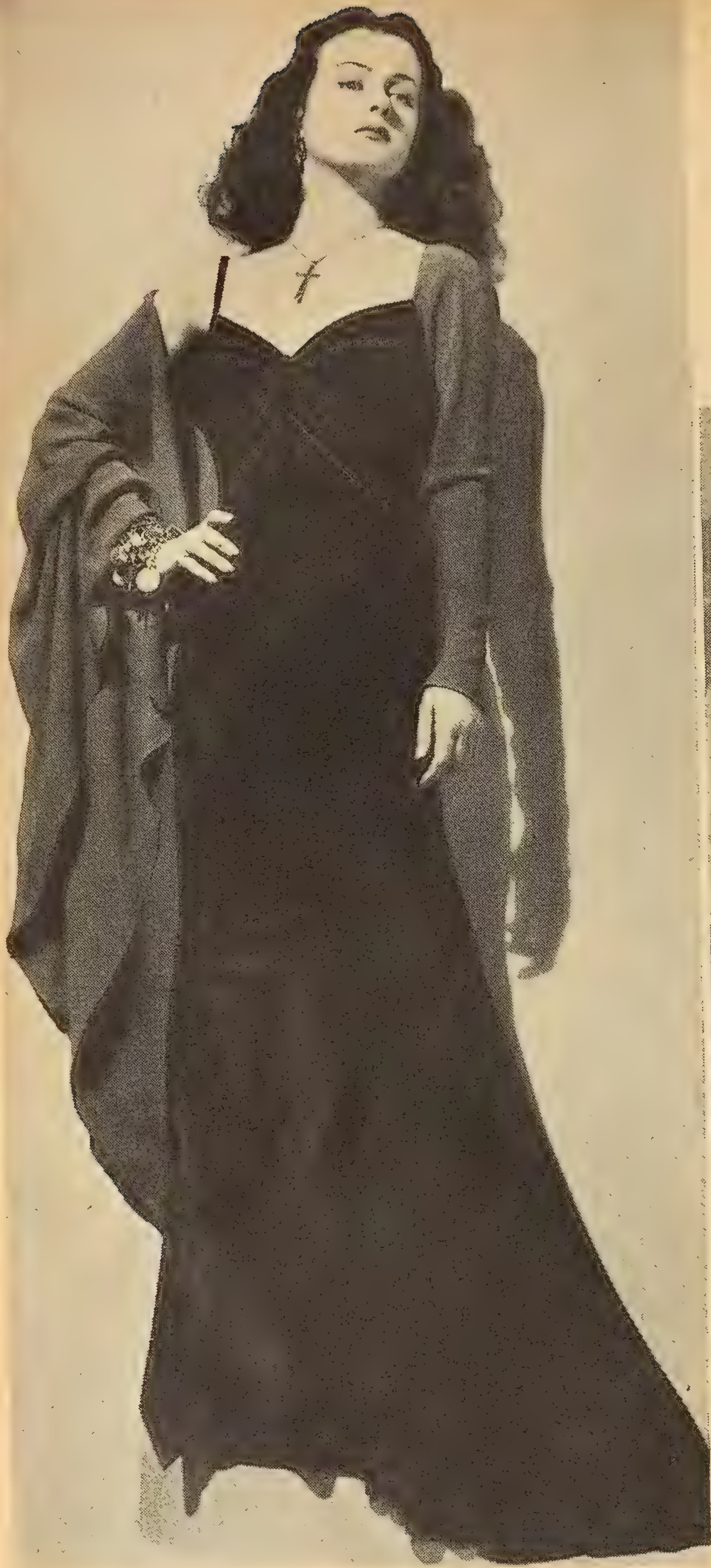
Joan Bennett

☛ **Black and Purple for Evening**

☛ **The One-Sleeve Jacket**

☛ **Bright Red with Beaver**

☛ **The Military Note**



Black and purple make an effective color combination with Joan's current brunette coiffure. Above, her favorite formal gown of black crepe with triple cording of purple outlining the bodice. There's high fashion news in Miss Bennett's one-sleeve purple jacket. It was designed by Bernard Newman.

Bright red wool fashions the wrap-around coat with full sleeves and soft gathered top, at right. An ascot of beaver ties at the throat and beaver pockets strike a military note. The sash of self material ties the waist in snugly. Joan's hat is beaver with felt bow. Her accessories are black suede.



SPONSORS:

- ☛ The ever-wearable Dirndl
- ☛ The "Apron-Front" Frock
- ☛ The Hat with High Round Crown
- ☛ All-Black Accessories



The "Apron front" of Miss Bennett's frock, above, is the high style note. Hand-embroidered flowers in black yarn trim this imported sheer black wool with above-elbow sleeves, fitted waist with apron front over a skirt which has the new back fullness. Her hat of black felt has a high round crown.

The dirndl is still popular and Joan poses in her pet dirndl dress, left, combining black and mustard sheer wool. The skirt has all-around unpressed pleats. Off-the-face hats are also still high in her favor and very becoming. Joan's gloves and shoes are black suede and she carries a black antelope bag.

Let Beauty Reign for Christmas!



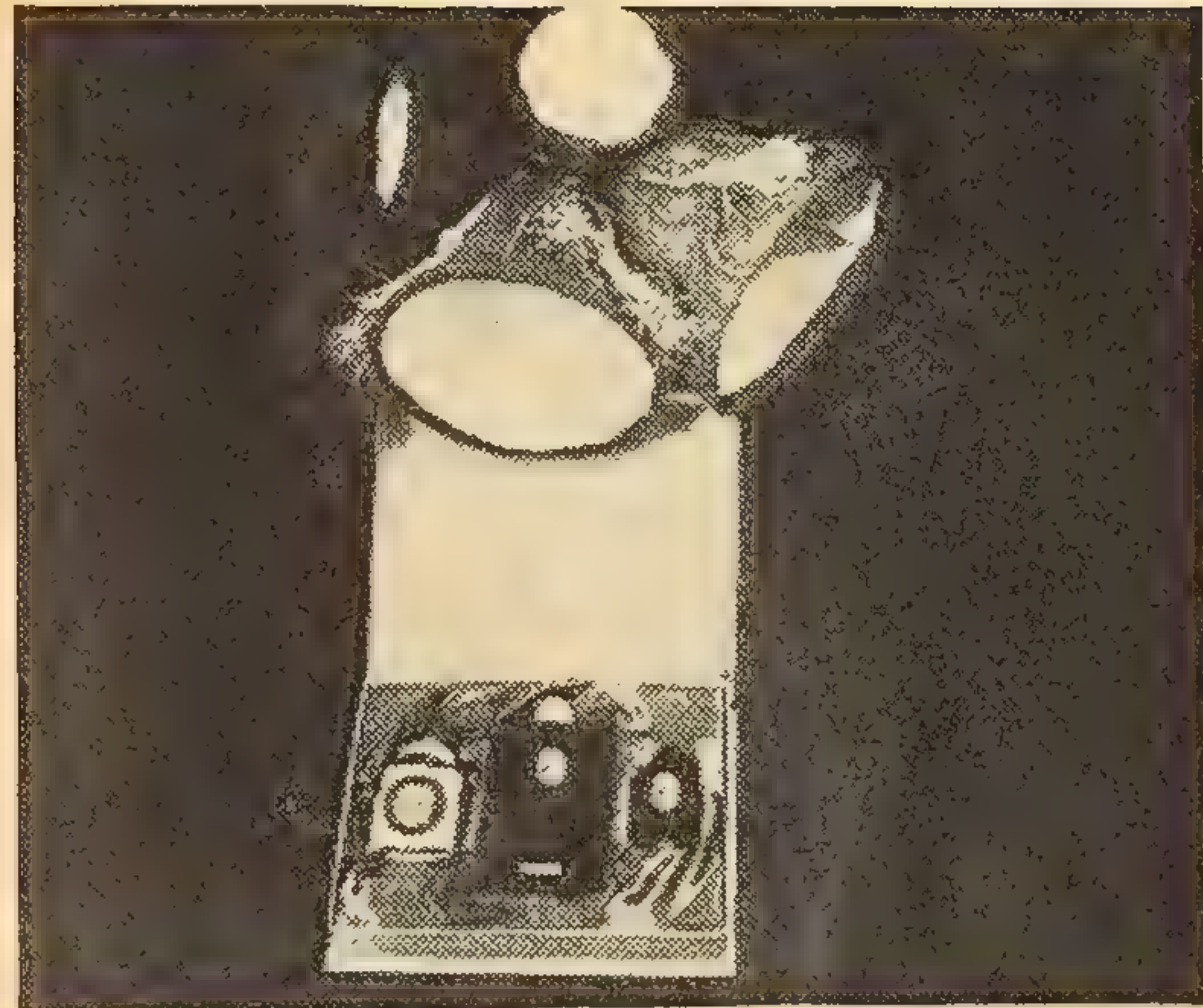
THE START!



WOODBURY

The Start! After shopping, comes wrapping. This takes an artistic eye, patience, sharp scissors, paste, yards and yards of gay paper, ribbon or string, and cards, stickers and tags. Seriously, Laraine Day begins her labor of love by carefully folding and wrapping in tissue some gossamer lingerie. Laraine urges care to further enhance the charm and sentiment of your gift.

Woodbury. Beauty lives in these coordinated make-up accents. Here is a nice, big box of that famous powder, compact rouge and lipstick to carry that radiant Christmas countenance on into the months to come. The products are fine, the box is blue in holiday spirit, and you can make some feminine hearts very happy and some faces prettier with this gift at a price of \$1.50.



DJER-KISS



D'ORSAY

Djer-Kiss. Fragrance in three forms. Toilet water for after-bath and daytime use; extract for high moments and powder sachet for underthings and accessories. How better to say Merry Christmas? The sweeping sweetness of Djer-Kiss is world known, and it is the heart and soul of all that is feminine. In a gift box, these thrilling three sell for \$3. See the soap and sachets, too.

D'Orsay. "All three for me!" A gasp of breath and sparkling eyes, when a "quilted" cover is lifted to reveal the Bouquet d'Orsay Triolette. Three generous bottles of appealing fragrance for daywear in a choice of Le Dandy, Trophée, Duo, Comtesse, Gardenia, Milord or Chypre for \$1.95. These are all stirring scents and they make an impression on masculine hearts!



LA CROSS



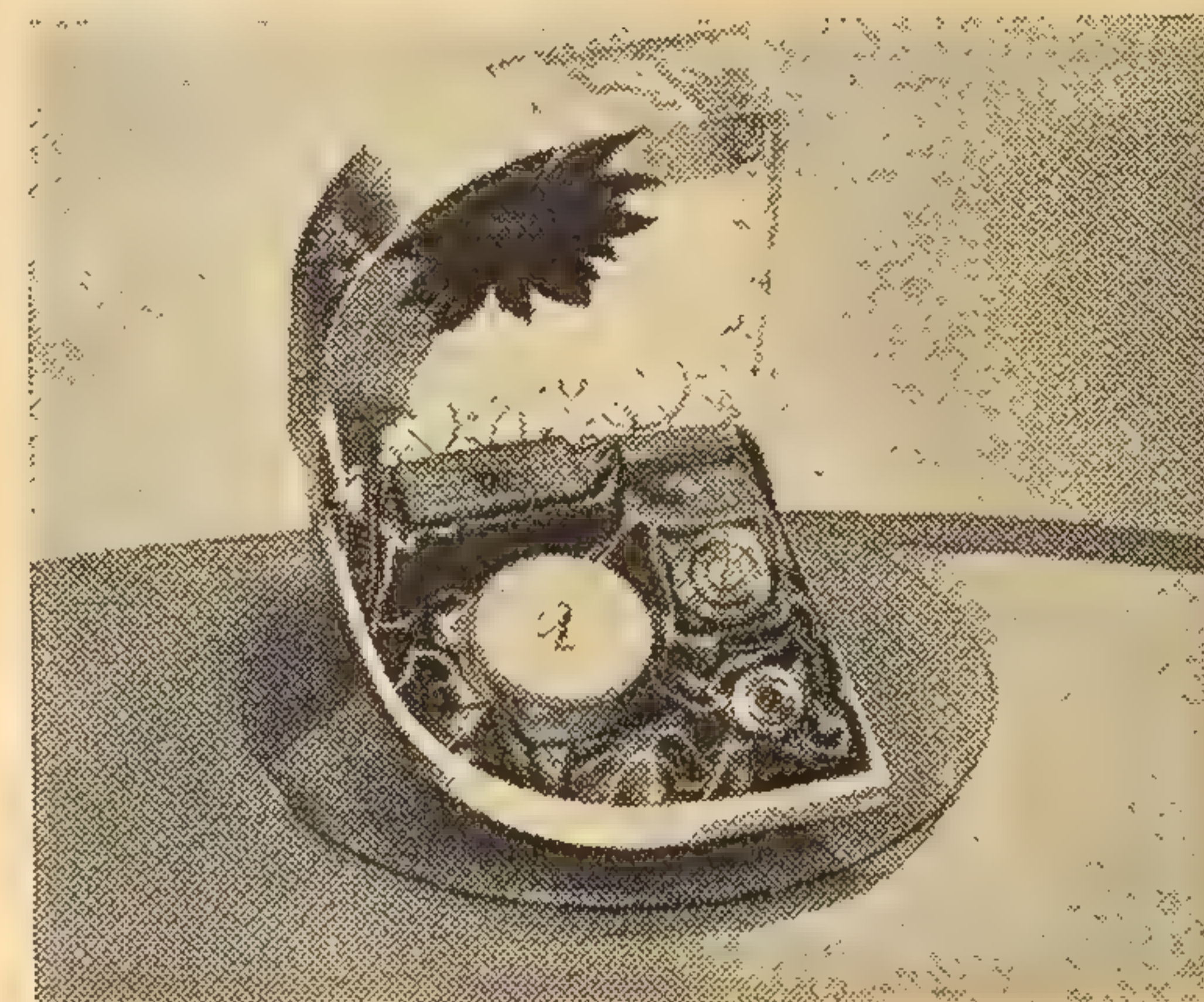
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

La Cross. The Carpet-Bagger, quaint carry-all for "Scarlett O'Hara" polish, containing two new shades. Very complete with polish remover, cuticle remover, file, emery board, cuticle stick and nail white pencil. Diminutive copy of an Early American carpet-bag in sprigged carpet-bag fabric, with an inside removable, folding frame. \$3.50. This is precious and looks different.

Daggett & Ramsdell. For beneath her Christmas tree, whether she be sixteen or sixty—Sonata Cologne with a very efficient atomizer. The bottle is full size in a new, baroque design, encased in a transparent cover, adorned with stars and ribbon. There is a lilt to this refreshing Cologne, and this package looks like a gift. A sure-to-please thought for all. Priced at \$1.50.



DEVILBISS



MARVELOUS

DeVilbiss. Stars for her dressing-table. A sparkle of crystal, like icicles in the sun, to further dramatize that most precious perfume, to make every drop do double duty and to prevent perfume spots on fragile fabrics. Scintillating gift solutions from DeVilbiss, famous for fine atomizers. Exquisite shapes, etched in flower designs, mechanically perfected. About \$2 each.

Marvelous. Matched to the color of her eyes to facilitate perfect color harmony choice are these five reasons for lovelier faces by Marvelous. Face powder, rouge, lipstick, mascara and eye shadow—all the "tricks" for glamor and a masterpiece in tone harmony. Compliments to fastidious taste, and nestling in satin in a beautiful gift box. Ever-welcome thought! Priced at \$3.

Volupté. "Sophisticase" is, indeed, a carry-all for late afternoon and evening. Very elegant, in beautiful enamels, it is about the size of a flat-fifty case of cigarettes. Glass enclosed compartment for cigarettes, moiré cases for comb, change, lipstick and perfume, plus generous powder container and full size mirror, \$7.50. Other unusual Volupté compact beauties from \$1 and up.

Cheramy. Springtime in December with April Showers. For here are little thoughts that make it always Spring. The small picture shows a vial of perfume at \$.50. The square is dusting powder for \$.85, and the tall box is talcum powder for \$.55. Each is enclosed in a transparent sheath, gaily decorated. Give one or all, or see the other sweet April Showers combination gift boxes.

Bourjois. Here is one of those ever-welcome Evening in Paris gift sets—exquisitely done in deep blue and silver. This set consists of talcum, eau de Cologne, perfume and atomizer and loose powder compact. \$4. All her little heart desires for sweetness; for smartness, and sophistication! Only one of many shapes, sizes, combinations and prices, to delight all tastes.

Rubinstein. Recipients of these bath beauties will want to bathe and bathe and bathe. One of the season's most appealing scents, Apple Blossoms, is embodied in the cologne, body powder, bath oil and fine complexion and bath soap. The packages are individually beautiful, and are gathered in a box duly decorated for the season at \$3.50. There are many other Rubinstein charmers.

Dorothy Gray. A three-dimensional angel with silver wings smiles her approval of the bath set pictured. This contains dusting powder, toilet water and bath cubes in satiny, pastel wrappers. This beauty spells Christmas as plainly as the word, itself, and is something to cherish. It is for the true lovers of beauty! In Jasmine or Golden Orchid the set is \$5, and very handsome.

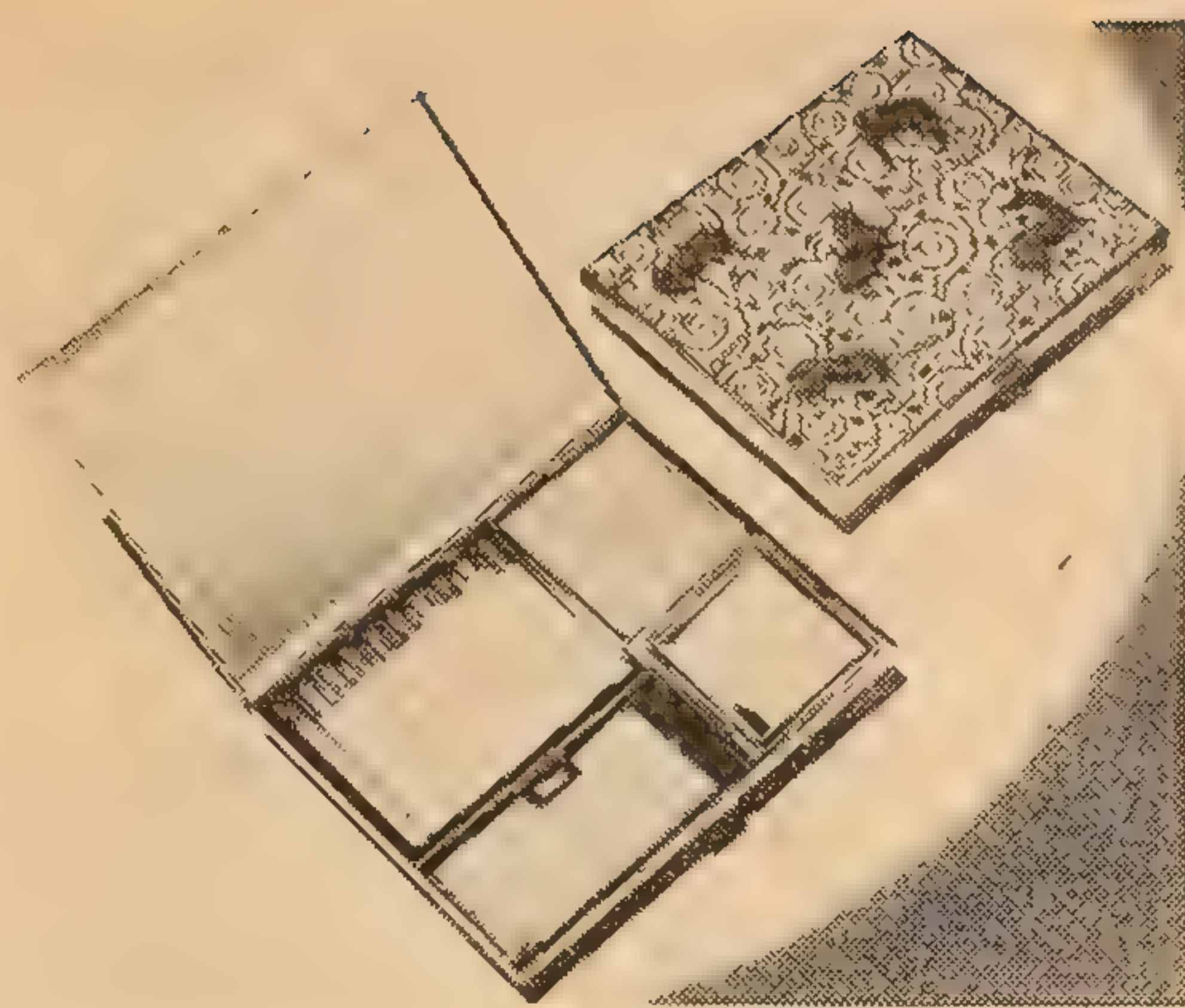
Kurlash. Purset is a way to eyes that shine, and this compact, complete eye beauty routine is the girls' delight. It contains Kurlash for curling lashes; Kurlene, eyelash conditioner cream; Twissors, with scissors handles; mascara; eye beauty pencil and unbreakable mirror. In a leatherette kit with pocket for cleansing tissues. Unusual and welcome, this bunch of beauty. \$2.95.

Lentheric. Christmas Party perfume trio is aptly named, for it looks like a party. A golden cone is topped by crimson plumes, ribbon and star, and inside are three petit flacons each of Tweed, Miracle and A Bientot, or Tweed, Miracle and Shanghai, as you prefer. Here is a Christmas perfume wardrobe that couldn't be merrier or more varied in fragrant mood. All for \$3.95!

The Finish! Patience is rewarded, and Laraine happily exhibits her gift, a symphony in blue. To facilitate wrapping, use just enough paper to cover neatly. Paste on bands of cellophane or paper ribbon. Make rosettes or bows separately and attach by tiny cord. Make your card message happy and sincere. Then survey your handiwork and rest. It's going to be a Wonderful Day!

Answers to the question—what to give!
Subtle self-reminders of what you want.
All in better drug and department stores.

By Courtenay Marvin



VOLUPTÉ



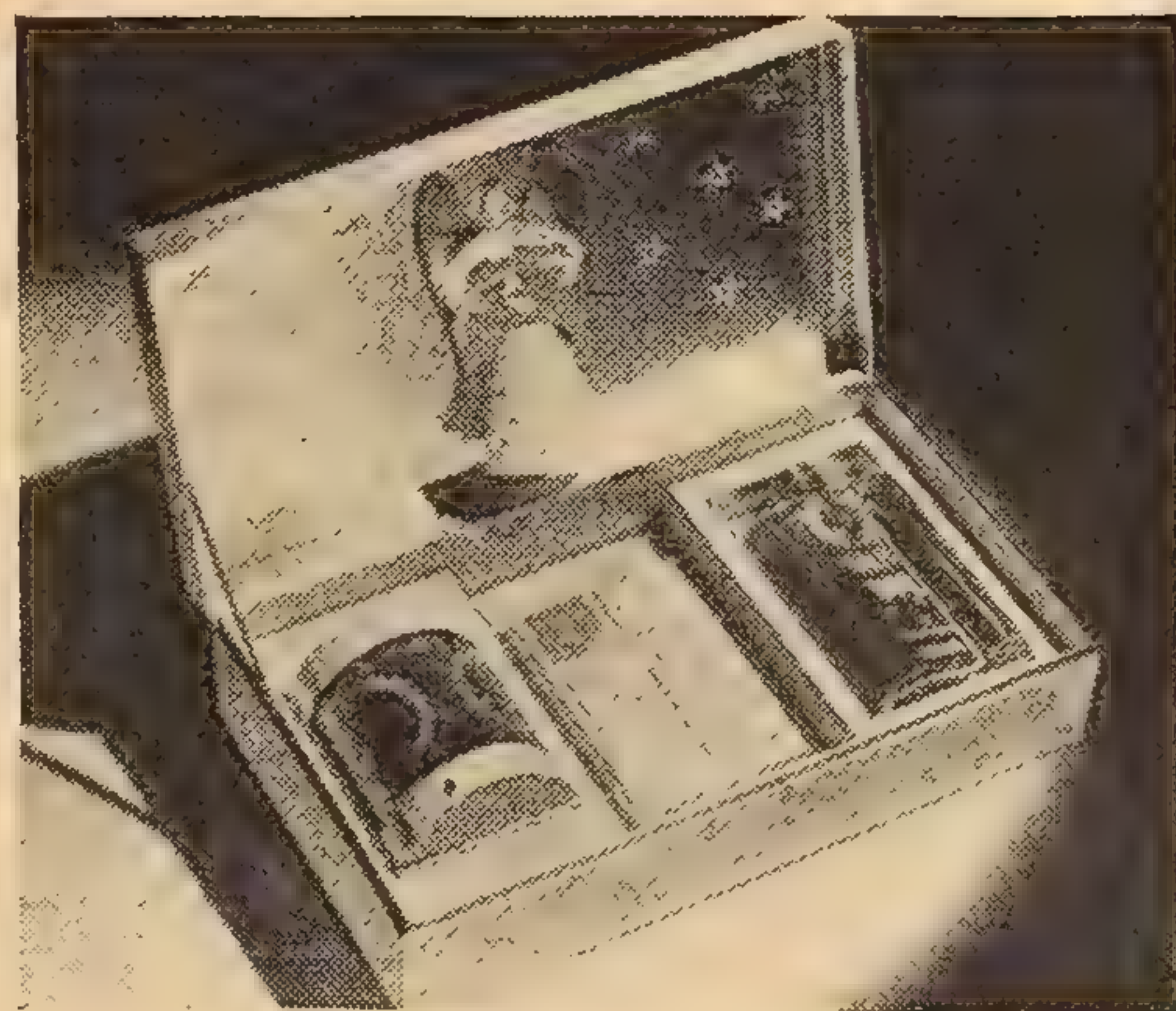
CHERAMY



BOURJOIS



RUBINSTEIN



DOROTHY GRAY



KURLASH



LENTHERIC



THE
FINISH!



Early American Old Spice trinket box, to be coveted for the box, alone. The fragrant contents are a cake of toilet soap, pillow sachet, talcum and toilet water. A gift that is sweet and spicy, colorful and quaint, and all for \$1. Also, see the Bulton Box, an unique soap chest,



The large size of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, at \$1, is all done up for Christmas. Busy hands will be grateful for this fine cream.



One of the neatest tricks of the season is the Revlon Purse Pouch, at \$1.60. The gaily striped bag holds Revlon Cream Nail Enamel and the very new Revlon Lipstick to match. Thus, nails and lips may carry the same touch of color, as they should. Girls will certainly prize this!



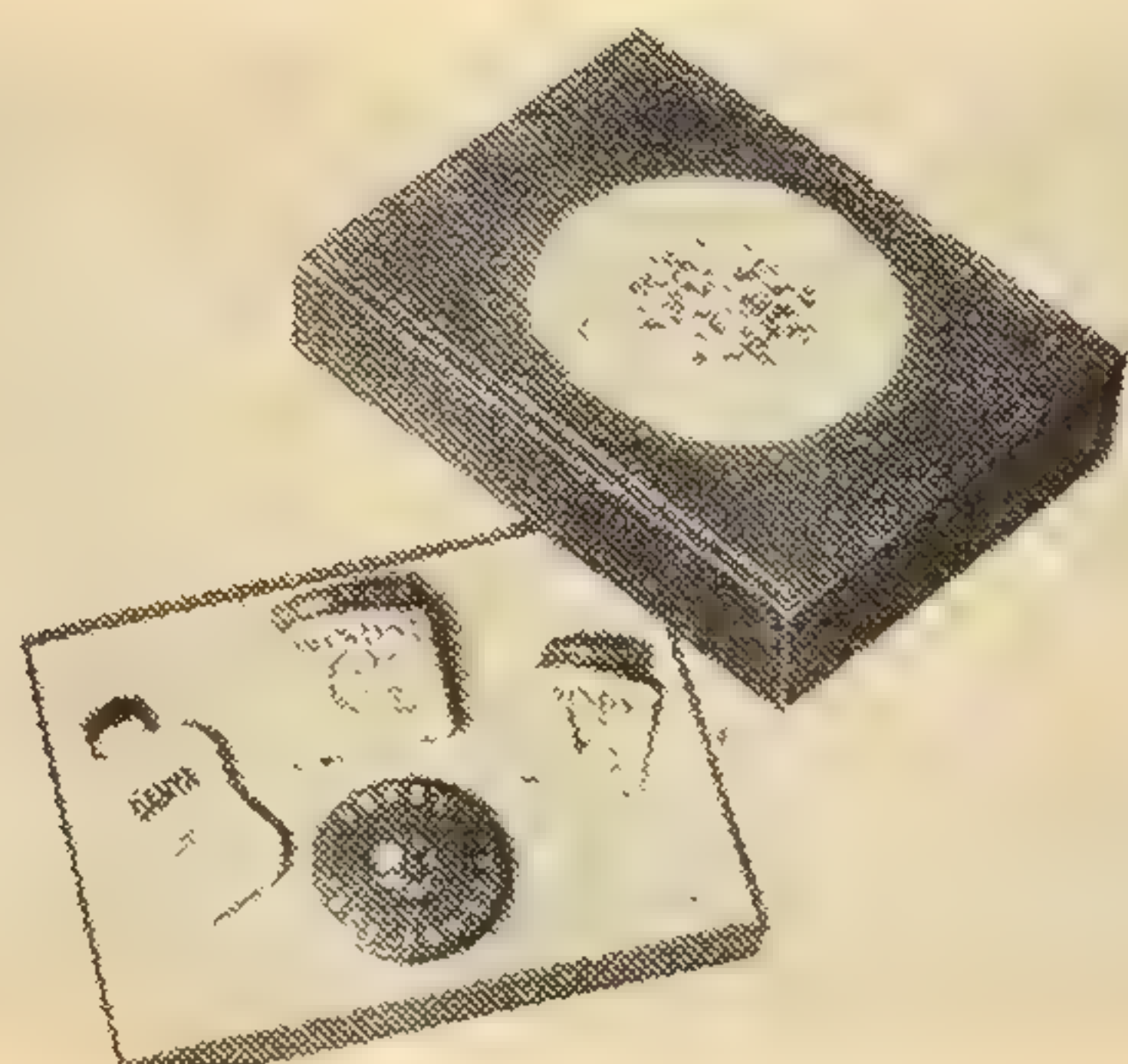
For girls with curls, the Nestle Hair Kit makes a thoughtful "little" gift. It contains essentials for a lovely coiffure—Colorinse that rinses, tints and glorifies hair, a curl comb and Nestle Curling Lotion. In holiday box at \$.25.



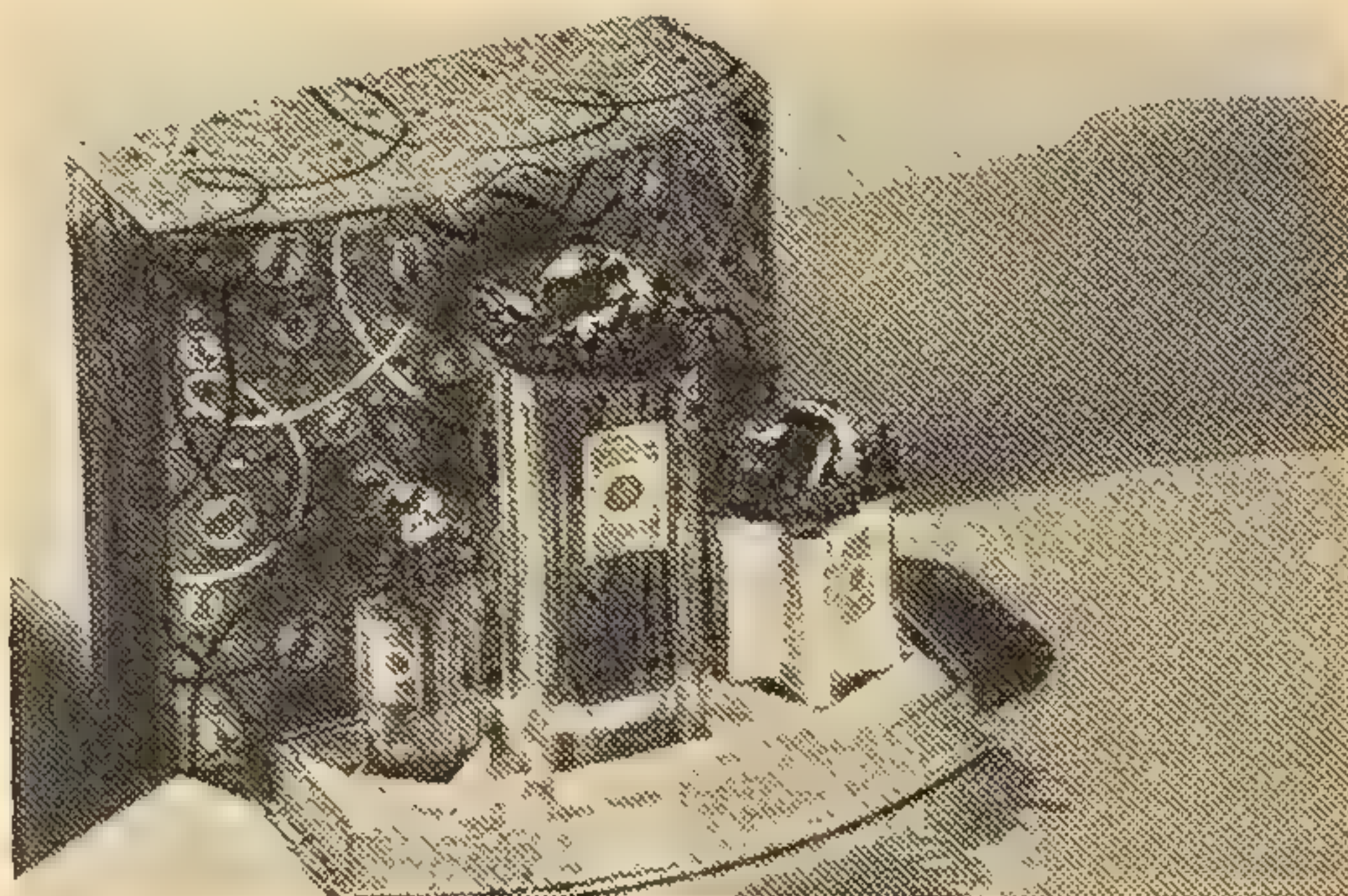
If you include Houbigant's Fougere Royale on your list for men, you will be sure to please. Shown, are Fougere Royale Hair Lotion and After-Shaving Lotion, in gift boxes, of \$.85 each. One or both please Him.



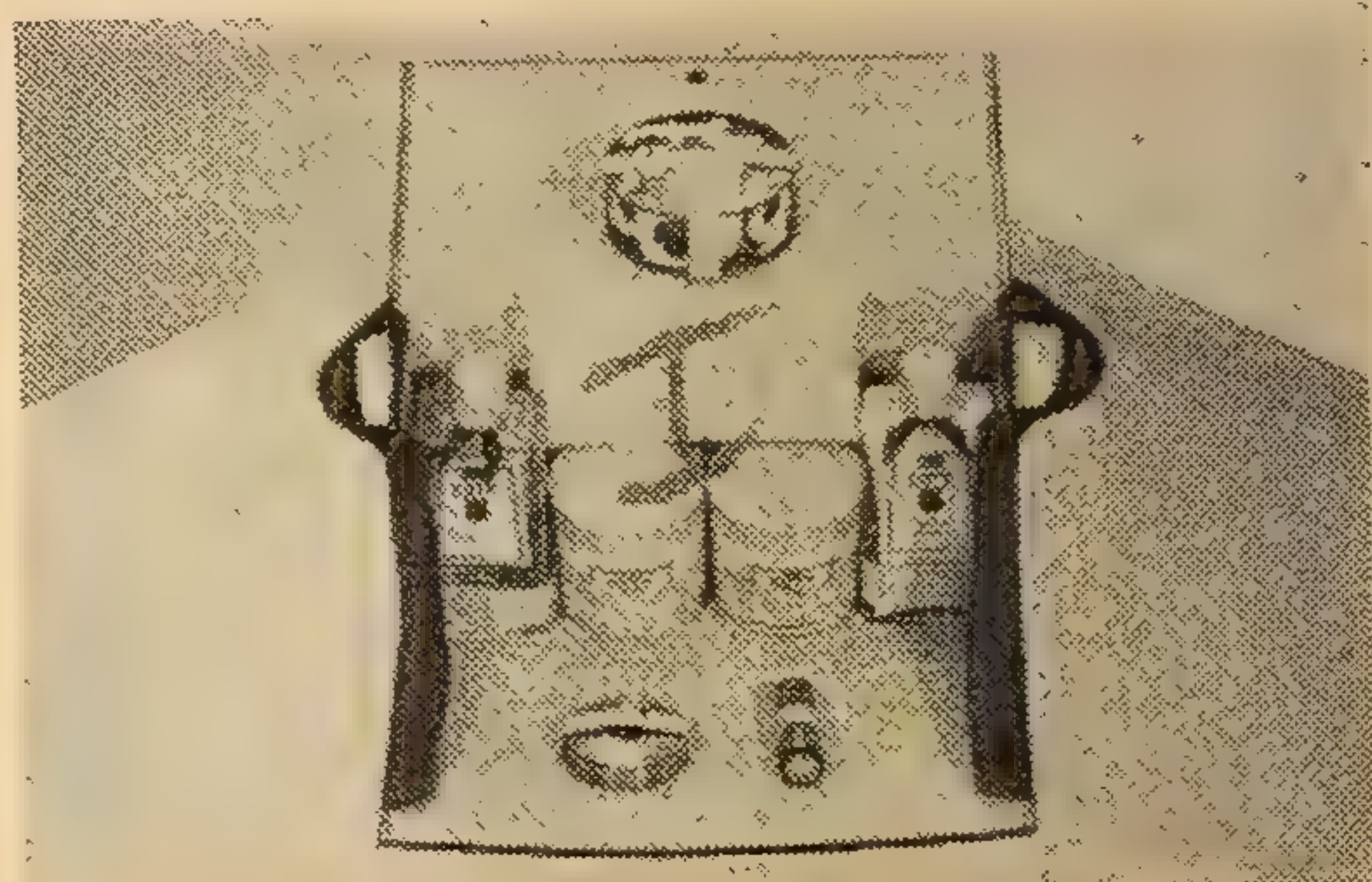
Park & Tilford make exceptionally good perfumes, and this gift box of three petit flacons that will not spill in a purse makes a real little "something extra." Three distinct odeurs, very lovely in cunning vials, all for \$.25.



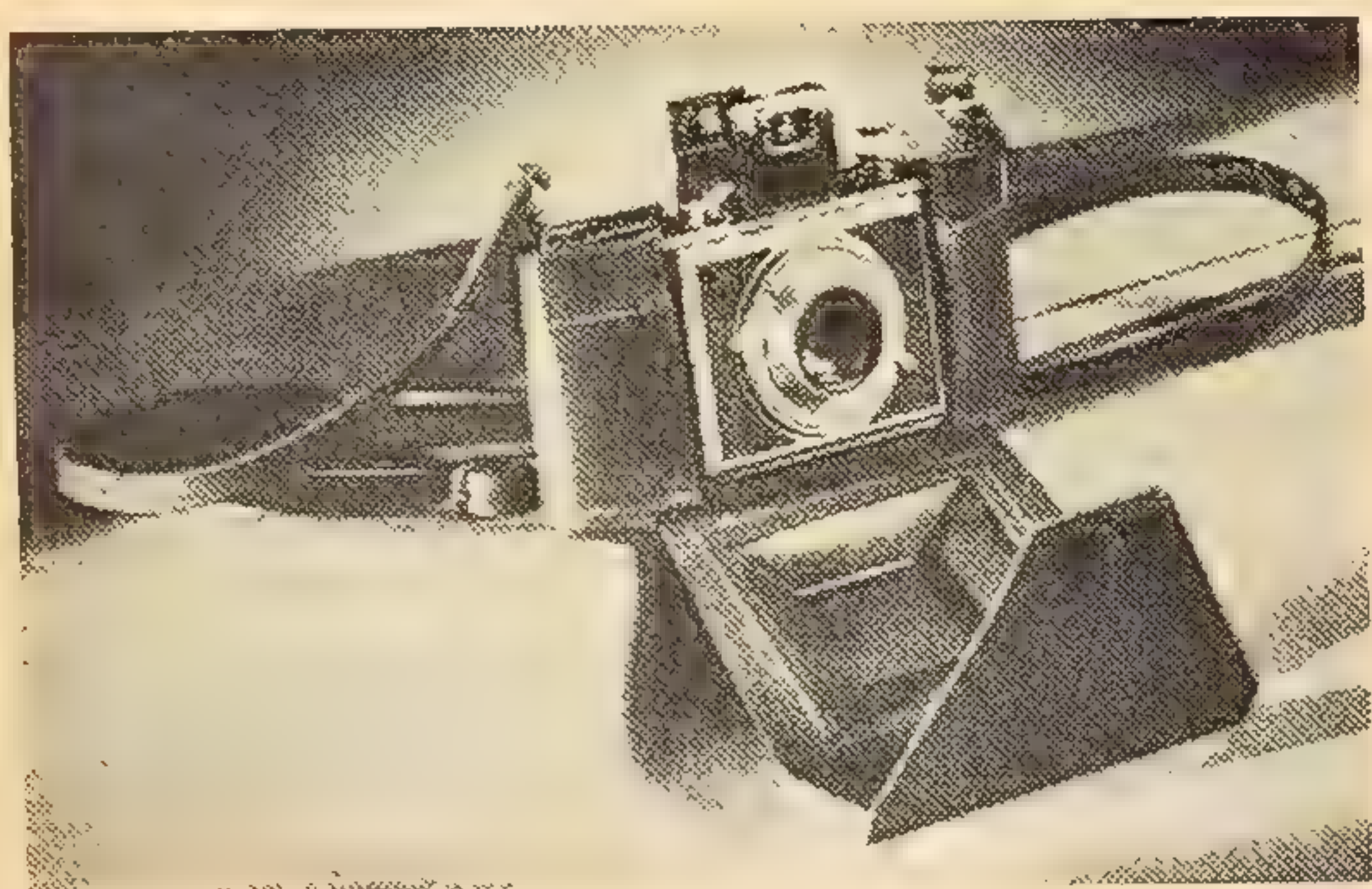
In a flowered Pond's Beauty Box are collected the very skin aids that any woman will welcome now. This gift box, for only \$.50, holds cold cream, vanishing cream, Danya (cream lotion), face powder and Pond's tissues. Just what she needs for cold-weather beauty care!



Triumvirate of perfume luxuries by Richard Hudnut, gaily packaged for Christmas. Included are perfume, toilet water and sachet in Three Flowers, Yanky Clover, that unforgettable Violet Sec and Tenfold Carnation. A complete perfume thrill for any lovely lady. \$3.



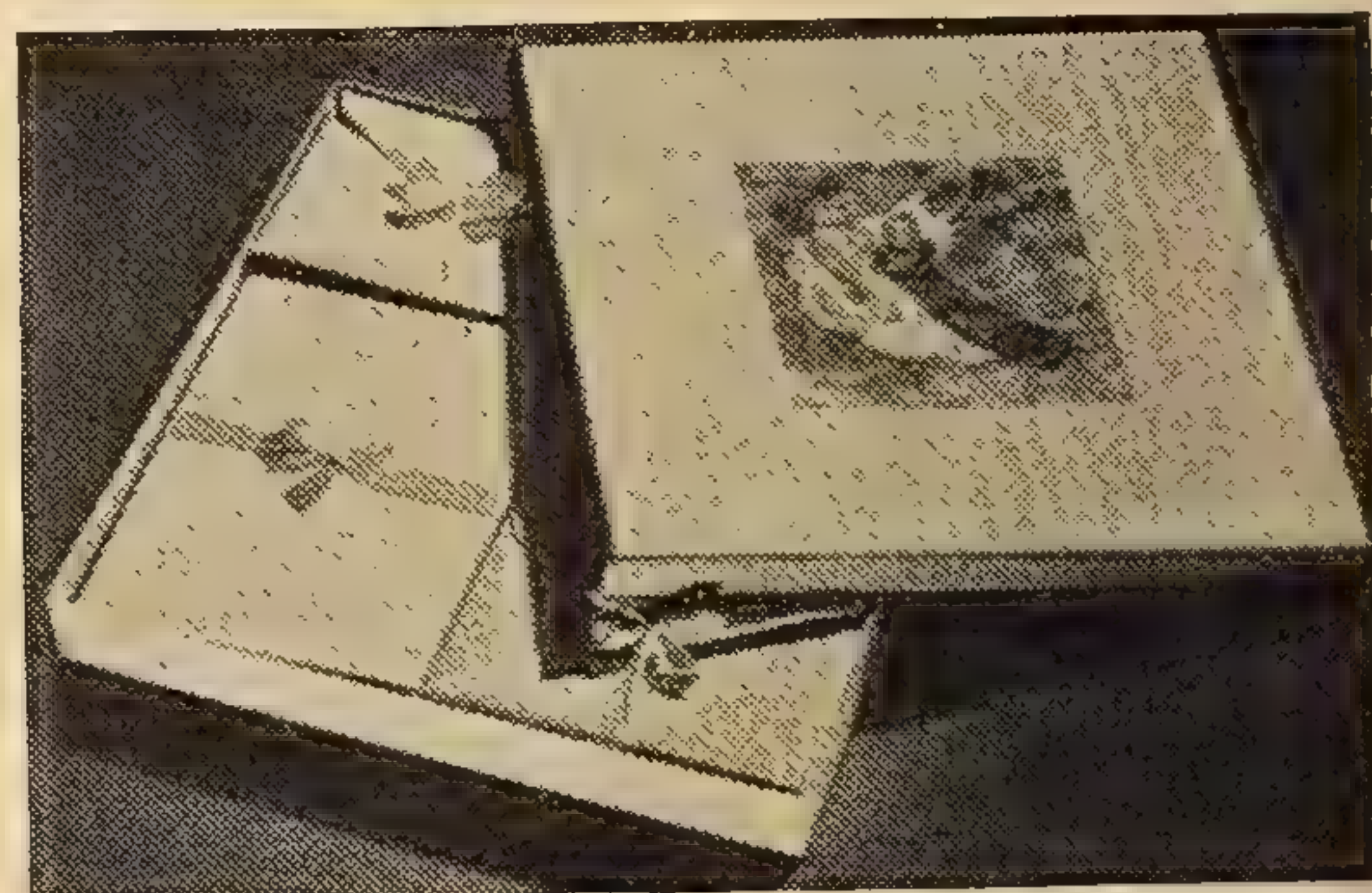
En Route beauty kit by Coty, a cozy and complete affair, with basic care and make-up aids. It contains liquefying cream, night cream, foundation lotion, "Air-Spun" powder, rouge, lipstick and tissues. This kit is very easy to pack and comes in lovely colors for \$2.95.



For those who would a traveling go, or for stay-at-homes, why not give a Kodak? Illustrated, is the smartly styled Kodak Bantam f/4.5. It gets shots in either black-and-white or full-color. This fine camera is \$22.50, and the field case, shown, \$4.25. Kodaks range in price from \$4.25 up, and there is one for every need, taste and budget. They will delight the youngsters as well as the oldsters.



Worthy of the wrist of the fairest is this Alvin watch, "Elizabeth" model. Seventeen jewel movement. Beauty, quality and fine workmanship. Smart two-toned pink dial. \$24.75.



One dollar buys some beautiful gifts in Eaton's fine letter papers. Pictured, is a box of pen-smooth vellum finish in regulation size, with two tones of paper to the box, bordered in delicate color. Stationery always makes a good gift, and is a subtle inducement to write more letters. An angel, adorned with shining sequins, further gladdens this Christmas box. Also, see Eaton's paper for men.

PERFUME FOR YOU!

Your Christmas gift! A petit vial of fine perfume, as feminine as a frill, compelling, unforgettable. January bulletin of beauty, fashion and gift ideas tells you how to get your bottle. Send a three cent stamp to Courtenay Marvin, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



Christmas morning, and many mornings to come, may be made happy, gay and oh, so comfortable by the smoothly tailored Barbizon pajamas, opposite. This two-piece affair is known as "Mitzi-at-Ease," is of silk and rayon Satin Seraphia, in rich color combinations, with symphony blue and fuchsia big favorites. They're young, they're smart; cut and finished with a fine detail that makes them really elegant. About \$6. That slip, the focus of admiration from our model, is a Barbizon. These slips are famous for their perfect fit and long wear. A No. 1 gift.

Screenland's Glamour Guides By Marina

Another Norse influence that goes to our heads, and inspired by our gay skating star, Sonja Henie, are the spirited parka hoods bearing her name as identification. For Winter sports, for "roughing it," for campus and for school, these hoods make the wearer as pretty as a picture. They come in a variety of styles, of knitted soft, brushed wool, in colors as gay as a rainbow. They're cunning and cute and comfortable. These hoods range in price from \$1 upwards. The style shown, flirtatious and off-face, is \$1.50. Any girl who pokes her pretty face outdoors will love a parka hood.



Use this page to help you plan your Christmas giving. For lounging, for social moments, for sports, here are gift ideas, dear to feminine hearts. For where to buy, see Store Directory on Page 77



A parade of Merry Christmas mules to swing you through the holidays and on into a Happy New Year! Left, a gleam of satin in luscious colors, piped in gold or silver, for about \$4. Center, a scroll instep and octagon heel design in rich tones of leather, with center contrasting piping, for about \$4. Right, a dainty metal brocade stepper, for about \$3. These beauties for leisure moments are by Rao Footwear Corporation.

Here's

By
Weston East

Hollywood

Latest news and gossip direct from studios
and social haunts of your film favorites

THERE never was a gayer, more touching, or more futile departure from Hollywood than David Niven's, just when he became a star after years of struggle. There wasn't a suggestion of dramatics about it yet everyone can't help but feel low with the genuine loss. David's repartee during his last weeks here never was wittier, or never more caustic. He kept everyone bellowing, yet no one missed seeing the uselessness of the move. "Maybe I'll go into the air force and drop Goldwyn pamphlets over Germany," he quipped. "You know it wouldn't be such a risk since Goldwyn has ordered Hitler to shoot around me!" He opined he wouldn't play in pictures in England, "only a Hitler crime short!" On one of his last radio broadcasts he pulled a gag that had the managers of the station frowning, but they forgave him. During the last seconds of banter, and when he thought he was off the air, knowing it was probably his last broadcast, he turned to Irene Dunne asking, "Did you get your check yet, darling, or do you ask for those things here? I don't mean to walk out of the place without mine!" To those listening very closely it all came over the air, and was very funny.

CHARLIE RUGGLES always knew that no matter what kind of business you went into you were bound to run into trouble of some kind. So he weighed the pros and cons of going into the dog kennel business, and raising thoroughbred canines. It seemed pleasant and harmless. His business jumped to the largest in Hollywood in no time, and now one contingency that he never thought about is putting him in a desperate spot. With litters of all breeds of his pups appearing with increasing regularity he is at a complete loss to find high sounding names intricate enough to give each pup a truly impressive, thoroughbred moniker to start life out with. He's exhausted lists of names of Indian tribes, of American W. P. A. and other projects, and even of Pullman cars, getting such combinations as Pish of Passamoquoddy, etc. He's still begging for help.

TO GET a bow from Royalty is an honor that movie personalities seldom get. When they do, their stock in Hollywood goes sky-rocketing. No one knows who put a bug in King Gustave of Sweden's ear and made him request a print of "Intermezzo" to show at a royal family fête in honor of Ingrid Bergman, the new Swedish whiz. More than a month ago, with the picture barely finished, the Swedish Society in New York, by command of King Gustave, put in a request for a print of the new picture. The private, royal blowout in the palace at Stockholm, to present Ingrid to the Swedish court is an honor never before accorded any movie actress. (Even Garbo never got it.) Coming after her first and only American picture is another outstanding honor for Ingrid Bergman. Can that girl act!

YOU'VE heard all sorts of stories on why Irene Dunne has got, and held onto, her envious spot in the picture business. She seems to have more good breaks than the other girls somehow. Here is one of the unknown reasons why Irene never appears in a weak picture and always has a top-notch leading man and a whopper cast. Confidentially, she has a clause in her contract that no other feminine star has. She, unconditionally, gets half of any actor's contract that the studio decides to team her with, if that young actor hasn't as big a name as hers, or if in her estimation, he really isn't of star caliber. In that canny way Miss Dunne sees to it that her name and reputation can never be used just to build up one of a studio's lesser known personalities.

HOLLYWOOD romances and even marriages can hardly help go the wrong way when things like this keep happening here every day. Tyrone and Annabella walked into a preview the other night, or rather tried to, but were stopped by photographers. "Hold it, just a couple of pictures! Just one moment, will you stand here please?" Quicker than a flash Tyrone was separated from Annabella's side, and before he knew it he was being photographed practically in the arms of a very luscious young player on his own lot who was trying to get into the preview too. Tyrone was completely bewildered by what was going on, but Annabella obligingly allowed herself to be pushed out of the picture and spotlight, and beamed at Tyrone assuringly while the bulbs popped.

OH WHAT a chance Charlie McCarthy missed the other night to put his guardian and best friend, Edgar Bergen, on a spot! Bergen placed himself in a pitifully compromising position and actually stuck his neck out, but he was saved by Charlie's new, early-to-bed regime. This propitious moment occurred when Edgar was lured to place his head in a portable guillotine at a party at the Victor Hugo. Edgar in mock distress called on everyone present for help, and then plaintively begged Charlie's aid until he remembered what a position it would be for Charlie to demand a raise in that weekly allowance that bothers him so much. But Charlie was at home sound asleep in his traveling case, and ignorant of the whale of a chance he missed to up his 75c weekly stipend.

WARNER BROTHERS' new ultimatum allows no glamor girl on that lot to wear slacks. The drive was started after Brenda Marshall, their newest girl, made such a tremendous hit. Brenda was informed that she had to give up her liking for slacks because she was destined to become their next big bet in the sex appeal niche, and no fatal woman was ever fatal in slacks. All the big bosses got together and agreed that pants had as yet done nothing for the feminine figure. Orry Kelly, studio stylist, was ordered to make Brenda Marshall the sexiest wardrobe he could create. Brenda was promised everything on a silver platter if she would play the game to the letter. Ann Sheridan, on the same lot, still wears pants in defiance of the order whenever she feels like it, and no one seems to care. Is that a sign that Brenda is one up on Ann, or vice versa?





Here comes lovely June Preisler—leaping right into Leap Year! June is making the hurdles of Hollywood fame just as easily and surely as she hurdles into the New Year here.

THERE'LL be no cutting down on expenses for "Arizona" as far as the Apache Indians in the cast are concerned. The picture will be made on a revised budget with no Technicolor, but the tribe of once blood-thirsty natives have become Hollywood-wise in a big way, and are holding out against those movie moguls for exactly what they want. Contrary to their supposed liking for firewater, their arrangement before they will go to work, is that the studio provide each one with a quart of milk, instead of whiskey, each day. They demand a doctor on the set at all times and plenty of snake bite toxin handy. They won't ride any horse bareback unless it is nice and fat and well upholstered. They won't strip to a breechclout unless they have plenty of sunburn lotion rationed out each day. Imagine a redskin afraid of sunburn! That's our rip-snorting Apache of 1939. The same report comes out about Indians in "Northwest Passage." They refused to look like billiard balls to their girl friends by having their heads shaved to make scalping more easily realistic. Each one preferred to undergo a complicated and very tedious make-up job every day of shooting.

HOPE that Osa Massen won't carry her gag of pulling Hollywood's leg too far, if that's what she's doing. Immediately after her startling impression in "Honey-moon in Bali," Osa hinted rather broadly that she really didn't care at all about being an actress, and heaven forbid that she would ever become a glamor girl. A very few months before that she was thrilled with being under contract to 20th Century-Fox, where she never got as far as the screen. At Paramount she has refused to be coached in dramatic lessons. She has refused to wear clothes that point up her appeal, and she let it be known that, to her, it was much more thrilling to be a film cutter than an actress. That's what she was when she was found in Copenhagen. She cut and edited her own test for the screen. Osa says that besides being a film cutter she prefers to be just the wife of Alan Hersholt (Jean's son.) Maybe she's sincere about this actress stuff. I hope she's not just playing hard to get, because there are hundreds and hundreds of beautiful and talented girls who might beat her to the draw by snapping at her chance.

GARY COOPER is the town's slowest, most deliberate tinkerer. He dabbles at hammering silver and making his own saddles, but tearing apart his fancy foreign-made cars can consume all of his interest for weeks at a time. He has become a man of a neat mechanical turn because few other men in town know anything about foreign made motors. He has every gadget in his special workroom that is necessary for pampering a high spirited engine. Just before he started his last picture, he found he was getting only eleven miles a gallon from his pet car and so spent weeks ripping the thing apart and putting it together again. Then he and his wife went out for a week-end spin to test the buggy and Gary came back fuming, because he found that it was making only ten miles instead of eleven. So he had to take the whole thing apart again, which you could see by the gleam in his eye, would give him a couple of more weeks of the kind of tinkering he preferred to all others.

IT'S no secret that of all the girls in town, it is hardest for Sonja Henie to keep her weight down. She's trying a brand new scheme now of spinach broth. . . . Marlene Dietrich, on the other hand, just started on a gaining regime that includes schooners of rich, dark-brown, sudsy beer. . . . Lana Turner's passion for flaming red has spread itself to the draperies and rugs in every room of her house. . . . Garbo has been given the dubious honor of being the best female whistler in town. She can hit every note perfectly when she accompanies an old recording of "The Whistler and His Dog." Tsk, tsk, what next?

DURING the making of "The Fighting 69th" out at Warner Brothers, both George Brent and Pat O'Brien were unaccountably very solicitous about Jimmy Cagney's health. Each morning they never failed to ask him how he was, how he had slept, and if he didn't feel tired. Jimmy thought their concern was only friendly interest until their questions became too pointed. And besides, at the end of a day's work of standing and marching under a full pack, as a war time private, he found he was pretty tired. Cagney didn't catch on to their dirty trick until weeks of hard shooting were over. Then by mistake he picked up another soldier's pack instead of his own and found it a featherweight compared to the one he was used to. In fact, he found it 25 pounds lighter. O'Brien and Brent had lined Jim's with lead weights. When Cagney gets his revenge, and he will, I promise his gag will be a honey, and I promise, too, that you'll hear about it.

TONY MARTIN tells a prize story on himself that he thoroughly enjoys telling. He was returning from a trip into the mountains and his car broke down in the wilds miles from mechanical help of any kind. There were no telephones and he knew he'd have to walk to the first garage. However, when he stopped at the nearest farm the owner insisted he could fix the car. He did fix it expertly, and refused to take any pay for his time and effort. Tony was so grateful that he told the farmer that if there was any way he could repay him, the man should name it. "Well," he said, "maybe there is something you could do for me. You're from Hollywood, and maybe you could get me a picture of the girl I think is the swellest kid they've got down there. I think she beats them all in looks and boy can she sing! Do you suppose you could ever get me a signed photograph of Alice Faye?"



JON HALL'S case goes on being the strangest in all Hollywood. He still has no picture assignment at his home studio and no one seems to want to borrow him, yet Goldwyn keeps him under contract predicting a brilliant future for him. As Jon says himself, all Hollywood has done for him, so far, is to make him a proficient chauffeur, because all he has to do is drive his wife back and forth to her radio rehearsals and broadcasts. He's become a whiz at bridge, backgammon and parchisi. He's developed an excellent eye for spotting a good yacht when he sees one, and spends days at the harbor looking at boats. He has time to go hunting and fishing anytime he likes, but he can't get a chance to appear on the screen. No one will consider him for a rôle in which he wouldn't appear without his shirt. Jon's advice to athletes is to stay away from the movies.

WALTER BRENNAN is by far the best mimic in town. He can do such a good imitation of his boss, Sam Goldwyn, that even Sam can't believe he isn't listening to himself. Goldwyn is so proud of Brennan's gift that he can't help but show him off to his friends, particularly in his Goldwyn imitation. Sam, of course, always boasted that Walter was good but couldn't ever fool him, until he tried to get him on the telephone one day for an important decision about a rôle. He got the Brennan ranch in the valley and the Chinese servant said Mr. Brennan was out in the corral, but he would transfer the call there. At the corral a drawling cow hand said Brennan was in the barn and he'd transfer the call to that phone. A darky answered the barn phone and said Brennan was in the milking shed. When a voice answered, which Sam recognized as the one and only Goldwyn imitation, announcing that Brennan was not available to anyone on a loanout, Sam realized what had happened and collapsed.

ONE cold, fall night not long ago an auto court manager in a small California mountain town rented a bearded man and his wife a cabin for one night. The manager didn't pay much attention to the man, or the beard, because every male in town was growing one for the annual Fiesta. But, he couldn't get over how pretty the blonde girl was, and he was almost sure he had seen her before. The next morning word was buzzed about the town that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard had spent the night there, and left behind a hunting coat with Clark's name in it. There were immediate suggestions that the coat be put on exhibition at the town hall so everyone could see it. The manager was offered up to one dollar for a small snip of the material by the more ardent Gable admirers. When Clark and Carole appeared a few days later, the coat was still intact, however, and the manager was the proudest man in town.

YOU hear a lot about how the meticulous Muni struggles and studies to get the right effects for months before each picture starts. You've heard of Garbo having to act behind a screen on occasions to sustain a mood she has worked up. But I swear you never heard this one about Fred Astaire. He goes them all one better and disciplines himself before, after, and in the middle of each picture. On regular occasions Mr. Astaire closets himself, alone, in his luxurious projection room and runs off, for his own edification, every one of

In this scene from "Rebecca," MAX DE WINTER (Laurence Olivier), Master of Manderley, returns to Manderley with his new bride, Joan Fontaine, where he hopes to regain some of his lost happiness.

his dance sequences ever done on movie film. He sits there in the darkness, and as a means of teaching himself by a very graphic method, he shows over and over again every step that he thinks not well done, and kicks himself mentally for each mistake. It goes on for hours sometimes. That's what I call suffering for your art.

I SAW May Robson, the liveliest girl in pictures, crown all of her earlier movie antics in a scene in a new picture that took real courage and sincere ability. The setting was a swimming pool in Holmby Hills. Hundreds of extras were having a field day acting like bored society at a garden party. May, who hasn't been spending her recent years in swimming pools, had to ride an inflated rubber duck in the middle of that huge pool, and no faking. With the aid of ladders and planks she was floated into ten feet of water, and then was on her own. The extras stood awed. She splashed and yelled like a kid and the scene was repeated over and over again with May hanging to the bobbling float for her life. She was finely rescued with a ladder, but not without a couple of complete duckings. When she was hauled, panting, over the side to safety, the extras in sincere admiration, broke into applause. That, I might add, doesn't happen often on a movie set.



The Lane sisters and the Westmore brothers may have a wedding in their families soon—because it sure looks like love for Rosemary and Buddy. Above, they're pictured at a Hollywood opening.

MARLENE DIETRICH and Mae West didn't get in each others hair over at Universal as everyone predicted they would when they each made a picture there. Neither one of them attempted to reign as queen of the lot because Deanna Durbin has that title cinched right now, and for some time to come. However, the girls didn't exactly throw themselves in each other's arms either. There was still that feminine urge to outdo each other. Mae got the lead by sponsoring a bowling team to get the good will of the boys in her crew, but Marlene soon was at the head of a team of her own, and besides was giving prizes for highest scores and furnishing the bowling balls. Mae topped that by buying her team special shoes to play in. Then Dietrich gifted her boys with new shoes and slacks. Mae topped by adding sweaters. Dietrich threw in a case of champagne, and that's where it stands now. The real fireworks will come when the two teams actually play each other for a championship.

YOU can smile if you like at the campaign to make Bobby, pardon me, Bob Breen into a he-man, but here is a story no one can smile at. Ever since he's been in pictures his most ardent fan has been a young fellow who lives in San Francisco, who Bobby has carried on a correspondence with for years. Recently, on a personal appearance tour, Bob met him for the first time. He found him to be a sixteen year old boy who, because of a throat affliction when he was a small child, has never been able to utter a word. The Breens saw to it that he was brought to the attention of eminent throat specialists who pronounced him incurable. But Bobby didn't stop there. He thought of the idea of taking the boy to his own vocal teacher. The boy started from scratch on the correct technique of learning to use his vocal cords, and is now beginning to make himself audible for the first time in his life.



Lon Chaney, Jr., above, in rôle of the well-meaning LENNIE in John Steinbeck's powerful drama, "Of Mice and Men," has just killed MAE, the lonely rancher's beautiful wife, played by Betty Field.

EVERYONE, here, in the know, has heard for years all about Garbo's anemia. All the silent Swede's elusive airs and cold stares were blamed on her deficient blood stream. Lately, in increasing numbers, people have been telling me, "Oh, I've just seen Garbo." It seemed a gag until I saw her myself in a fancy, new health restaurant in Beverly Hills eating an unbelievable combination of vegetables. "Doc" Hauser was there with her carefully selecting her food. If Dr. Gayelord Hauser (famous dietician) is the fellow who is destined to bring her out of herself with spinach and carrot juice, I hope he makes it permanent, because whether you want to believe it or not, something has happened to Garbo.

JANE DARWELL, contrary to the tragedy of her rôle in "The Grapes Of Wrath" kept that entire company thoroughly amused all through the shooting of the picture. Jane is essentially a comedienne, and that, in an actress, will always out. The day I visited the set of the picture, she was busy stirring and cooking a vicious looking stew over an open fire. She had been bending over that hot, smoky outdoor fire and that rank stew for days and she was thoroughly tired of it, but her sense of humor never left her. When John

Ford, the director, yelled that the next shot would show her full figure and wanted to know what made her legs look so funny, they really looked like stovepipes, Jane did her best clowning. "If you really must know," she said, one foot on a chair a la Marlene, and unrolling great sheets of heavy white paper from her legs. "I'm sick of scorching my shins on the fire, I've got on my asbestos stockings, Dietrich and I must protect our legs." By the way, it was Virginia Gilmore, not Marlene, who took first place in a recent "most beautiful legs" poll.

GEORGE RAFT was faced with a problem which finally right-about-faced and partially solved an even bigger problem that comes to each and every one of us at Christmas time. When George was a tough little boy knocking around Hell's Kitchen in New York, he made the acquaintance of a very gentle, little old woman who had a great influence on him. She taught him many things and often found it necessary to suggest that he wash his face and hands and try to look like a gentleman. George has never forgotten all that she so sincerely tried to do for him. He learned, recently, that she wasn't in very favorable financial straits so, as she was knitting for a living, he made arrangements to buy all the socks she could knit. He didn't think about what he was going to do with them, because he doesn't wear wool socks. Christmas came along to fix it. If you're a pal of George's, you're getting hand-knitted socks from him.



No wonder the George Murphys are called Hollywood's happiest couple—they're always together and always smiling. Here they are pictured attending the premiere of "Babes In Arms."



Len Weissman

Randolph Scott and Natalie Draper were caught by our alert cameraman as they spent an evening of dining and dancing at one of the popular Hollywood night spots.

Watch Out Bette Davis! Here Comes Ida Lupino!

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hardly wait to snare a tea invitation out of her. Although she hasn't a trace of her British accent, except when she puts it on, Ida's tea, mannerisms, and sympathies are quite British. She and Louis Hayward celebrated their first year of happily married life recently by buying their first home in California. It's a beautiful home, small and comfortable, high in the Brentwood hills with a perfectly wonderful view of, of all things, Catalina—they don't even have to wait for a clear day. Ida met me at the door with a broom in hand. Not that she is domestic, she's not in the least, but she is a very volatile, dynamic sort of person, and talks with anything that happens to be convenient. Ida can't even say "Isn't it a lovely day" without throwing in a couple of dramatic gesticulations. And after years of interviewing dull, placid movie stars who are just about as responsive as a bale of hay I must say it's great fun to find an Ida Lupino. When it comes to pepping you up, Ida's a shot in the arm. (So's Bette.)

The Hayward living room isn't formal in the Hollywood manner, and it isn't reserved for guests, special guests. Gay and chintzy, with cut flowers on every table (Ida has a mania for cut flowers) the living room is where the Haywards live. They laugh in it, they pace in it, and they argue in it. They fight the wars of Europe in it (that's what Ida was doing with the broom) and they fight their own private wars in it. You see, the Haywards are different from most Hollywood screen couples. They do not set up impractical rules for being happy though married. They are happy as they go. They do not subscribe to anything as ordinary as leaving their professional problems at the studio before returning home at night. Other Hollywood couples may refrain from talking shop at home—but not the Haywards. Ida and Louis drag their problems right along home from the studio with them—all of them, and some that don't even belong to them. And they talk them out, scream them out, or pace them out, right there in the living room. They act all over the place, and they love it. When the discussions really get hot

and heavy it sounds like a pair of radio loudspeakers on a static marathon. If company drops in Ida will say with great dignity, "My husband, poor dear, is a ham."

Ida has no neutral ground where her vivacity is concerned. She is either the most effervescent person at a party, or else she retires to a corner like a little mouse. She either arrives in a whirlwind of excitement fairly shouting at the top of her lungs, "Oh, ducky, I have had the most heavenly day, etc., etc." Or else she will give you a casual "Oh, hello." It's a hundred to one chance that when she arrives in her mousey mood that she had just won a terrific argument with Louis or somebody and is restoring her energy for the next important moment.

She explains the amazing Lupinos thusly: "Some of them were Dukes and things like that. But the whole family did something that upset the Borgias and were banished from Italy over four hundred years ago. They became gypsies and wandered around Europe for several centuries. Eventually they settled down in England. The Lupinos even then were entertainers. Some were minstrels, some were clowns, and some were just rogues. Every so often the Lupinos were rounded up and hung from their thumbs as an example of what Englishmen ought not to be."

That she inherits her amazing psychic ability from the gypsy strain in her long line of vagabond ancestors is not to be questioned when she really goes into cahoots with the spirits. One blue-eyed look at your palm and Ida can give you your past, present, and future, and read your character as if it was written there in black and white. I have paid professional fortune tellers and astrologers five bucks for readings that weren't one half as good as Ida's casual glance at my palm. If she ever wants to give up acting, God forbid, she can make scads of money in the fortune-telling business. Another dismaying little psychic trick of hers is to arrive at your home for dinner and tell you when you greet her in the hall what your menu is going to be, all the way from soup to nuts. When she did this at the Al'an Joneses one night, Irene, taken com-

pletely aback, rushed in the kitchen to investigate. "It's positively weird," she said later. "Ida told me everything I was serving. And I didn't even know myself."

She may look mighty frail (she weighs a hundred pounds) but when Ida makes up her mind about something not even Atlas with the world on his shoulder can move her. She felt that way about changing the color of her hair last year. A bleached blonde ever since coming to Hollywood, Ida one day rebelled. "I wanted to stop looking like a dizzy—er, daffy—well, a daffodil. Besides, I *should* be a brunette—it's my natural coloring. I believe there's nothing so conducive to success as being yourself. And believe me, I shelved a lot of nasty little complexes along with the blonde locks. The most troublesome was self-consciousness. I'm sure it always haunts one as a result of artificiality. Most of my friends disapproved of the dark hair—practically stopped speaking to me. The cameramen at the studios reminded me of the importance of high-lights, and pictorial effects, and assured me that I was completely out of my mind. But I was sure I was right." And weirdly enough, it was after she had changed the color of her hair back to its natural brown that she was summoned to the studio to take a test for *Bessie*.

Ida honestly thinks that she has a "funny face" and anyone who tries to pay her a beauty compliment gets argued down. She has slimmed down considerably since those *Alice in Wonderland* days, and now is recognized as one of the best dressed of the young stars, though the great and expensive couturiers of Hollywood know her not. Her sportswear she buys in the boys department of a local department store. When she finds a dress shop that specializes in \$16.95 dresses she simply goes mad and buys out the shop. Her entire wardrobe is fashioned in blacks, whites, grays, and blues. She hates to drive an automobile (the Haywards haven't gotten to the swank of having a chauffeur yet) so she usually hitch-hikes a ride from one of the neighbors. She's about as athletic as a centurion with rheumatism, but as a special favor will watch Louis play tennis by the hour. Like most Hollywood stars she adores flowers, but unlike most Hollywood stars she isn't particularly fond of pets. However, she has a pet cat which is such a nuisance that she shuts him up in a bureau drawer when company comes.

Bessie has been a dream character of hers ever since she was old enough to know she'd be an actress when she grew up. The Lupinos started acting when they were barely out of their cradle, back in England, and when she was little more than seven Ida was memorizing Shakespeare. But it was Kipling's "The Light That Failed" that made a deep impression on her when she read it. She didn't mind about losing *Alice* at all because the studio promised her *Bessie*, all of seven years ago. "They were planning to make it then with Gary Cooper," said Ida, "and I was simply hysterical with joy. It was like a dream come true. But it was considered too sad, and postponed."

The amazing thing, of course, is that after promising it to Ida seven years ago, and consistently postponing it for seven years, when they actually did get down to making it that they called for Ida Lupino! Ida had been dropped from the studio several years, had been flat on her back for a year with infantile paralysis, and had been free-lancing at different studios. Things like that just don't happen for nothing.

What these "bad women" can do for Hollywood ingénues is really something. I hope that Bette and Ida never forget *Mildred* and *Bessie* in all their prayers.

"Little Eva" Grows Up

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nine was visiting her on the lot. A director saw the tot and asked Mrs. Grey to let her make a test for the part of *Little Eva* in the original picture version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Virginia got the part. "Betty Jane Heitzel was practically set for it until that director saw me," Virginia muses today. "She was a much better actress than I because she had been in a number of pictures and I had never done any acting. But they wanted someone more anemic looking than Betty Jane. So I suppose eating irregularly has its advantages."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was two years in the making—a record so far as I know. The troupe lived on a houseboat that plied up and down the Mississippi, snatching scenes wherever they came across a likely looking location. On Thanksgiving and Christmas they put in at Memphis to celebrate. When that picture was finished and the company returned to Hollywood, Virginia was given a contract and remained with Universal for two more years during which time she had small parts with Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree in "The Michigan Kid" and "The Symphony" with Jean Hersholt. Then to Warner Brothers for two pictures with Louise Fazenda—"Home Town Princess" and "The Queen of Main Street." These were followed by "Dark Streets" with Dorothy Mackaill and Milton Sills, and "She Wanted a Millionaire" with Joan Bennett and Spencer Tracy (in which latter she played Joan's sister).

It was during the filming of "The Michigan Kid" that Romance laid its heavy hand upon her. There were several children in the cast, among them a boy who still plays occasional bits in pictures. We'll call him Jack, although that isn't his name. After they were through shooting for the day, the kids used to gather on a lot not far from the camp to play. One afternoon Virginia lingered after the others had gone. Time passed and Mrs. Grey grew vaguely uneasy. "I'll find her," Jack volunteered. He soon came upon Virginia. "Your mother wants you," he told her. "Thanks," said Virginia, starting toward home. Jack walked alongside. Presently his arm found its way across the shoulders of the twelve year old girl. "You know—the old 'big brother—palsy-walsy stuff,'" Virginia scoffs. As they walked along his arms tightened suddenly and he bent and kissed her. There are still faint marks of Virginia's finger nails on his face. "And I still can't stand the sight of him," she says vehemently.

Her mother passed on and Virginia and her sisters went to live with her grandparents. Her mother had always let her collect her own salary checks. It gave the girl a feeling of importance. Her grandparents had different ideas and thought that a lot of foolishness. To them, Virginia was still a little girl and should be treated like one. But even in those days Virginia had a will of her own. If she had to work for nothing (which was what she felt she was doing if she couldn't collect her salary herself) she wouldn't work—and she didn't.

Her grandparents had equally definite ideas. No work, no spending money. When "the grinding pinch of poverty"—as Virginia laughingly phrases it—became acute (and she refers to her personal lack of funds and not living conditions) she became a dancing instructress at the Meglin School for Kiddies—at \$5 a week. Tiring of that, she got a job with The Tiller Girls. The Tiller Girls were originally imported from England for a Broadway musical comedy. Those girls had worked together for years. Their movements were synchronized so that an onlooker might have

thought they breathed as one. Mrs. Metzger, in charge of the American group, was one of the original troupe from London. She was determined the new group should be no less perfect than the original. With that end in view, she drove them with a relentless zealotry. For three months, every day including Sundays, they rehearsed from 9:30 A.M. until 10:00 P.M. Finally they opened at the Chinese Theatre as part of the prologue for "Gold Diggers of 1933." The routines that had seemed passable to Mrs. Metzger in rehearsal seemed impossible in public. She called more rehearsals—one before the first matinee even. They rehearsed between shows—and after the last show. Then they moved to the United Artists Theatre in downtown Los Angeles for a week. The routine was the same, except that now they played four shows a day, rehearsing between each. After the last show at night they were dragged the eight miles back to Hollywood to rehearse again at the Chinese. The stage was better. They rehearsed until 2:00 A.M. After that week they returned to the Chinese for another engagement—this time in the prologue for "Dinner at Eight," followed by another engagement in the prologue for "The House of Rothschild." What a life for a girl of sixteen!

A talent scout for Warner Brothers saw her in the last prologue and signed her to a stock contract that kept her busy for a year, although she did nothing—nor was she given an opportunity to do anything—noteworthy. Then they let her go. M-G-M picked her up and gave her a stock contract. By this time she had had so much experience there was little she could learn from their school and she was soon playing bits. Her first break came when she played the feminine lead opposite George Murphy in "Violets in Spring"—a musical short. Sol Lesser saw her in the short and borrowed her for the lead opposite Richard Arlen in "Secret Valley." A small rôle with Wallace Beery in "Old Hutch" followed. Another part in "Bad Guy" and then she was elected for an important part in "Rosalie," starring Nelson Eddy and Eleanor Powell. "Test Pilot" with Clark Gable,

Spencer Tracy, Myrna Loy and Lionel Barrymore came next, "Shopworn Angel" with Margaret Sullivan and James Stewart, "Rich Man, Poor Girl" with Lew Ayres. Someone at Universal had been watching her work and she was borrowed for the lead opposite Joel McCrea in "Youth Takes a Fling." They tried to buy her contract but M-G-M refused to sell.

Back at her home studio, "Dramatic School" with Luise Rainer, "Idiot's Delight" with Gable and Norma Shearer (in which she played one of the Gable Glamour Girls—the one who did all the wise-cracking), and "Broadway Serenade" with Jeanette MacDonald and Lew Ayres, in which she played the chorus girl who was always wanting to show off her figure (and I don't blame her)—these led up to "Thunder Afloat" with Wallace Beery and Chester Morris. In this picture she had her first leading rôle in an "A" picture since "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In one scene she was supposed to sit on Beery's lap and stroke his face. As they rehearsed, Virginia smiled. "This isn't the first time I've sat on your lap, you know," she teased.

"Was I asleep?" he asked incredulously. "I don't remember."

"I think I was about three," she explained. "You were a big star even then."

A person who hasn't experienced the kind of professional childhood Virginia had cannot appreciate what that particular kind of hell is like. "I don't regret it," she said, "nothing I've ever gone through. Everything is grist that comes to the mill and if hardships don't teach you anything else they teach you tolerance and forbearance—and how to take the bitter with the sweet." It is this tolerance and forbearance that enfolds her today like a benediction. And it is learning to take the bitter with the sweet that has given her such a wistful smile.

She rides like a Cossack but doesn't remember where or when she learned to ride. She dances well enough to do exhibition dancing if she put her mind to it but "my singing will never cause Pons any worry," she laughs. The long hours she put in rehearsing with The Tiller Girls has given her a distaste for night life. She is seldom seen at any of the Hollywood night spots. She shoots and swims fairly well but doesn't care for tennis or golf, although she recently received a new set of golf clubs as a present, the donor hoping to waken some enthusiasm in her for the game. There are few women who wear clothes better than she—but she cares little for them. When she isn't working she goes in mostly for sports clothes. I have never seen her wear a hat.

Once, shortly before she started work on "Thunder," I asked her what kind of parts she would like to play. "Any kind," she blazed passionately, "except the silly, simpering, ga-ga girls I've been playing. I don't simmer and I don't think I'm ga-ga. Why should I have to play them on the screen when they nauseate me? I wasn't cut out to be a comedienne."

She's right. She has a grand sense of humor but the hardships she went through in her early life have left their mark on her. She knows life isn't all beer and skittles and she's capable of portraying its seamier side.

There is talk on the M-G-M lot of re-making "Dancing Daughters" (in which Joan Crawford soared to stardom) and giving it a more pretentious production than is usually accorded re-makes. Virginia has been mentioned for the leading rôle. She acted out a couple of the scenes for me and if they ever get around to producing that picture with Virginia in that part, you'll be cheering for a new star. And even if they never produce it, it's only a question of time until you will all be cheering for her anyhow. That girl has what it takes!



Len Weissman

When Annabella, Tyrone Power, and Claudette Colbert attended a premiere together, they drew a solid round of applause from the fans who had come for a glimpse of their favorites.



All stars have stand-ins and Baby Sandy's no exception. This doll is used as her stand-in while Sandy rests and the cameraman adjusts studio lights.

Is Mickey Getting Swell-Headed?

Continued from page 26

the reporters, said in "man-to-man" fashion (the way he talks to *Judge Hardy* in the movies): "Now, fellows, please don't come out with any romance rumors concerning my date with Miss Frazier. She's a very fine girl. I like her very much. We had a date, and that's all there is to it."

Mickey might well be called the "Boy Wonder of Hollywood." I asked him how he felt about being a "boy wonder" (that was when we first met a year ago on Spencer Tracy's introduction) and Mickey's indignation was such that he actually stretched a couple of inches, making his five feet two, five feet four, for the moment. "No one had better fasten that 'sissy title' on me!" he'd said. (Attention Judy Garland, that's one way for getting even with Mickey for putting lard in your cold cream jar.)

I was bidding the "Boys Town" company goodbye at the train when Mickey Rooney burst around the corner, breathless. "Gee," he gasped to Spencer Tracy. "Thought sure I was going to miss the train. Spent too much time telling Mom goodbye."

Then Mr. Tracy introduced Mickey, who to my astonishment was as polite and smooth as Franchot Tone. His manners were positively elegant. He called Spence Mr. Tracy, and me Miss Mann! Suddenly he wasn't a breathless boy, who'd been running for a block, but a polished young gentleman. He courteously inquired as to our health, remarked on the weather, and then tried to return the conversation to Tracy. I was amazed. What, no wise-cracking? no fresh-kid salutes such as "Hi-ya, Spence!"—"Glad to meet you kid!"

"Mr. Rooney," I said, "I understand you're to receive equal billing with Mr. Tracy in 'Boys Town'?"

"Well," admitted Mickey, actually he seemed abashed, "I wouldn't exactly call it that. We don't know yet—that depends how close I can measure up to Mr. Tracy's fine acting—. He's the best actor in pic-

tures. You see, I'm still sorta second rate." "Second rate nothing," objected Spencer Tracy. "Mickey's a great actor. I'll be lucky if he doesn't steal the entire picture, even though we are co-starring."

When the opportunity presented itself, I drew Mickey aside. I asked him if he had any particular star, outside of Tracy, that he'd always wanted to make a picture with. There was no hesitation. "Yes, I'd like to play with Wallace Beery," he answered. And so it wasn't surprising when a few months later he was cast with Beery in "Stablemates." I visited the set one day unexpectedly, and the first one to come up and greet me was none other than Mickey Rooney. He was still the polite, poised Mickey. He placed a chair for me, was solicitous of my comfort. He talked with the air of a grown-up man who's had years of experience and does not weigh his words or express his opinion lightly. What an actor, I thought!

So when the call came for lunch and Wallace Beery came over and invited me to lunch with him, I was amazed when he growled, "That Mickey Rooney is sure one fresh kid!"

"Why, Mr. Beery," I said. "I think he's about as polite a little gentleman as I've ever seen!"

"Well, I think he's a young brat," said Wally. Then as though he'd been too severe, "But he's a great actor."

"I suppose," continued Wally, who's kind-hearted under that gruffness, "that I shouldn't have made that remark. But that kid kept me from going fishing this afternoon. He had to go and get temperamental—walked off the set, because he couldn't have his way in playing a scene, and held up production for two hours. Now we got to work after lunch."

"But he did come back," I said.

"Sure, he came back," chuckled Wally. "His eyes were red, though. For once he didn't act so cocky. He'd been crying. He's got to learn that he can't have his own way all of the time in this picture business."

Later I talked with the director of the picture—asked him if Mickey was difficult to handle, if he was swell-headed, if he thought he knew more about pictures than anyone else on the set, if he had an inflated ego, if that was why he'd walked out on the picture, held up production? Well, the truth of the matter was, I learned, that Mickey has for years, consciously or not, been copying Beery mannerisms. He has a way of brushing his mop of hair off his forehead, and certain inflections in his voice, a way of drawling his words and wiping his nose with the back of his arm, so you'd swear he was giving an impersonation of Wally. All this was a bit too much for the veteran Wally, who is a noted scene-stealer himself—and Mickey had to be reprimanded. He must play Rooney and not Beery—at least, not both in a Beery picture! And so, because he is a very young boy, and underneath that grown-up sophistication, that cock-sure veneer, that brave braggadocio, there is a sensitive nature, he'd run off the set humiliated at being called down before the entire company for aping Beery. But first, Mickey's a trouper. He'd come back. But from then on there was no love lost between Beery and Mickey. (In "Huckleberry Finn" Mickey, in several of the scenes, was so typically Beery that even Wally said so himself and fans wrote in about it.) I recalled that first meeting with Mickey, when he had confided he one day wanted to play with Beery. Was it that he'd hoped to become a character actor like Beery, possibly his successor?

Clark Gable understands Mickey Rooney best. One afternoon Gable took me around to see his new sports roadster painted a beautiful green, parked on the studio lot.

To his amazement there by it stood a car identical in make, color, model and design. "Well," said Gable. "That Mickey Rooney's done it again! That's the second time Mickey has duplicated my car."

"Isn't he a sort of fresh kid when you really know him?" I asked. "Some folks say Mickey is a cock-sure, self-important smart-aleck. Probably he buys cars like yours just to show off, and to show you he can buy just as good as Gable any day."

"Anyone that says Mickey is a smart-aleck has the kid all wrong," returned Clark. "He's a natural-born showman, and as full of pep and ambition as any kid that I've ever met. But I've never seen him make a smart remark out of turn. People that say he does don't know him. Mickey may kid around with boys and girls his own age, but when he's around adults, he's respectful. I've always admired the way he calls Lewis Stone, Mr. Stone, even though they work together so closely in the *Judge Hardy* series and are such good friends. Why, Stone thinks the world of that boy—as much as of an own son."



Bobbie Quillan, who makes his debut as the youngest member of "Swiss Family Robinson," thinks Sandy's battered stand-in doll is very, very funny

"As for Mickey copying my car—he copies my shirts, ties, and even my suits! He orders from my tailor and often the same pattern that I've just selected. That's because he's going through the kid stage. He likes me and asked me once if I minded his being like me as much as possible. I said for him to go right ahead—America's a free country—and you can do what you want! To tell the truth I felt complimented. I can remember when I used to imitate the leading man in a show when I was playing a bit part. I'd go all over town to duplicate his ties and shirts. But my salary wouldn't allow me to duplicate his suits. Mickey does a swell impersonation of me, among his others. It's a honey. You know that kid's good, and he's very human too. He's come to me with his problems a time or two. I've never seen a kid with so much determination. He wants to grow taller more than anything else! Imagine, he's taking daily stretching exercises at a gym to increase his height. That's the kind of a kid Mickey Rooney is. He isn't afraid to put forth the effort to realize his ambitions."

After hearing these opinions from Tracy, Beery, and Gable, all diversified, and since Mickey is now the young actor of the day, and my business being what it is, to find out the truth about actors—I made myself a date with Mickey one afternoon. "Now, Mickey, I want to ask you some questions point blank—and I warn you they'll be as tough as any I ever asked Gable, Gable saying I ask the darndest ones!" I began. Now if I'd been eighteen too, Mickey would probably have answered, "Nuts"—but I was relying on his respect for his elders, being several years his senior.

"Why, sure, go ahead, Miss Mann," he replied quite seriously. "Go right ahead. It's your business to ask them, and mine to answer—go right ahead."

"Well," I began, "I want to know 'Mann to man' (with a second 'n' on the first 'Man') just what success has done to you. I want to know if you think the world is yours for the asking. I want to know if you're very self-confident—swell-headed, some folks call it—about your fame and success?"

"My," Mickey gulped. "You *do* ask questions." Then he settled himself more comfortably on the prop furniture at the studio, where we were sitting, and began. "I've read where I'm supposed to be 'swell-headed' as you say. But honestly I don't think I am. You know I've been in pictures too long for that. I'm not exactly a kid any more. I've had my ups and my downs in this business. When I was a kid star and doing swell, folks said I'd be through when my voice changed—and so I began making plans of how I'd stay in. But I was out of work for a while. It's a case of being lucky enough to get good stories and the right rôles. Well, I've had a lot of luck and I'm doing all right."

"You know it's been quite a problem for me since this *Andy Hardy* series. Everywhere I go kids yell, 'Hello, Andy!' at me. Half of the time I think I am Andy. Naturally I yell 'Hello' right back at them. Since I was a kid, I was always anxious to get up and do anything, like tell a joke or dance or sing or give an impersonation, so's folks would know what I could do. You gotta have 'em know you can deliver to get jobs out here. Then you got to call yourself to their attention. So any time anyone asked me to do some tricks I'd say 'sure'—because I never knew but what a director or a producer might be in the crowd and spot me."

"When my name really got up in lights I wanted to be a 'right guy' like Gable. Gable's not only tops—but everyone says he's swell. He told me to co-operate in every way I could when I was out in public and I'd find the public co-operating with me. So when I was asked to play benefits or charities, I'd never turn them down. When I'd walk into the Cocoanut Grove, and Rudy Vallee'd ask me to play the drums in his band, I'd say 'sure.' When I'd go to house parties and folks would ask me to do parlor tricks I'd say 'sure.'"

I interrupted long enough to tell Mickey I'd seen him and Martha Raye do an impromptu jitterbug dance one night at Grace Hayes' lodge—and that everyone had thought he was a good sport to do it. Besides it was the best I'd ever seen. Mickey grinned, "Well, that's the way it is. I'd always do what folks asked me. Then the next thing I heard was that I was a show-off. How do you suppose *that* made me feel? Well, not very good. I decided I'd just retire into my shell. And I did, temporarily. Then what went around but that I had gone high-hat—had become too important to mix and be one with everyone—that I'd Gone Hollywood with a bang!"

"I tried being as unnoticeable as possible when I was out—then one night at the Troc, when they asked me to sing, a

woman at the next table said, 'Mickey wants to be coaxed—he's big time now.' Well, that got me! I got to talking to Gable again. It's a big problem to know how to handle success after you get it. Bigger than I'd thought. And he said, 'Mickey, you just be your natural self. Don't let anything or anybody change you.' And that's just the way I intend to be."

"I like fun, and is it my fault that everywhere I go someone drags me over to a piano or asks me to do a swing step or something? First thing I know I'm doing a hot number, then I hear I'm showing off again. Like at Judy Garland's birthday party. They kept insisting that I do impersonations and parlor tricks—and when I was in the midst of pulling a rabbit out of a hat, a new fellow, that doesn't belong to our crowd, but who's sweet on Judy, yawned and said, 'Whose party is this—Mickey's or Judy's?' Well, what do you think of that—here I was giving request performances! But Spencer Tracy says, 'You got to take the bad with the good in show business'—and isn't it the truth! So I just ignore such remarks."

"Is it true, Mickey, that you and Judy are in love?" I asked.

"Well, Judy's a swell girl—but she's just like a sister. All that stuff you read is just so much publicity we actors have to go through. I don't have any special girls—I'm too young. I've promised Mom I wouldn't get serious with any girls or get married until I'm 21—and I never break a promise to Mom."

"Mickey," I continued, "where other boys your age are just beginning, you'll have amassed a fortune and made your career. What will you do—become a bachelor playboy?"

"Nope," said Mickey thoughtfully, "I don't think so. I want to last in pictures, and then I want to be a producer-director. I've been in this business all my life. I know it pretty well. Some day I want to *make* pictures. You can't be a playboy and accomplish big things."

"Do you ever think about marrying and making a home and having a family?" I suggested, hastily adding, "I know you're too young now, but perhaps you've thought of it?"

"Well, at the present time, I'm very happy at home with Mom. My stand-in, who is just my age, lives with us. We're like brothers. You know I just purchased

a ranch out in San Fernando Valley this year. We have horses and livestock. And Mom, she's swell. I can have the crowd out any time. On my birthday, which was September 23rd, Mom built me a 'rumpus house.' It has an indoor badminton court, a gymnasium, and space for ping-pong. Best of all it has a dance floor and music room. So you see I won't be thinking about any other home for a long time."

"Is it true, Mickey, that your studio gave you a bonus for staying out of New York night life?" I pressed.

"I read about it in a gossip column, but they didn't," he replied. "I had five shows a day, every day. I'd get to the theatre at eleven each morning and finish at eleven each night. There were so many people around the stage door that it was useless to try getting in and out. So I just stayed in most of the time. I took Mom and Judy and Mrs. Garland out a couple of times—and then I had a date with Miss Frazier. But that was about all."

"Mickey," I continued, "do you think girls want to go with you for your company, or your money, or the fact that you're a movie star?"

"Well, that reminds me of my experience on Broadway. It taught me a lesson," replied Mickey. "A beautiful chorus girl called me up and suggested that I see her show and we have dinner. She was so beautiful—and so I did. First thing she began talking about star sapphires and diamond bracelets—so I guessed it wasn't me she was interested in, but in my salary. I never went to see her again. I stay clear of that kind. But out here in my own crowd I go out with some very swell girls, from fine families. We have lots of swimming parties and things at each other's homes."

I asked Mickey what greatest happiness his career had given him—and he said it was being able to do things for his Mom. And the tone he said it in wasn't that of any swell-head.

In closing, I asked which was his real inspiration, Tracy, Beery, or Gable? And Mickey said, "I'm trying to stick to Rooney!"

In our "Mann to man" talk, straight from the shoulder—take it from me, Mickey's a mighty level-headed kid for all of his success. He's a show-off, yes, because he's a natural-born actor, imitator, and a real showman—but Mickey's head isn't swelled. It's a good one and he's using it.



Priscilla, Lola and Rosemary Lane and Gale Page play mothers as well as wives in "Four Wives," sequel to "Four Daughters." Above, on the set, the girls lend a hand in the feeding of the infants who bring the third generation of the LEMP family to the screen, while Claude Rains and May Robson, of the first generation, look on.

Mrs. Goldilocks and the Bears

Continued from page 29

had a basket of sandwiches with her, and a thermos of hot coffee, all of which she had prepared herself. If she were anyone but Carole you might figure that that's why they let her come along—because she could be counted on to look after their hunger. Most women are a darn nuisance on any kind of a man's expedition like that, and are not to be tolerated on any but that one food-circumstance. But Carole can be tolerated on a dozen scores. In the first place, if she falls, she picks herself up. In the second place, she willingly takes her turn at bird-dogging, scaring up the birds for the shift back there in the duck blinds. Third, she doesn't complain about mosquitoes, and in fact wears her face so full of oil and grease as a protection that you can scarcely tell who she is anyway. We can't think of all twelve of the scores right now, but anyway she is not only to be tolerated on a hunting spree, she is even to be appreciated.

But even with such harmony, the group was not too happy about its morning expeditions. The bugaboo was this: on entirely too many occasions they ran into "Keep Out" signs, or a farmer with a cross-patch disposition—one of those unpleasant fellows who says, "I don't care who you are; this is my property. Now get out!" Well, you just can't imagine what a disappointment it is to get all set to go hunting or fishing someplace—and then to find that you can't. And the worst of it is that you have to eat your sandwiches just sitting on the running board of a car, when you haven't even had a chance to work up a hunger. But nobody seemed to know exactly what to do about it, until suddenly one day Andy Devine had an idea. He waited to spring it until they were all gathered one Sunday afternoon at his house in the valley, within a stone's throw of the Gables'.

They hadn't gathered formally, or anything like that. At noon Clark and Carole just naturally showed up. Carole had a couple of brown paper sacks under her arm, and she headed right for the kitchen where she found Dogie preparing the lunch for the four Devines, as it was maid's day out. Dogie is Andy's wife, and although her real name is Dorothy, Andy has always called her Dogie since the first year of their marriage—because Dorothy, like the dogie calves, was motherless, and had no mother to run to, like other wives have, when the first-year-of-marriage problems come up.

"I've got junk here, so don't get alarmed," Carole announced as she dumped her bundles on the kitchen table. "I'm going to be chief cook and bottle washer and you just run in and sit down. I have one helper here anyway," and she smiled down at little Tad Devine, four-going-on-five, who was standing there, gazing up at her with his eyes crinkled a bit, as though he were facing the brightness of the sun. "Hyah, Tad—what are you looking at me like that for?"

"I just thought of a new name for you," he said shyly. "From now on, I'm going to call you Goldilocks."

"Mrs. Goldilocks to you!" Carole called out gaily, since this was shortly after her marriage. "Now come on, Tad, where are the onions and the frying pan, and we'll get busy!"

When Mrs. Devine apprised Andy and Clark, in the living room, of the new name just then bestowed on Carole, they agreed that it was a good one. "Sure," said Andy, "Goldilocks and the bears. That reminds

me: there are really five bears in this group. Why don't we call the rest of the gang, and later we can have a game of pitch? Besides, I have something to take up with all you fellows."

Before the hour had passed, the gang had increased. Lum and Abner arrived, and so did Phil Harris.

"Well," drawled Andy, after the smoke of the hamburgers had cleared away, "I've been thinking about this hunting problem of ours, and why isn't it the best thing for us just to buy some property of our own someplace?"

"You mean so we can put up 'No Trespassing' signs of our own?" Mrs. Goldilocks shrieked delightedly. "Now, that would be something! 'Keep out, and this means you!' signed 'Carole Gable'! Say, I'd like that!"

"Yours wouldn't be the only name on the sign, if we all owned it. So stop hogging!" Gable put in, in a genial effort to pipe her down.

"Hey, I'm serious, fellows," Andy went on. (It's indicative that Carole is always addressed as part of the "fellows" too.) "I'm so serious that I got a real estate agent to dig us up a property or two. Now there's a tract of land about thirty miles from here. A hundred and eighty acres, and if we incorporate and buy it together, it won't cost us very much."

"Oh, you mean we're going to incorporate!" shrieked Carole again. "Wow! 'Carole Gable and Company, Inc.' That sounds marvelous. Who's going to be president? I nominate Clark Gable."

"Now, wait a minute!" Clark said. "We ought to pick a name for the company which would look good on freight cars and trucks, in case we ever raise anything on that land, or get into the lumber business, or something. You know, we've got to look ahead." (Practical Gable.)

"Well, what's the matter with 'Carole Gable and Company'? I think that would look just darling on a freight car!" she teased.

"Now, fellows, I really am serious," Andy said again. "Here are pictures of the property, facts and figures on it, now all we have to decide is do we want it or not."



Always ready to oblige the camera boys, Edward G. Robinson and his charming wife puckered up and posed for this very amusing kissing picture.

Well, to put a long and talkative afternoon into a paragraph or two, they decided they did want it, and they also amazingly enough decided on a name under which they should incorporate: The Hardrock Land Company. That was after they had decided to make Abner president, and for some reason or other the others have for a long time called Abner "Hardrock"—nobody knows why, exactly; it's just his nickname—so the company took that name too. They had discussed several others: The Stars Outlet Company had seemed a humorous possibility for a while, but it was ruled out because it might sound as though they really took themselves seriously as stars, and people might think they were looking for publicity. No, what they wanted was something just plain and simple, so The Hardrock Land Company it became.

The company elections were as follows: Abner, president. Devine, first vice president. Phil Harris, second vice president. Gable, third vice president—and chairman of the board. Goldilocks Gable, treasurer (and cook).

This, then, is the reason you see so many notes in the columns today, about the Andy Devines, Clark and Carole, and the others being so frequently together. Since the formation of the land company it has been rumored that they have struck oil on the property, but like most rumors this is an exaggeration. It is true that these innocents had no idea they were buying land anywhere near an oil venture, but shortly after they bought, a big oil company struck oil on neighboring property, making oil on their land quite a possibility. Three days after The Hardrock Land Company was taken out of escrow the owners were offered three times what they paid for it—and Carole, as treasurer, was greatly elated because she was anxious to have something to be treasurer of besides just a hunk of deeds and papers. But she was voted down on doing anything about it. The property as a hunting and fishing retreat still seems more valuable to them.

One of the nice notes about the property is that there is a two-story cabin which is Carole's particular pride and joy because she took it as it was, which wasn't much, and made it what it is today, with the aid of thirty or forty yards of bright chintz. And she has a scarred index-finger to show that she did the sewing and the fixing herself. Gay china, gleaming oil lamps, big woolly rugs—the place is a rustic picture. Goldilocks has also seen to it that there is a big chair, just right, neither too soft nor too hard, for each of the bears when they come in with hunting knapsacks filled, quite ready to relax a little. The only complaint from some of the bears is that Gable has the best.

Every now and then they have a board meeting. They pretend it's to discuss business, (oh, these landed gentry!) but it usually turns into another session of pitch, at which both Andy and Gable are expert cheaters. What is pitch? It's one of those old-fashioned card games which they play in the backwoods of most anywhere, and which Andy learned in his backwoods youth at Kingston, Arizona, (where he sent Clark and Carole to be married, incidentally.) Gable says he had former experience with the game, too, somewhere in Idaho. They're kind of an odd pair, sitting there, the screen's greatest box-office hero and the screen's burliest clown—yelling and screaming at each other, and cheating like mad. With Carole always hovering around and trying to keep peace between them.

It's not a very glamorous picture of Clark and Carole, and their friends, but it's a true one, and delicious for all its simplicity. There is no particular story of how Clark and Andy became friends except that like attracts like, and they are alike, physiques

and profiles, to the contrary. Both of them are farmer boys; they have the same unalterable love for earth and animals, and everything connected with them. Carole, fortunately, has learned to share this love, and you couldn't part her from it now for anything. But there is one last amusing antidote about these farmer boys which we'd like to tell.

One day Gable had a day off and was home alone while Carole was working. Andy knew this, and he had a day off from "Geronimo" too, so he thought he'd drop around there to keep Clark company, and to see how he was getting on with his new tractor. Clark had bought it second hand for several hundred dollars, and to judge by the beam on his face, he was having more fun out of it than he had ever gotten out of his expensive Duesenberg. He was driving it around, turning it here and there, backing it up, and clucking to it as though it were a horse.

"This beats all, Andy!" he shouted, trying to talk through and above the violent shaking of the tractor-beast under him. "The only thing is that after I work on it for a day I'm a wreck. Last night I had to go to bed at six-thirty. Carole couldn't understand it, but I tell you I ache all over from the shakes this thing has. It takes muscle to handle it—want to try it?"

"Not me! I know," Andy answered. "It's more painful than riding a bucking bronc. But you'll get used to it after a while."

A little later they were sitting on the steps, still talking about the tractor, when a roadster turned into the drive and two newspaper men got out, one of them with a camera. "Hi, Gable! The rumor's around that you're actually doing some farming out here, yourself. Of course we don't believe it—that's just bolony. But if that's your publicity angle we'll play along with you. How about getting a picture of you hoisting hay? You know, with a pitchfork. Jim, here, can tell you which end to hold it by."

Gable looked at Andy. Andy looked at Gable. Gable groaned.

The newsboys misinterpreted the groan. "Oh, it won't be so bad; it won't take a minute. Come on, let's go down to the barn."

"Listen," Gable said wearily. "If I could walk that far I would. But if you had what I have you wouldn't feel like it either. Come back tomorrow, and you can have all the pictures you want, but honest, I'm kind of indisposed right now. I was just going in and going to bed."

"What's the matter with you? Got the flu? Everybody in —"

"No," Andy spoke up. "Gabe hasn't got the flu. I don't know exactly what a doctor would call what he's got, but we farmers have a name for it. We just call it 'tractor pains'." With that he glared at the newsmen, winked at Gable, and the two of them went into the house.

What these newsmen had refused to believe may be doubtful too to the rest of the world—that these people, Andy, Clark and Carole and their pals, so successful in the bizarre world of theatrical entertainment, live a life so untheatrical and so simple. But it's their fun—facing the wind, stirring up a robust hunger, bending to the trail of wild game, tramping over the earth, through the woods, getting the smell and the feel of it. And not the least of their fun is that "No Trespassing" sign which warns the world to keep out.

Not that they want to be snooty, but it's their realm and they don't want to see it overrun, not even by oil well workers who might bring them a million. Privacy means more to them than millions. Mrs. Goldilocks and the bears—this is one corporation which you may be sure will never sell out!



Looking very lovely in a formal gown, Judy Garland dances with Clark Liddell at a gathering of film folk, in the Palm Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Lana Looks Ahead

Continued from page 51

sciousness of clothes. Due to her experience, the mother was able to change the appearance of her daughter's dresses to the extent that Lana always seemed to be wearing new clothes. Lana absorbed, as a consequence, much of her mother's technique and with a natural flair for designing began to plan her own clothing at an exceptionally early age. When, some years later, the family moved to San Francisco, Lana studied the models in the smartest shops. Her mother saw to that. Since the family exchequer wasn't particularly limited, neither was Lana's wardrobe, with the result that much thought entered into the selection and study of clothes. She was reared with the subject of clothing and how the best effects might be gained uppermost in her mind. Is it any wonder, then, that all Lana's life she has looked forward to a career as fashion designer?

That is what she was aiming for, when a newspaperman discovered her one fine morning across the street from the Hollywood High School—mother and daughter had removed to the film capitol following the death of the father, leaving the fogs of San Francisco for Mrs. Turner's health—and straightway arranged for her to meet William Demarest, the agent. Demarest, in turn, arranged for a screen test—Mervyn LeRoy was casting for the rôle of *Mary Clay*, the school girl whose murder provoked the events of "They Won't Forget"—and through his efforts brought the little Turner to the director's attention. Result—LeRoy awarded her a contract, as well as the rôle of *Mary Clay*.

"Naturally, I was so happy I thought I'd burst," Lana confides, "but even with

the studio contract I didn't give up my thoughts of someday turning to fashion designing. It made me all the more determined, since then I was able to observe how the fashion designers at the studio worked. I've worked it all out in my mind. That is why I say this is not my life. Pictures and acting leave me cold, although, as I say, I do enjoy the experience. When I leave the studio, at the end of the day, I leave everything even remotely pertaining to pictures at the studio. I'm a non-professional, I don't talk pictures and most of my friends have nothing to do with pictures. I honestly and truly forget all about them once I'm away from the studio. Back in the studio, I'm ALL pictures; I try to learn as much as I can, and do everything that may benefit me, help me to become a better actress. I lead two separate and distinct lives, and try not to allow them to overlap.

My plan is this: I intend to work as hard as I am able, in the attainment of a goal. *That goal is, a great part in a great picture. When that day arrives that I have realized that part, that is the day I am through with pictures.*

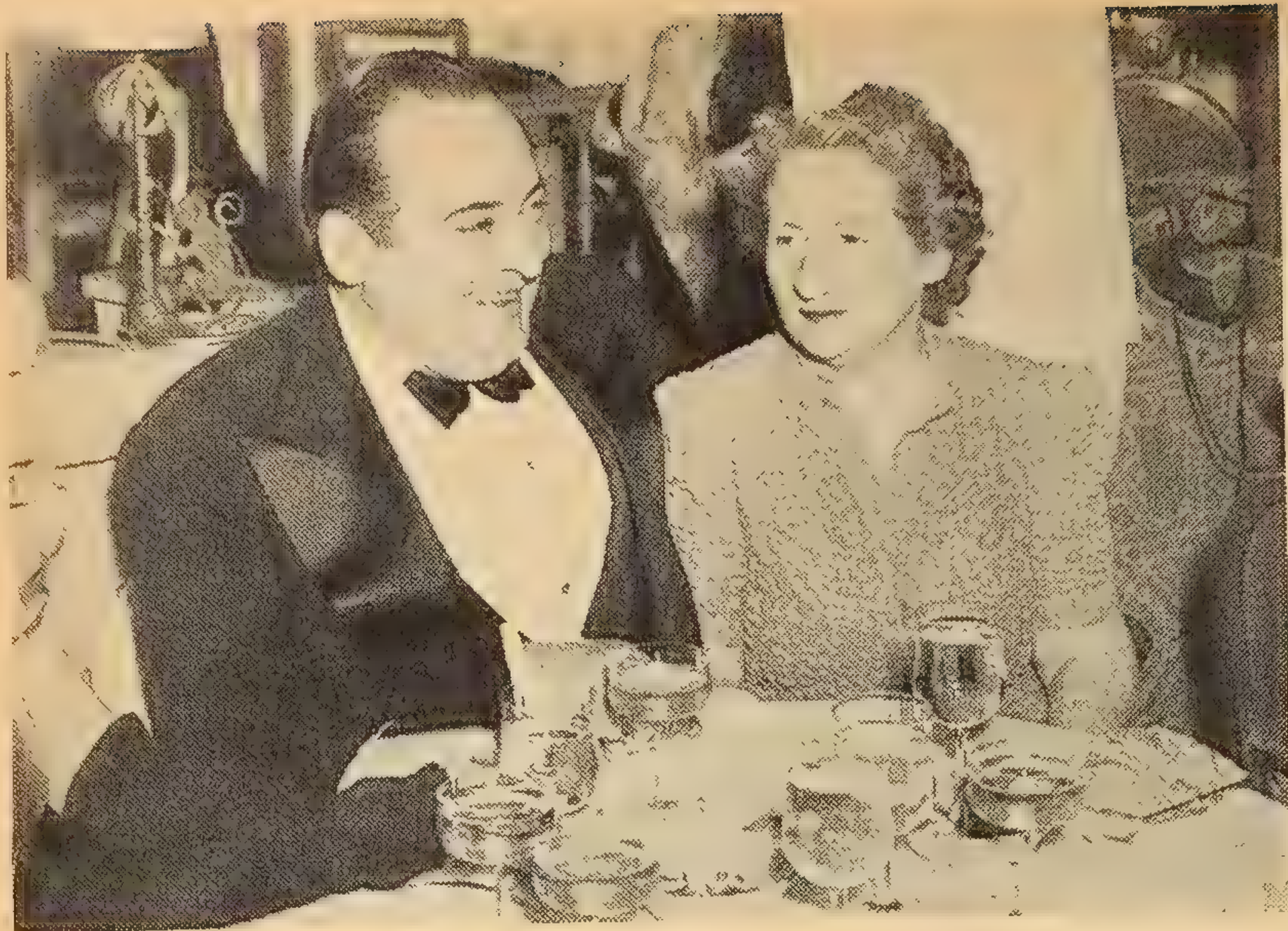
"I'm still young; there's plenty of time for that part before I'm twenty-one. After all, I'm not yet twenty. I'm confident that by the time I do reach twenty-one—or before—I will have had my great chance. *But even if that big part does not come my way, I still will leave the screen and carry out my original intention.*

"No," mulling the question over in her mind, "I'm not afraid that acting by then will be so deeply imbedded in me that I won't want to leave. I think by this time, after nearly two years in the studios, I would have felt the spell, and been affected by it, were that to happen. I simply am not attracted by pictures. But, for the sake of argument, suppose I was. I still would go through with my plan, my plan to leave the screen once and for all, because of my promise, my double-promise—to someone, and myself.

"Yes, that 'someone' is a man. He means a lot to me, and I have sworn to him that by the time I am twenty-one I will be through with pictures. And that promise to myself—as I say, I have never broken my word to myself, and I never will. That promise alone would cause me to drop out. And I'll tell you why—I think the most important thing in my life is in keeping perfect faith with myself."

There you have the pattern for the next year or two of Lana Turner's life. She is sincere—there can be no question about that—in her determination to put into effect her lifelong ambition, though that undoubtedly will mean renouncing a career starry-bright. And of this there can be little doubt—that she is the logical successor to the place left vacant by Jean Harlow. She is endowed with the same lush qualities that endeared Jean to a world public—she proved this in her little-sister rôle in "Rich Man, Poor Girl"—and there is much about her suggesting the blonde star. Already, plans are afoot, I am told, to build Lana into one of the most glamorous stars of the screen. Which would lead one to believe that Lana's "great part in a great picture" is more or less of a certainty, and that day not so far distant. She hopes, incidentally, that it will be "a Bette Davis part." Bette is her idol, at whose shrine she worships regularly.

One thing more: Why did Lana elect twenty-one as the age at which she most certainly would be finished with the screen? "I'll tell you," she says. "I think that is high time I was going into business for myself and settling down to serious endeavor. If I am ever to do anything in my chosen field, I must be well into it by the time I have reached the age of twenty-one."



Edward Arnold and his wife pictured at the Coconut Grove recently, enjoying themselves as is evident—by Eddie's jovial smile.

Len Weissman

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

bowls of gumbo and rice. Let me see—it's called Chix Gumbo Creole. Let me tell you how to make it—everyone at our house is mad about it!"

CHIX GUMBO CREOLE

- 2½ cups okra
- 2 large onions
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped
- 1 green pepper, chopped
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 small can Heinz tomatoes
- ½ lb. shrimp
- 1 slice ham
- 1 lb. veal
- 2½ lb. fryer
- 1 pint oysters
- 2 quarts water
- 2 bay leaves
- 2 sprigs parsley
- 2 teaspoons salt
- ¼ teaspoon pepper
- Dash of cayenne pepper
- 1 teaspoon thyme

Fry okra slowly in fat; when soft, add onion, garlic, green pepper; add tomatoes; let simmer 20 minutes. Add chicken which has been diced and fried, also veal, ham (diced), shrimp and simmer 40 minutes with the water. Then oysters with the juice—simmer 10 minutes and serve with rice.

"Then we had an enormous plate of cheese and crackers, a huge bowl of green salad, pickles, olives and celery.

"I simply adore desserts and so did my guests, so we had two and ate both. One was pineapple ice-cream cake—that's not unusual—and the other was chocolate ice-cream roll, a perfectly huge long thing on the biggest platter you ever saw! That's a recipe of the house, as they say. Do try it, it's delicious!"

CHOCOLATE ROLL

- 5 egg yolks
- 1 cup powdered sugar
- 3 tablespoons cocoa (Baker's)
- 5 egg whites
- Whipped cream
- Thin chocolate sauce

Beat yolks two minutes; add sugar and beat thoroughly. Add cocoa, fold in stiffly beaten whites. Spread on well greased paper, which has been placed in dripping pan, 12" x 8" and bake ten minutes in a 350° oven. Turn out on cloth which has been sprinkled with powdered sugar, trim edges and roll. When cool, unroll and fill with whipped cream or vanilla ice-cream, cover with chocolate sauce and serve.

Cheese cake arrived with the tea, the

most delicately light cheese cake I've ever eaten. Another "recipe of the house," sometimes served at Joan's informal affairs.

CHEESE CAKE

- 4 egg yolks
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 cup sugar
- ½ teaspoon baking powder (Calumet)
- 1 tablespoon Swansdown cake flour
- ½ lb. Honeymaid graham crackers
- 5½ cakes Philadelphia cream cheese
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons melted butter

Beat yolk; add sugar and flour and beat thoroughly. Add cheese and baking powder and beat until smooth. Add sour cream and salt. Line tart pan with graham cracker crumbs which have been mixed with melted butter. Pour in cheese mixture, bake in (350°) oven 45-50 minutes. Cut fire and let pan stay in the oven till cool.

Normie came in, wearing a fireman's uniform, was duly admired, and dashed upstairs to change into a baseball suit. His mother sighed and shook her head. "Normie has a clothes complex. He changes his clothes six times a day, if you can believe it! At first, I tried to argue with him, but the doctor advised letting him alone. He says it's just a phase—if he wasn't changing his raiment, he might be biting his fingernails or something else. This doesn't really hurt anyone, since he does it all himself. And he's so neat, he puts everything away down to the last sock!

"For Normie's birthday party, I'm planning one that won't be a 'movie kid' affair. I'd like the youngsters to enjoy themselves. I took Normie to some little fellow's party not so long ago, and I give you my word they had everything there but a strip-tease artist for the poor babies!—A whole circus, greased pigs, a merry-go-round, magicians, card tricks, guitar players wandering around playing hot music, entirely over the children's heads. I thought it was all done so that the nurses would go home and tell the ma's and pa's that it was the finest show yet given.

"Normie's isn't going to be like that. People always give children creamed chicken, so I'm going to have creamed chipped beef on mashed potatoes, with carrots, peas, and tiny onions all boiled together, a tomato mold salad that looks pretty, apple sauce and biscuits, ice-cream and the birthday cake. I have the cutest boxes of candy for each child, with an Hungarian doll on top, besides the little gifts for each one. There'll be eight of them. I've warned my nurse to corner all the nurses and take them away where they can't watch their charges, and the children will be turned out on the grand flat piece of grass back of the house. There will be a few toys, but mostly I want them

to plan their own games, unsupervised. See if they can have some real fun for once!

"It's my opinion that nurses cause all the rumpus at parties. Kids have to sock each other now and then. But nurses fly at them: 'Apologize, darling!' 'Don't do that, sweetheart!' 'You mustn't—' 'You can't—' Oh, if I were a movie person's kid, I'd go crazy!" She shook back her hair and laughed at herself. "Why do I get so excited?" she mocked. "What we should be talking of is the informal way of entertaining. I know a grand hot dish that makes a hit at my parties—beef steak and kidney pie. It's marvelous."

BEEF STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

(with corn meal topping and horse radish sauce)

- 2 lbs. choice round steak
- 12 lamb kidneys
- 1 large onion
- Few bay leaves
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1 pint boiling water
- 2 cups cornmeal
- 4 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking powder (Calumet)

SAUCE

- 1 cup sour cream
- ¼ grated fresh horse radish
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cut meat in large cubes, salt, pepper and flour, fry in 2 tablespoons olive oil. Add onion, then boiling water; let it simmer 20 minutes. Place in casserole with cornmeal topping. Serve with horse radish sauce.

"Of course, if you don't want to go to the trouble of anything like that, you can serve scrambled eggs. Dick loves to fix them. Especially his own famous *scrambled eggs supreme*. We often have them."

SCRAMBLED EGGS SUPREME

- 6 eggs (slightly beaten)
- ⅓ cup cream
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ½ teaspoon paprika
- ⅛ teaspoon white pepper
- 6 slices thin toast
- 1 cup chipped beef (creamed)

Combine eggs, cream, salt, paprika, pepper in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water, stir constantly. When mixture "just sets," remove and pile lightly in center of warm platter, place triangular pieces of toast around eggs and serve a spoonful of creamed chip beef on each piece of toast—a large sprig of parsley between each piece of toast. Sprinkle eggs with paprika.

"Another dish that seems to hit the spot when you have guests who enjoy fussing around while you cook, is a waffle dish. Dick and I have a favorite way of making them. Let me tell you about it."

VERY BEST WAFFLES

- 1 cube butter
- 1 cup sugar
- 4 yolks and 4 whipped whites
- ¾ cup cream
- 2½ cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder (Calumet)
- ½ teaspoon salt

Cream butter, add sugar, cream thoroughly, add beaten egg yolks. Sift flour, salt and baking powder twice. Alternate flour and cream to cake mixture. Fold in the whipped whites and bake in a hot iron.

"The idea in informal parties is to have things arranged so that you aren't all tied up worrying about food, dishes, how you look, what people think, and so on. Just have lots of good food, a congenial crowd, and don't seem to be making an effort. I am sure you understand just what I mean!"

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.

Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.



Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary



A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.



Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
“Yes. I don’t believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond’s 2 Creams. Pond’s Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond’s Vanishing Cream is ideal!”

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
“I’m sure it does! That’s why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond’s Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond’s Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!”

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
“Not if she follows my system. It’s quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond’s Creams. First Pond’s Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, ‘glowy’ look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond’s Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!”

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you’re outdoors for hours at a time, don’t you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
“No—why should I? Pond’s Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection.”



Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.



Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT Pond’s, Dept. 7SCV-A, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond’s Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond’s Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.



Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____
Copyright, 1939, Pond’s Extract Company



"Swanee River," the screen recounting of the life of Stephen Foster, starring Don Ameche, Andrea Leeds and Al Jolson, will have the romantic Old South as its setting.

Gene Autry's Advice to American Boys

Continued from page 23

of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can not fool all of the people all of the time.' And don't be too quick with wisecracks. You'd be surprised how many times people have wisecracked themselves right out of jobs. A lot of times I've walked down the street, and people have made wisecracks about my bein' a cowboy. But I don't let those remarks worry me, for I know that the people who are quickest to be wise guys often have nothin' else to offer. Usually someone who goes along and tends to his own business can buy and sell those smart guys a lot of times. The guy who's always poppin' off with smart remarks and always kiddin' someone else isn't so smart. Often when people think a feller's a smart egg, they're afraid to trust him. The guy who's quiet is the guy to put your money on, for he's usin' his head for somethin' besides braggin' and wisecrackin'.

"If you're sincere, people will go out of their way to help you. At least, that's the way things have always worked out for me. When I was a youngster I became interested in telegraphy, and one day I went up to Sapulpa, headquarters for one of the lines on the Frisco Railroad, and asked for a job as a telegrapher. 'Well, son,' said the manager, 'you'll have to take an examination.' Now I might have pretended to know a lot of things I didn't know, but the examination would have showed me up, anyway. So I said, 'Sure, I'll be glad to take one, but I reckon I don't know an awful lot yet. I was figurin' on kinda learnin' things as I went along.' I think the manager must have liked the fact that I was sincere, anyway, because after the examination he said to me, 'You're a pretty poor telegrapher, son. But we all have to begin somewhere, so I'll give you a chance.' That man encouraged me a lot. And now I make it a rule always to encourage people.

"In the long run, people who receive a little encouragement go a lot farther than people who don't. If everyone went around saying to everyone else, 'Aw, you ought to quit what you're doin'; you're not any good at it,' the morale of everybody would be killed, and not one person in a million would amount to anythin'. You can't al-

ways tell, the first time you meet someone, how much talent he really has. If he's encouraged, he may develop whatever talent he has; if he's discouraged, he'll never take the trouble to keep on pluggin'. Now, for instance, recently I met a youngster in Sacramento who sang for me and wanted to know if he could get into radio. I didn't think he was the greatest singer I ever heard, but he wasn't half bad, so I told him, 'Keep right on pluggin'.' It's just as easy to say that to a fellow as to tell him, 'You ought to get into somethin' else.' And that pat on the back you give the other fellow may make all the difference in his life. I know, because it did in mine. If half a dozen people hadn't encouraged me, I'd still be a telegrapher, or I'd be a second-rate baseball player with some minor league down in Podunk, glad to be drawin' down \$100 a month.

"Maybe you've heard this story, but I think it bears repeatin'. I was workin' as a telegrapher in Chelsea, Oklahoma, when one day I came a guy with a kind face, a big broad smile and a lot of grayish hair. He brought some paper out of his pocket and began to write out some kind of a message. Then his eye caught sight of my guitar lyin' on the table. 'Do you play that?' he asked me. I allowed I shore did, and he asked me to give him a tune. I played *They Plowed the Old Trail Under* and sang while I played. Then I played and sang a few more cowboy tunes. He said, 'Listen, boy. You're shore wastin' your time workin' on this railroad. Why don't you start doin' somethin' with your voice?' After that he handed me the message he was sendin' and it was signed Will Rogers.

"Well, I'd heard plenty about Will Rogers, but I'd never thought to see him in person, and to have a man as big as he tell me that I had somethin'. I guess the reason I hadn't recognized him was that the only light in the room was that of a kerosene lamp, and anyway I wasn't expectin' anybody like him to walk in. When a man as big as he encourages you, then you really fight. You work twice as hard to get ahead. That's why, though I had very little money, I got a pass to go to New York (bein' a railroad man, I got

my fare free) and I lit out for that city. I'll never forget the first mornin' I arrived in New York. I came in on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad—got off at Jersey City and came across on the ferry. When I saw the mass of buildings loomin' ahead, I thought, 'If I ever get into that city, I wonder if I'll ever get out.' The biggest town I'd ever been to before that time had 100,000 people in it. Believe me, I was a typical country boy. Every place I went I wanted to see the manager, but usually I couldn't get past his secretary. It was three or four months before I got in to see anybody. All that time I was livin' in a cheap hotel, and though I wasn't exactly starvin', you can bet your life I wasn't eatin' any thick steaks. But I had a lot of hope, and if anybody had killed that, it would have been just too bad. When I did finally get a break, it was because I was simple and sincere. Maybe some people would call it bein' just plain dumb, but then some people are so smart they kinda outsmart themselves.

"One day I walked into the office of the Victor Recordin' Company, and when I said I wanted to see the manager, the girl at the switchboard asked me what I did. When I told her I sang and played the guitar, she asked, 'What kind of songs do you sing?' I said, 'Hillbilly songs. Cowboy stuff.' 'Why don't you serenade me?' she asked. If I'd been a man that was cultured or bright or a man that had known anythin', I'd have figgered she was kiddin' me and I wouldn't have sung anythin'. But not bein' very bright or cultured, I just sat down and played the guitar and sang. Just then two men came into the reception room, Johnny Marvin and a guy who's an official of the Victor Recordin' Company—Nat Shilkret. And they heard me singin' and playin'. The funny part of it was I was singin', *Jeannine, I Dream of Lilac Time*, a song Nat Shilkret had written. Of course, I was too dumb to know he'd written it. So I sang this song and played it for the man who wrote it. That was just plain dumb luck."

As the result of that "dumb luck" Gene was offered a test with a band which was being recorded the next day. Because he had had no previous theatrical or radio experience, his test turned out only fair.

"If Nat Shilkret of the Victor Recordin' Company had said to me, 'Listen, boy, you're wastin' your time singin',' I shore would have been mighty discouraged. But I guess he knew the value of encouragement, for he told me, 'I think you've got a voice, but you need a lot of experience. So why don't you get into a show in a small town or get on a local radio station? Then come back to us, and we'll be glad to give you another test.' Can you beat that? I had to go all the way to New York to learn that the place to begin is on a small local station!

"That's how I found out the next bit of advice I'd like to pass on to American boys, 'Don't figger on settin' a big city on fire right away. Try to make good in a small town first. Then, when you've made good there, you can pass on to a bigger town.' Often boys who want to get ahead in radio write me and I tell them to try to get a job on a local radio station, even if they have to work for a while without pay. American boys are mighty lucky in one respect. In England there are very few radio stations, and they're all owned by the government. But in the United States every little town has its local station, and pretty nearly anyone with a bit of talent can get a chance. Afterwards, if he can prove that he has been doin' well, he can go on to a bigger station. However, I never encourage anybody to go to Hollywood. That's the toughest town of all. I figger the best thing to do about Holly-

wood is to make good somewhere else, and let Hollywood find you."

Following Nat Shilkret's advice, Gene went down to station KVOO in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and sang there for about a year. It was through his cowboy songs on this local station that Art Satherley of the American Record Corporation learned of Gene Autry's existence. And Mr. Satherley was shrewd enough to realize that Gene's voice had a certain note of sincerity which would make it well worth recording. This time, when Gene went to New York, he was ready for his big break, since the year he had spent on the radio had prepared him for it. This time it wasn't necessary for any executive to tell Gene, "You need more experience."

"You've got to be prepared for your breaks when they come," Gene told me. "Many times people try to jump for a job before they're prepared for it, just like I did the first time I came to New York. That's one reason why I advise boys to get all the education they can while they can get it. I guess most boys—especially young boys—think it's sissy to take music lessons and dancing lessons and lessons in dramatics—but it isn't. All those things help to give you courage and confidence in yourself."

Before he signed up with the American Record Corporation, Gene asked permission to talk to the people at the Victor Company, since he felt his whole future might be at stake. At that time the Victor Company was by far the larger company, and he was tempted to sign with it—since the American Record Corporation was, comparatively speaking, a new firm. However, he discovered that the Victor Company already had a cowboy singer. Realizing that if he signed up with it, he'd have to play second fiddle to an already established star, Gene threw in his lot with the American Record Corporation.

"Boys often have the idea that they'd like to work with a big company," Gene told me. "However, I think every boy ought also to consider the possibilities of a small company, which may have an extremely brilliant future. Sometimes you are in a much better position to go far with a small company than with a large one, where you may be only a small cog in the wheel. Because the American Record Corporation was small and new, it concentrated on me in a way a larger company would not have done. Later, when I went to Republic Pictures, the same thing happened. Because it was a young, enterprising company, it gave me every break. If I had been signed up instead by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount, I believe I would have been lost in the shuffle."

"After that," said Gene, "I just went on pluggin' along, and I found out the two final lessons I'd like to pass on to American boys. One is—don't ever go high hat. I've learned that when a person goes high hat because of a little success and doesn't recognize his old friends, the next thing you know, you're going to find that person down at the bottom of the ladder again. And the final lesson I learned is—never sacrifice your peace of mind for anythin'. Before you go into any business, be sure it's legitimate. Lots of times people think a certain racket looks easy and they'll make a lot of coin in it—but if they go in for that racket, they're bound to get thinkin' about what they've done sooner or later; then they'll get so jittery and nervous they won't be able to sleep or rest and they won't be able to enjoy life any more."

"I saw a fine example of that recently in a picture James Cagney made called 'The Roarin' Twenties.' It's the story of a boy who came back to this country after the war and couldn't get a job. Finally he got one drivin' a taxi, and so long as that

was all he did, he had peace of mind and was happy. But one day a woman gave him a package of whiskey to deliver, and later on that boy got to sellin' whiskey—it was during Prohibition days and he was breakin' the law. From the moment he started breakin' the law, he lost his peace of mind, and then everythin' went wrong. Listen, boys, I wouldn't give you the wrong dope. Fame and money are swell things to have, but the most important thing in the world is peace of mind. Why, I've got a brother Dudley, nineteen years old, workin' in a wardrobe department. He makes twenty-five dollars a week and he's happy. Why? Because he's never done anythin' to destroy his peace of mind."

"Of course I believe in young people havin' fun and good times. But don't think you have to set around in a night club every night in order to have a swell time. And don't think it's smart to get drunk. A sociable drink at the right time with the right people may be all right, but it's disgustin' to see young people drunk. Nine times out of ten when young people get into trouble, it's because they've drunk too much and reached the point where liquor handles them. Don't start drinkin' young or smokin' young. It does somethin' to you."

"Keep busy! If a person's mind is occupied, he hasn't time to set around drinkin'. Avoid anythin' which might destroy your peace of mind—whether it's liquor, particularly more of it than you know how to handle—or a job which isn't strictly legitimate, or anythin' else which will make it hard for you to sleep nights. Don't sacrifice the most important thing in life for somethin' far less important."

That's Gene Autry's advice to American boys. There are sophisticated people who may be amused at the simplicity and sincerity of what Gene says. But, boys, what Gene says is straight from the heart.

"PEPSI AND PETE" THE PEPSI-COLA COPS



HINT TO PARTY-GIVERS

Expecting a crowd tonight? Then stock up with Pepsi-Cola. Everybody likes its better flavor. And the 6-bottle Home Carton is a real bargain. Each big, big bottle holds 12 full ounces.



**BUY THE
CARTON**



"I MAKE SURE YOU GET
A BIG, BIG BOTTLE -
12 FULL OUNCES"

"I MAKE SURE IT'S
WHOLESOME AND
GRAND-TASTING"



FILLS YOUR GLASS TWICE

2 Little Maids from School

Continued from page 25

sweet. He'd drive me down to rehearsals in the middle of winter, when it was colder than anything, and wait for me there. We'd be having hot drinks and sandwiches inside, but I could never coax him in. He's not a very sociable person. He'd curl up in the car with blankets and go to sleep and never once complain. Which I think was pretty swell for a man who detested the whole idea. I understand how he felt. The way he was brought up, he was taught that show people were vulgar and cheap. He didn't realize that times have changed. Then so often he'd say, 'It's such a hard life, honey. I don't want you to do it.' You can see it wasn't easy to go against a person like that. But I had to.

"It came to a showdown during the Pan-American Exposition. There was a great to-do in the papers about hostesses. The leading photographer was choosing girls and sending their photographs to McClelland Barclay to be judged. I thought I'd like to do that. We were talking about it one evening, and Dad broke out with one of those 'no-daughter-of-mine' speeches. It made me a little unhappy, and it made mother a little mad, and she said we'd show him. So I had my picture taken, and I was chosen. Dad never said much more after that. He finally sort of got used to it, bless his heart," said Linda, with the indulgence of a fond mother for a beloved and erring child.

Indeed, Mr. Roy would have had a job on his hands to stop two women determined to let no grass grow under their feet. By the time she was fourteen, Linda and her mother had called on six talent scouts. The procedure was always the same. "How old are you?" "Well—I'm fourteen." "Sorry, too young. Come back in three or four years." When Ivan Kahn, Twentieth Century's scout, came to town, Linda said: "Let's skip it, mother. They won't touch you till you're seventeen or eighteen." "Oh, come on," urged her mother, "take a chance." Mr. Kahn agreed to send her photographs to the coast.

Cut to six weeks later. A February afternoon. Linda was doing her homework when a Western Union messenger appeared. "Hm," she thought, "Bill can't take me tonight." Bill was working his way through school, and had recently been obliged to break a couple of movie dates. The wire read: "How would you like to go to Hollywood to make screen test. If satisfactory, could you arrange to leave Friday night." Linda gave it a double-take and yelled for her mother, who arrived pell-mell to save her child from heaven knew what peril. After having had two or three fits in the dining room, they dashed outdoors. It was Dad's day off. He was cleaning the car in the driveway. A couple of the kids were there too. Linda thrust the wire at him. "Look, pop, we're going to Hollywood." The kids started a war dance. Dad, who never lets himself get excited, looked the yellow blank over. He didn't crack a muscle. At last he said, "Well—we'll think about it." "Think about it, nothing," retorted Mom. "We're going!"

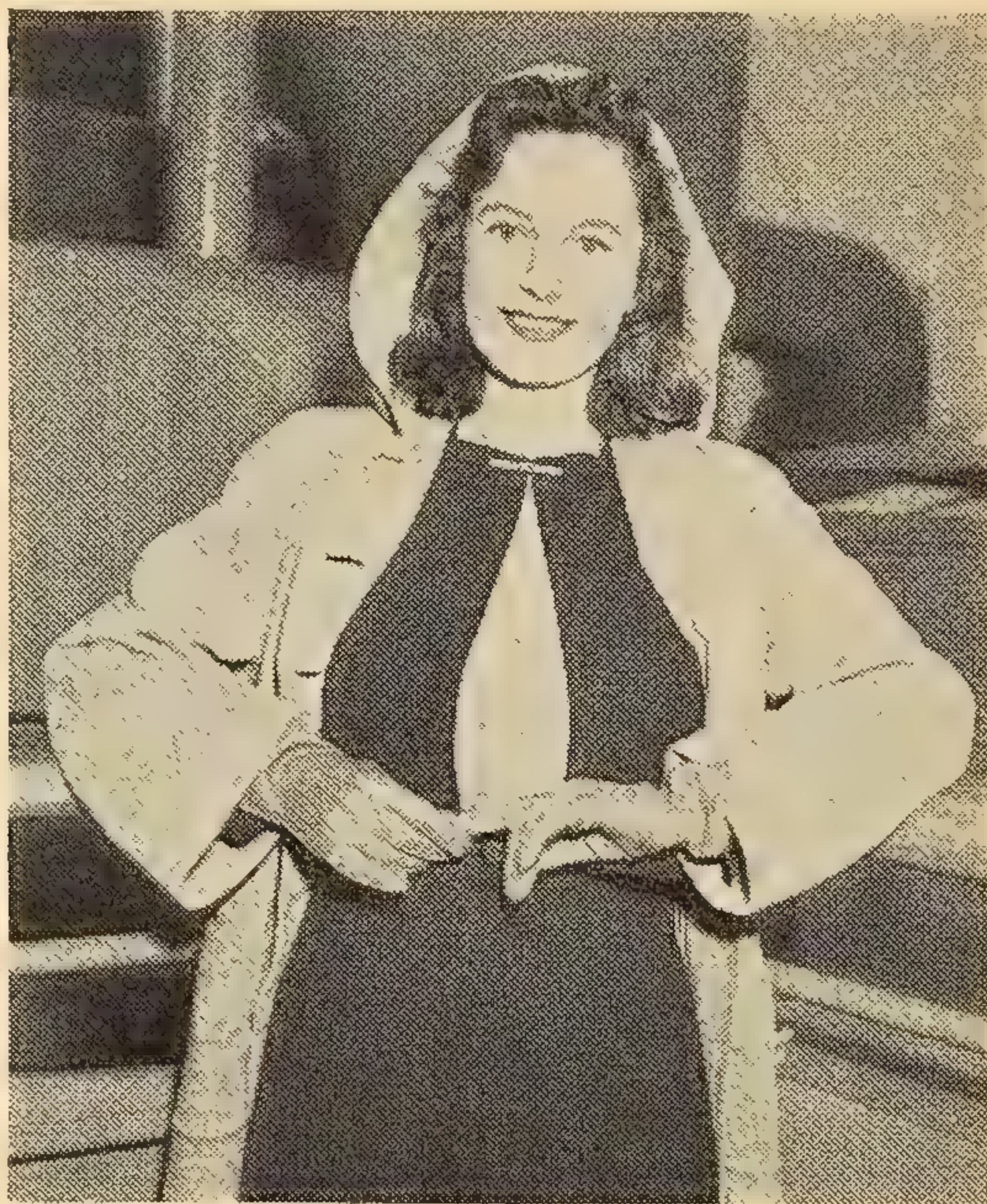
Linda's wardrobe consisted mostly of calico dresses. The other candidates, boarding train at El Paso, wore silver fox and orchids. The little girl from Dallas didn't let that worry her. Thrill after thrill was in store. Pictures were taken at the Los Angeles terminal. They were rushed to the studio to meet—"I'll give you three guesses! Tyrone Power! Sure 'nough! Can you imagine!"

For three weeks she made silent tests. For six weeks she toiled with a dramatic

coach, trying simultaneously to acquire a stage presence and get rid of a Texas drawl. The verdict was shattering, if familiar. "Too young. We'll bring you out again when you're seventeen." She cried and cried in Mr. Kahn's office. Her mother cried too. She thinks it's funny now, but she didn't then. "Why can't you make me older?" she wailed. "You make lots of people younger."

On the train going home, though, she started getting mad. A fighting light glimmered under the tear-swollen lids. She turned to her mother. "I'll come out here for another studio some day, and I'll just show them. You wait and see."

Meantime Brenda had been steering a less turbulent course. She too had always wanted to go on the stage, though it wasn't her mother who planted the seed. She



Geraldine Fitzgerald, who's been vacationing in Ireland, is back in Hollywood again, all set to appear opposite Laurence Olivier in "Disraeli."

doesn't know what did. As far back as she can remember, she just wanted to. Her goal was the legitimate theatre. "Nearly everybody would like to be in the movies," she says, "but I was being very sensible. I knew they were practically impossible to break into. I never dreamed it could happen to me."

She had an endowment policy for her education—enough to take her through two years of college or one year at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. She talked it over with her mother, and again decided to do the sensible thing. One year at the Playhouse might get her nowhere. Two years at college was bound to give her some scholastic and cultural training. She could take dramatic courses. More important still, she could during that period live the normal life of a girl of her age.

She had fun at college, she joined a sorority, she made friends, she met a boy named Owen Ward whom she hopes to marry some day. She worked hard too, and when the time was up, she felt that it couldn't have been better spent. Then she mapped out the next two years. Her best chance for employment, she figured out, lay in the field of commercial photography. She looked up some names in the phone book, took her photographs down, and found she'd been right. There was plenty of work for her. In a year she'd

have enough money to go to New York. Then she'd try out for summer stock.

Fate intervened in the shape of an agent who met her at the home of friends, and proposed to take her to a couple of the studios. Skeptical Brenda shrugged and said, "Why not? It'll be a lark, anyway." Having read of the opportunities given young players like Arleen Whelan and Marjorie Weaver by Twentieth Century, she suggested going there. The same Ivan Kahn who had brought Linda up from Dallas interviewed Brenda, and took her to see Tom Moore, Alice Joyce's ex-husband, now a studio coach. She read for him, and he told her he thought she was all right. "Doesn't mean a thing," she assured herself. "I've read all about how they try to let you down easy." And by the time two phoneless weeks had passed, she was sure she'd been right.

Then Mr. Moore called. "I've been wondering why you haven't come in."

"Nobody asked me to."

"Well, come along. I'll take you to see Mr. Schreiber, our casting director."

Brenda insists that Mr. Schreiber was feeling great that day. He liked her photographs and ordered a test. She studied with Mr. Moore for three or four days and when she finished her test scene, the crew applauded. Mr. Schreiber told her they were going to give her a contract. As she recalls it, "I couldn't stop grinning. I like to smile anyway, but this time I just about popped open. I sent mother, who was in Kansas City, a wire full of whoopee and I got all the kids out to the house to celebrate."

But Brenda, like Linda, had her crying jag. She could take just so much with equanimity. There was more to follow. One day Mr. Zanuck sent for her. "I'm pretty sure you're our *Fern*, and I want to test you for it." The test happened to be a crying scene, and Brenda couldn't stop crying. She buried her face in her handkerchief, which was no good anyway, because she'd torn it to shreds. Finally they had to send for Owen, who took her by the arm, walked her round for blocks and blocks, and talked her into sense again.

We left Linda drying her tears and setting her lips in resolution. The chance to make good that resolution came with Jesse Lasky's "Gateway to Hollywood" contest. It was held in Dallas on a day when Linda had two final exams to take. The tryouts started at nine. Tired and nervous, she didn't reach the auditorium till four thirty. It soon became obvious that the race was neck-and-neck between her and a girl who had had it all her own way before Linda arrived. The other girl lost.

In Hollywood again, she couldn't decide whether or not to be mad at Fox. A sweet disposition, plus the practical feeling that two strings are better than one, sent her to see Mr. Schreiber. He was astonished to note how she'd grown. He was interested to hear that she had a six-weeks Gateway contract. He told her to get in touch with him if it wasn't renewed. On the day of its expiration she phoned, and was given a stock contract. Her god out of the machine was Gregory Ratoff. One glance at her led to another, longer and harder. Then: "I want to test this girl for my picture."

"She hasn't had much experience."

"Experience, bah! You know Ratoff."

He didn't feel quite so grand when the test was made, being heard to mutter, "A thousand dollars and for what?" In the projection room he liked it better.

"But the first week we worked," says Linda, "I did everything wrong, and Ratoff began tearing his hair. Oh, not actually. For a man so temperamental, I was surprised he could keep so calm. He never blew up or screamed, just walked off the set. I felt sorry for him. I tried awfully hard to learn. And sure 'nough, after the

first week or so, I began to catch on a little."

She was on location with "Drums Along the Mohawk" when "Hotel for Women" was previewed. That night she wept salt tears into the campfire. Her mother hadn't wired, her agent hadn't wired, the studio hadn't wired, nobody had wired. "Are they so ashamed of me they don't even want to send a telegram?" she bawled. "My mother wouldn't do that."

Her mother's still trying to explain it. It was one of those lapses, due to over-excitement, that any of us might be guilty of. Next day Linda heard from a boy she knew, but she didn't believe him. He was just trying to be nice. Not till she saw the papers, not till the studio pulled her out of "Drums" to give her the lead in "Day-time Wife" opposite Tyrone Power, did she summon up nerve enough to credit the truth.

"Imagine it! Tyrone Power! Just a year and a half from the time I first met him!" She sighed. "When I think of the kid I was a year and a half ago."

She's still a kid. She kept running to the window to see if the Pontiac, due that day, was anywhere in sight. She doesn't go to night clubs, the height of dissipation being a movie. She has no special boy friend. She likes to get into her bathing suit and play in the sandpile with Monte and Calvin. Evenings are likely to find the family in the backyard, running over the old Texas songs. Calvin, being homesick, sings the loudest. They're all waiting impatiently for November, when Dad's coming to spend a month. "He has ten years to go in the post office," says Linda mournfully, "and he wouldn't give up his seniority for anything." That's the fly in the ointment. He's changed all his old ideas about show people, though. Sure 'nough. He knows more about them now, bless his heart.

It was Owen who kept Brenda from buying a new car. "Save your money," he counseled. "Who knows where you'll be six months from now?"

She's glad he has his feet on the ground. She keeps hers there beside him. She's glad he says coolly, "You weren't bad," when people she doesn't even know are sending her flowers and telling her she's terrific. She laughs when he brings her articles about fading movie stars, but she tacks them up on the wall as he tells her to, "just in case." Owen plans to study business administration at Harvard, and Brenda has promised to be his first client. He hasn't much money, so they don't spend much. They play tennis and swim and bowl with a group of close friends, Owen's sister among them. For an occasional splurge, they dine and dance at the Victor Hugo, or the Palm Room of the Beverly Hills.

Brenda still runs around with as little make-up as possible. Her friends are pleased, but not awed or impressed by her good luck. They continue to call her Betty or Bets. When people ask silly questions, like how does it feel to kiss George Brent, the gang squelches them. They come over and help her hang curtains, as they always did. They drop in without phoning. She wants it never to be any different.

Her next appearance will be in "Little Old New York" with Alice Faye. She and Owen have gone into the marriage vs. career question, and decided not to let it bother them. They have the notion that lots of wives sit around and get to be nuisances, and if Brenda enjoys acting better than bridge, and the audiences continue to enjoy Brenda, that's that. "It doesn't make me any different, and it's me Owen's marrying, not the career," says Brenda.

There's just one thing she can't understand. "We had the hardest time dragging him out here to have his picture taken. And I don't see why he objects," she smiled, "because he is such a good-looking boy."

SCREENLAND'S Glamor Guides

Fashions featured on Page 61 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Pajamas and slips by The Barbizon Corporation, 148 Madison Avenue, New York City

Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.
Hochschild-Kohn, Baltimore, Md.
Wm. Hengerer, Buffalo, New York
Wm. Taylor, Cleveland, Ohio
Shillito's, Cincinnati, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio
A. Harris, Dallas, Texas
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
Beock's, Indianapolis, Ind.
John Taylor & Sons, Kansas City, Mo.
Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Franklin Simon's, New York City
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.
Miller & Rhoads, Richmond, Va.
Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.

Jewelry by Nat Levy-Urie Mandle Corp., 411 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Mabley & Carew Co., Cincinnati, Ohio
The Higbee Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Titcher Goettinger Co., Dallas, Texas
Kline's Inc., Kansas City, Mo.
Broadway Dept. Store, Los Angeles, Cal.
Maison Blanche, New Orleans, La.
Gimbel Brothers, New York City
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joseph Horne & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Meier & Frank Co., Portland, Oregon
The White House, San Francisco, Cal.
Palais Royal, Washington, D. C.

Sonja Henie Parka Hood by The Lion Knitting Mills Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
Wm. Filene's Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
The May Co., Cleveland, Ohio
Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver, Colo.
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
L. S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Klines, Inc., Kansas City, Mo.
Ed. Schuster & Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
The Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Bloomingdale's, New York City
Gimbel Bros., Philadelphia, Pa.
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J. P. Allen, Atlanta, Ga.
Hutzler Bros., Baltimore, Md.
Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
H. & S. Pogue, Cincinnati, Ohio
Halle Bros., Cleveland, Ohio
Volk's, Dallas, Texas
J. L. Hudson, Detroit, Mich.
J. W. Robinson, Los Angeles, Cal.
Best & Co., New York City
L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.
J. L. Brandeis, Omaha, Neb.
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Look Into the Future With Norvell

Continued from page 31

for several years to come and will find happiness in work and marriage. Her chart shows a possibility of marriage in either the latter part of 1939 or the first part of 1940.

Marriage also beckons to two other charming Capricorn stars: Anita Louise, whose chart shows she is compatible to Buddy Adler, may march to the altar within a period of six months; and Cary Grant whose name has been linked romantically with Phyllis Brooks, two stars who could find happiness together in marriage. Both Anita Louise's and Cary Grant's careers will flourish in the future, for their charts are well aspected.

Another famous star born in the Sign of Capricorn, on January 13, is Kay Francis. Following the general trend of an afflicted Saturn, Miss Francis' career seemed at an end, and matrimony beckoned; however, she has once again rallied under the more stimulating rays of the planets, and her career is once more asserting itself. Kay Francis will continue on the screen for several more years, and even though marriage has thus far passed her by, 1940 holds a pleasant romantic surprise and a possible marriage.

A word of warning for those of you who may be romantically interested in a Capricorn person, or who may be preparing to marry one. It will be noted that in almost every Capricorn's life that we have discussed, strange or confused conditions have existed in romance and marriage. Marlene Dietrich has been separated by thousands of miles from her husband for some time; Ann Sothern's union with Roger Pryor has been called a long-distance marriage; Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers have been separated but not legally; Loretta Young's youthful marriage to Grant Withers ended in annulment; Luise Rainer's marriage to Clifford Odets has been tempestuous; Cary Grant was once married to Virginia Cherrill and later divorced. Out of all fairness to Ray Milland it must be stated that his marriage has been successful and happy. Anita Louise, our only other Capricorn star under discussion, has not yet ventured into matrimony.

This is seemingly a sad commentary on the ability of Capricorn persons to find happiness in love and marriage, but when you understand their natures you can realize that it is only because they are too often ruled by their hearts instead of their heads. Capricorn is a Sign that does not merge with any other easily. They are physically attractive and they are often tempted to find love outside the marriage bounds. If you are planning marriage with a Capricorn person by no means change your mind, for the chase will be merry and pleasant, but be prepared to practice that second fiddle number, for you may need it!

As you can see, we have a fairly good composite picture of the qualities most Capricorn persons possess. If this is YOUR Sign you should profit by the mistakes of others and observe the following warnings: Be sure you are in the right type of work. If you are not, you should not hesitate in changing at once. Study your personality carefully and overcome mannerisms and personality defects. Many Capricorn persons possess harsh qualities about the personality that often make them appear stubborn, dominating, and morose. Be careful in the choice of a sweetheart, for you are apt to be too idealistic and demand too much from the one you love. Be more than

careful to make the right choice in marriage, for you can be happy in marriage only if you choose some person on the same mental and physical planes as yourself. How can you do this? Astrology offers you the key. Certain Signs are more compatible than others for those born in the Sign of Capricorn. They are: Taurus, April 21 to May 20, (Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, and Gary Cooper types.) Virgo, August 23 to September 22, (Martha Raye, Fredric March and Garbo are Virgo-born.) Cancer, June 21 to July 22, (Irene Dunne, Richard Dix, and Barbara Stanwyck are Cancer types.) In many cases, the Sign of Pisces, February 19 to March 20, is compatible, (Joan Bennett, Louis Hayward, Franchot Tone and John Garfield are typical.)

Remember this important point—if you were born in Capricorn, you have much in common with the famous screen stars we have been discussing. You may never aspire to screen fame, but it is almost certain that success will eventually seek you out in your chosen field. Capricorn people have a way of working up to the top, no matter in what profession they are to be found. In the past few years it has been uphill work, owing to afflictions to your Sign, but things should be much easier for you now, so take advantage of them and attain your life's ambitions.

What type of work are Capricorn persons best fitted for? The women of this Sign excel in the business world, or as teachers, nurses, managing or owning rest homes, beauty shops, or restaurants. They are also frequently found in secretarial positions, and many times make good as bookkeepers and accountants. The men born in this Sign are good salesmen, promoters, real estate brokers, doctors, lawyers, and hotel managers or operators. Capricorn is a talented Sign and generally brings its subjects a fortune at some period of life.

If you were born in a Sign other than Capricorn and are doubtful as to the outcome of present plans, consult the section below dealing with your own birthdate and see what surprises the stars hold for you this month.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

New and original thoughts may express themselves this month. Mars helps you in financial matters. Seek out business changes and help from those in authority. Real estate thrives at this time, stocks and bonds are good. Avoid signing legal papers on the 5th, 12th, and 23rd unless you consult a lawyer. Warnings in romance and marriage. Avoid quarrels and jealousy and you can overcome this negative influence. Travel, visit friends, relatives. Change the home or business environment and seek out social activity this month. Disturbance is noted to some relative, possible illness in the home. No serious troubles, however. The month ends on a more optimistic note with better financial conditions.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

This month holds some warnings in love or marriage. You may feel a disquieting influence in the love life, so take care lest you permit your heart interest to wane. The business and financial prospects are good. Favors meeting the public, executive work, inventive, artistic and musical activities. Promote your own interests and work

toward independence. Venus comes into a good cycle in the latter part of the month and produces good vibrations for romance, better than the first two weeks of the month. Watch the health and avoid taking chances in dark places, on stairs or in vehicles on the 2nd, 7th, 13th, 18th and 28th. Some man may come into your life who can help you in a business way. Favors the stock market, real estate, and buying or selling merchandise. News from a distant city may arrive. Fairly good month for courtship, engagements, or marriage. The best days for active business or social activities are the 4th, 6th, 16th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 29th, and 30th.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Plans may not turn out quite right this month, but do not be too discouraged for better aspects are due in the near future. Finances are slowly improving and money coming to you may finally be paid. Good month to go into business, to invest in real estate, or in stocks. Avoid partnerships and making enemies. Legal aspects may involve you in the affairs of others. Danger of court action. Be moderate in eating and drinking this month. Mercury brings inspirational ideas for music, writing, or drawing; make the most of these creative vibrations. Short trips and visits to relatives are favored. A legacy may be settled on you, or you may hear of the serious illness of a distant member of the family. The month favors new romances, and long-standing marriages.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

You come into a cycle of good luck in regard to business this month. Your financial confusion should gradually dissolve under the beneficent rays of the Sun and Jupiter. Any problems in love or marriage can be solved, if you are patient and willing to co-operate a little longer. Avoid breaking off any existing romance until you are sure that you cannot make a go of it. Those in secretarial work, accounting, bookkeeping, or clerks in shops come under favorable aspects for changes, promotion, or rise in salary. Act with confidence this month for the stars are helping you now. Watch the health and diet at this time, and avoid overdoing. The following days are good for travel, business changes, social activities and romantic affairs: 1st, 3rd, 7th, 10th, 15th, 18th, 21st, 26th, 28th and 29th. The Moon is your ruler and its aspects this month incline to much activity in romance or the home. Two or more persons may be in love with you and you may have to make a choice between them. Use caution in romance.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

The first week of this month is auspicious in your life, and revolutionary changes may come to pass. These may affect any department of your life such as romance, business, financial, etc. Be alert to progression and hold yourself in readiness to take advantage of any opportunity Fate may present. The Sun produces interesting events in the romantic life. If single you may have a chance to become engaged, or you may suddenly attract a new romance. The indications are favorable for all personal affairs, for relatives and friends. If interested in taking short trips you have the assistance of the stars this month and may travel safely. The following days are favorable for finances and romance: 3rd, 5th, 8th, 14th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 25th, and 28th.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Mercury brings you favorable contacts this month for business and finances. Do

not make sudden changes without giving them serious thought. Some deal may be pending that means a great deal to your future. Money from more than one source may come to you. Be cautious in romance or marriage, for some temptation may exist to break off a long-standing love affair. You may be taking the wrong steps, so think twice. The health should be watched at this time for you are under high-strung nervous vibrations and the health may suffer. Concentrate on being calm and peaceful, attend to routine affairs, conserve your energies and you will profit from this month's planetary influences. The 4th, 5th, 8th, 12th, 17th, 22nd, 23rd, 29th are good for general activities and financial matters.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

This month begins under the promising vibrations of Venus and Jupiter and promises relief from the disturbances that have followed you for some time. If you have been unhappy in romance or marriage, you need not tolerate such negative conditions in your life, for someone who is compatible to you may completely alter your life. Make changes in your life at this time, seek a new position if you are not satisfied with the one you have. Finances should be somewhat better. Invest in home furnishings, real estate, stocks, or merchandise, or enter business for yourself. Watch out for disturbances in the home and avoid the complications of relatives at this time. A good month to follow artistic, musical, or literary pursuits. The health must be guarded during the last two weeks of the month. The 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 9th, 13th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd and 29th are good days for social and personal affairs.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

The romantic interest in your life may be threatened at present through a quarrel or through interference of another party. Do not be hasty in making such a change for the stars incline you to a serious love affair and a decision regarding marriage. A good month for new business ventures, ideas for promoting your own welfare, and for dealing with hospitals, schools, public institutions, and publications. Write important letters, seek business contacts on the 3rd, 5th, 12th, 18th, 22nd, 23rd and 30th. Watch the health on the 13th, 18th, 28th, and avoid over-indulgence in drinking and eating. A fairly good cycle has set in for your general welfare. Be alert to chances for progressing in your business affairs, hold on to your money and avoid risky speculation or gambling ventures this month.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

The first week of this month holds warnings regarding business affairs. Do not make a sudden change, or let yourself become annoyed at conditions that may exist around you. After the 15th you may feel more freedom, seek a change, and make contacts with other organizations. A new romance may seek you out and, if you are agreeable, it can turn out successfully. A good month for courtship, engagements, or marriage. Short trips are favored, avoid water travel this month. The health is under better aspects and Mars gives you strengthening vibrations. Danger of illness to an elderly female relative. The 4th, 6th, 7th, 14th, 20th, and 25th are red letter days with outstanding events scheduled. The rest of the month is good for routine matters.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

To what we have already said about Capricorn-born it may be well to add that

Saturn and Jupiter are sending beneficent rays during the next four weeks and your entire life will reflect the improved conditions you have long waited for. Your romantic life may be due to change immediately, but make no effort to force an issue. If you attract someone who seems sincere and is compatible be willing to go half way. Money may be delayed, or may come from unexpected sources this month. Real estate may prove a burden; dispose of anything that does not pay good returns. A cleaning-up process is noted in your life this month; changes for the home, relatives, and friends are shown. The 2nd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 13th, 14th, 22nd, 25th, 29th are good days; the other days are good for routine and business affairs.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18

Progress is shown for those born in this Sign who are creative and artistic. Musical work, acting, dancing, singing, or writing is favored. Business affairs are somewhat improved. A new interest may arise in business that can lead you to financial independence if handled correctly. Your finances may show steady improvement this month and you should be coming out from under the dark cloud that has hovered over you for several years. Romantically you may experience strange and unusual events at this time. You may be undecided about the romance in your life at the present time and want to make a change. If a suitable opportunity presents itself it might be wise to seek another romance for you have been under rather disturbing vibrations in the past months. Remember that many persons born in this Sign are inclined to two marriages, and if you are still free, be sure you choose the right person before marrying. Health problems may arise; watch the diet; rest, relax, and do not worry. Travel may occupy your attention for the coming four weeks.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20

A change in residence is possible at this time. You are getting out of a distressing cycle of routine humdrum. The imagination is aroused, and inspiration may come through a romantic union that holds many desirable elements. You are happier in a business of your own, or in executive or professional work where you do not need to take orders from others. Work toward that goal this month. Dispose of property that may prove a burden, and invest only in securities that are listed on the exchange. Avoid fraudulent promoters, for Neptune inclines you to some risks this month. This cycle you are now in represents stability and security. Save your money, and do not permit others to lean on you too much. Romance may be better at this time; decisions may have to be reached as to whether you continue with someone who loves you. Do nothing hastily. The month ends on a favorable note. Travel, visit friends or relatives. Watch the health. Deal with hospitals, banking institutions, schools, and large corporations.

The stars are the hands of the clock of the universe and, as they revolve in their orbits, tides rise and fall, seasons change, and human destinies are altered for good or bad. Perhaps you have had discouraging experiences in the past months; you may even now be standing on the threshold of new and revolutionary changes, wondering which path to take into the future. It is Norvell's belief that astrology points out the milestones of life—that it reveals the pattern for living a full life of financial freedom, romantic happiness and contentment, if only we can interpret the message of the stars. Find out Your life pattern according to the star ruling your destiny!

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My Frankest Confession

Continued from page 33

"I do not regret missing college. I never wanted to go to one. I enjoyed grammar school, but I hated high school for when I entered I was working as a dancer and school was thereafter only a nuisance. The only things I learned in school were how to read and write! I was mildly conscious of English and French. I got a 52 in Algebra. When the teacher conferred with me about that I said I didn't even see why Algebra existed. She admitted she didn't know either, but didn't I want to pass? I replied 'Only because I'll have to go through all this again if I don't!' She passed me on my promise not to tell anyone my low grade. I didn't mix in high school, never went to a single school party. I was too busy with my budding career, which was more fascinating. I hope it will continue indefinitely. When I am no longer popular in pictures I can go tour the world in concert. Gene and I have discussed doing a Broadway drama together, but the idea of going back on the stage isn't serious yet with me. I found myself through my singing and my concerts will give me my share of audience reaction. I love it, and them.

"I have fits of depression when I have to do something I don't enjoy. I get over these blues by doing what strikes me as terribly wrong. I rush out on a brief buying spree, with all the nerve of a drunken sailor. I feel it's a sin to be extravagant. But doing something naughty makes me fancy I'm getting even somehow, so I go buy what I'll probably never use.

"I tried to live my rôle off-screen only once, when I made 'The Merry Widow.' I went strong on sophistication then. It was soon such a bother. I am sophisticated now, and like to be thought so, but I don't care for trimmings that take up your time. I bought a few jewels during that experiment because people told me that I should, that the jewels I'd select would be a fitting reflection on my success. I wear jewels once in a while, for I am honestly indifferent to them. And I think it inconsiderate to flaunt jewelry in these days. My wedding band is plain platinum, just like my mother's. She has influenced me more than anyone else.

"I do not sing or entertain when I go to parties, though I mix well. Never take a drink. I do not smoke—why try whether smoking will harm my voice, for it obviously won't do me any good. I am an able conversationalist. I prefer to talk about places and history. I can enjoy a morsel of gossip as keenly as anyone, but I never repeat what I am told because I know the damage that could do. I am not curious about Hollywood people and their personal affairs. I am eager to meet intellectual people at a party, because I can learn something from them. But they are too much of a strain for a steady diet, so I choose plain folks for friends. The first thing I notice in a man is his grooming. If he has a familiar air I am repelled. I dislike women who are patronizing. The only time I grow self-conscious any more is at a party where there are people I don't like. I know absolutely nothing about the intricacies of international politics, and don't want to be informed of them.

"I have been an habitual worrier, and this has been my chief fault. I have stewed and fretted and the efforts could have been harnessed far more advantageously. None of the things I feared happened. I have never actually faced despair. My outstanding disappointment, professionally, is that while I, myself, was a hit on Broadway I was never in a hit show.

"I have a secret burning ambition to

make everyone I like also like me. I never worried about old age or death, but I have had a fear of being friendless in years to come. I used to have my feelings hurt continually. I was an awful cry-baby, too, when I was finally alone. I am still very sensitive to what is said to me. I am disturbed by criticism. I rate an inferiority complex as a form of ego.

"I know I have had some tricks played on me, but I am not bitter. I forgive, even if my remarkable memory keeps me from forgetting. I have trained myself to concentrate and lately I have taught myself to be philosophical about disappointments. My faith in people has been betrayed, so that now I completely trust only a few. If I lost all I possess I could depend upon only about three people. I have several enemies, but I ignore them. If I didn't, they could hurt me. I am grateful to Director Woody Van Dyke's mother for admonishing me abruptly, 'You can't let them upset you! You'll get lines in your face and you won't photograph well. If you allow them to make you miserable you're deliberately ruining your own career!' From then on I have been above their maneuverings.

"I almost never have done what I wanted to do. Because, always, I listened to both sides and then followed someone's advice. It wasn't invariably right.

"I now consult, but I rarely take advice except on business investments. I freed myself from giving in to the decisions of others when I really expressed myself fully for the first time last spring. I believed a concert tour was a progressive step, I insisted on leaving Hollywood to meet audiences, and it was all I hoped.

"I know that I have no flash when I walk into a room, but once in I can easily, and do, adapt myself to whomever I am with. I am no longer awed by any person or place. I credit that to experience.

"I am a fighter, but at last I have nothing left to fight for. I am glad, for I always wished for peace and security. My temper was never alarming, because vanity stopped my anger.

"I am not at all sorry I went to work at fourteen. I am not a fatalist. I have never been lucky, in the sense of falling into things. I have worked hard for what I aimed at.

"Early in life I learned not to trust other girls where men are concerned. I am not tactful enough. I am incessantly talking myself out of some blundering remark. I should have been more diplomatic on many occasions. I am embarrassingly frank with my own opinions, although it is not difficult for me to hide my real feelings. People do not take me into their confidence hastily, for I don't take them quickly into mine.

"I have educated myself from observation and from the requirements of my jobs. I do not read much. I do not ask for inspirational books, but whenever I pick up a magazine and notice an article on how to be charming or how to give a correct dinner party I invariably read every word. I check on myself and purr if I've been right all along.

"I certainly am not always poised, prepared for any emergency.

"I think everyone who knows me agrees I have a nice sense of humor. Both the ridiculous and the satirical completely delight me. But I can't laugh at jokes based on the misfortunes of others.

"I am adult about everything but my dogs. We speak a language of our own, and at the drop of a hat I hurry them in and brag.

"I seldom get gratitude and thanks, but I still expect it. I always take the time myself to pay little courtesies. I have only average energy. I try to conserve my strength by lying down frequently during working hours. Classical music is the only

kind that effects me emotionally. I am sentimental, but never gullible.

"I am not impressed with palmists, psychics, or any sort of fortune-teller. I have never learned anything true about my future from them.

"I have no home scars. I grew up in a happy atmosphere. I have enjoyed life largely because of that start. Many a time I was sent from the table for giggling. You only have to look at my mother to understand what a sweet, happy woman she is.

"I believe in asking for everything I want. I make definite plans. A concrete attitude brings results for me. I never understand vagueness. But I don't think anyone can be profitably ruthless. Co-operation pays more. People repay in kind.

"I am not competitive. When I have to try out against someone else I don't rise to the situation and shine brilliantly. I fizzle. I am my best when I have prepared carefully and when I present myself alone.

"I have been touched by death but once. My greatest regret is that my father did not live to see my success. I have never been close to tragedy.

"I have not taken up any new sport recently. I feel I must be excellent at any sport I attempt. Riding relaxes me most. It takes me immediately away from myself.

"I do not have to be the leader. I have never been lonely since I have had a career. I wish I had lived in any age but this present one, particularly in the days when courts were truly courts. The past seems more romantic to me.

"I have a thorough mind. I insist upon sticking to a subject until I have proved my viewpoint is clear. I am completely engrossed in whatever I am doing, yet everyone around me doesn't have to bend to my will. Success has changed me in only one way: it has made me more tolerant, for now I realize that others are going through what I did. I pay great attention to details and I want others to. I think we are all born with differing capacities, but that each of us is responsible for what he accomplishes. I maintain there is a sound cause for whatever happens, and that there is the power within us to bring us happiness—even though many of us don't use it.

"I think my life has been extraordinarily full. Hollywood has not altered me because I have had no phony delusions about myself or my work. It wasn't Utopia before I came here. It loomed as just another part for me. I am quite at ease in a movie studio.

"I am no longer consumed with any overwhelming ambition. I am living as I want to live, after a lot of preliminaries. I only want tomorrows to be as satisfying as my todays!"

How Nelson Eddy Faced Christmas Eve Alone

Continued from page 19

eyes a trifle strained, "there was no time for boy and girl affection. I had to work to get somewhere. I just couldn't afford to take time for romance as other young men could."

Oh, he went out with girls occasionally, for make no mistake, our Nelson was no hermit. But they had to be just pals. There was the little pianist at station WLIT in Philadelphia, where Nelson began his radio career. For hours she'd practice with him and Nelson, thankful of her aid, took her to dinner and occasionally to a concert. But there was no word of romance in their conversation, for Nelson didn't dare think of love. Put yourself in his place. If you were borrowing money to get established

as a singer, and you knew the friend who lent you that money had none too much, that faith in your voice was the motivating factor of her life, would you feel you had the right to spend your time, or that money, on girls? On anything but your voice? Nelson didn't. And it wasn't till years later, when every penny had been repaid, that he felt free to spend his time as he pleased.

Always a stickler for accuracy, a heritage of his English ancestry, Nelson can't stand the falsehoods Hollywood publicity men broadcast about him. I've seen him livid with anger at reading he's fallen off a cliff, or pursuing a star he never met. I've seen him brokenhearted because a writer who he felt was a friend, after enjoying his hospitality, wrote pure fiction about him. No wonder he withdraws into his shell, and refuses interviews and audiences alike. And no wonder such misconceptions have sprung up concerning his character.

Now there are many people I know who know Nelson Eddy intimately, and have known him for years. I'd like to paint their picture of a Nelson you don't and can't know. There's Sheila Tara, the dramatic soprano, who has known Nelson since they both sang together with the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company, over a dozen years ago. "The quality I admire most in Nelse," she told me, "is his cleverness as a psychologist. Just before he left for Hollywood he was soloist at the church at 38th and Chestnut Sts., in Philadelphia. When it became known that he was going into pictures, the choir boys thought he might become uppity." Realizing this, Nelson set about to restore the friendly feeling that had always existed between them.

"Gee, boys," he said one night, "I don't know whether I can make it. I don't know what voice I'm in. Stand back of me, fellows, will you?"

Who could resist such an appeal? "We're with you, Nelse," they chorused, their chests swelling. "We'll do our best." And their best they did, with the result that when Nelson sang on holidays he required a police escort to get into the church.

"When he left," Sheila Tara added, "his successor, an English tenor, had the holier-than-thou attitude. Accustomed to the freedom of working with Eddy, the choir tried to get chummy with the new soloist.

"Are you nervous?" they asked. "If you get nervous, we'll cover up for you."

Instead of being grateful, he got angry. "I never get nervous," he said stiffly.

Hurt, the kids whispered, "I hope he cracks on his high notes."

Which he did. For instead of trying to help him the kids went their own way, and it wasn't long before he was fired. "I know this," Sheila told me, "because at the time I was singing in the church across the street. Another thing I admire about Nelse is his keeping the common touch. Do you know the first thing he did on a recent trip home? He went directly to Presser's, the music store where they permitted him to browse around and try out music, in the days when he was poor and unknown. There he held a regular reception, gave them his autographed photo for their front desk, and hobnobbed with the sales people, inquiring about their families, and acting like the simple, friendly soul he is."

Always, Nelson has had a strong sense of gratitude and loyalty. Years ago when he was working as a clerk for the Pennsylvania Railroad by day and studying voice at night, his first teacher was a Mrs. Abbott. So great was her faith in his voice that though he could not afford to pay for lessons she carried him along. The years passed. Nelson went to more advanced teachers and became famous, while Mrs. Abbott became too old to teach. Sickness ate up her savings, and lonely and penniless she lived in a small flat on Wallace St.



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"Whether or not Nelse knew of her plight, I don't know," Sheila confessed, "but the very first check he got from M-G-M for \$1,000, he endorsed over to her, with a note of thanks for what she had done for him." It was this thousand dollars that provided her with medicine and little luxuries for the ensuing year, till she died. You'll never hear of that from Nelson, who thinks no one knows a thing about it.

"Recently," a business associate said, "Nelson had eight bids for radio series, and he could have commanded almost any price." One of the competing firms was a comparatively small one, the company that had launched him on the air, years before. Realizing they could not afford to pay very much, he named a low figure and gave them weeks to reach a decision, weeks that jeopardized his other offers. "To all our pleas that he close one of the other deals Nelson was adamant. 'They gave me my chance, now it's only fair I give them theirs,' he insisted.

"I think," Jean Hight, today an assistant director at CBS, who directed station WLIT in Philadelphia back in 1926 when Nelson started singing there, told me, "that the reason Nelse got ahead is because he's so darn obliging and willing to go out of his way to help the other fellow. A dozen years ago his voice was no better than that of fifty other young singers who haunted the studio; yet he got many more engagements than they.

Every Saturday afternoon Hight scheduled an hour dance program, using a well known popular singer to dress it up. When the guest singer did not arrive for one program, Hight, very much worried, was phoning for a substitute when in walked Nelson Eddy. At the time he was strictly an operatic singer; to sing popular ballads his teachers felt, was beneath his dignity. Noticing how distraught Hight seemed, Nelson inquired the trouble. "Let me sing," Nelson said.

"I can't pay you for it," Hight answered. (At the time Nelson was getting \$25 a performance.)

"I don't want pay; I would just like to help you."

"But you don't know how to sing popular

music," said Hight, "you're an opera singer."

"Then I'll chant the words," Nelson countered.

"What about your reputation as a classical artist?" Nelson just shrugged. "It wouldn't kill it," he laughed. And sing he did.

Nor has success gone to Nelson's head, and given him the superior attitude so many stars affect. He doesn't feel he's above the laws of courtesy. Coming home on his last concert tour, a young woman who had known him years before recognized him. Immediately, he left his comfortable seat, and, perched on the arm of her chair for two hours, did his best to make her train ride entertaining. And though he was dead tired, it wasn't till he had escorted her to her hotel and seen that she was comfortably settled, that he went home to rest.

It was his willingness to help a friend that got him into an awful jam in Philadelphia, a few years ago. One of his girl friends, anxious to perfect her rôle in the opera "Othello," asked Nelson to rehearse with her. Now the climax of this opera is very powerful, with *Othello* murdering his wife, *Desdemona*, whom he believes has betrayed him. Their rehearsal sounded like a mighty realistic imitation of a murder, but engrossed in their practice, they thought nothing of it. As the young lady left the elevator she noticed policemen milling in the usually quiet lobby, and crowds of excited people. Curious, she asked the trouble, to be told, "Someone's being murdered in Nelson Eddy's apartment."

Up to Nelson's apartment the police went, demanding entrance. Dumbfounded, Eddy watched them search every nook and corner. Very evidently they didn't believe his story of a mere opera rehearsal; they knew nothing of operas. They had heard the screams of a girl, and where was her body? Finally Eddy convinced them and sheepishly, they withdrew. The next day the *Philadelphia Mail* carried the story, and for a long time afterwards wherever Nelson went he was teased about his murderous propensities.

But Nelson knows how to take it. "I've been dishing it out for so many years, I

should know how," he says. As you may know, he is a great practical joker and tease. Once when he and a friend ordered dinner on a train, the waiter brought their lamb chops too rare for his friend's taste. So the young man asked him to have them recooked. When the waiter brought the chops back, they were as rare as before. And when the young man protested, the waiter paid no attention, merely exchanged glances with Nelson. The angrier Nelson's friend became, the more indifferent the waiter seemed. For Nelson had taken him aside and told him his friend was a mental case, and he was taking him to an institution!

And a young singer with whom he went on tour recently, told me, "I had the time of my life on that trip. Nelson was always playing pranks on me, bringing me five and ten cent gifts wrapped in beautiful, fancy packages. There was never anything malicious about his jokes. Since I had been raised in southern California, I had never seen snow or experienced cold weather. When we got to New York, I constantly complained about my ears, so Nelson searched around till he located a pair of ear muffs which he presented with a grand gesture. Yet how he did rib me about my delicate ears! And I remember one night when I was terribly blue, ready to give the whole thing up and go home, when suddenly I heard his booming voice down the hall, singing *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*. With his hat at a rakish angle, there stood Nelson, holding a mysterious looking package."

"I have a gift for you, milady," he said. And handed her the package, which contained a huge quantity of popcorn that they sat down and munched. "By the time he got done acting crazy to cheer me up, my blues were gone and I felt grand."

No story concerning Nelson is complete without including a few of his faults, for like you and me, he has his share. For one thing, he frequently loses his temper. Once at a rehearsal Nelson, whose contract specifies that he is to select his own songs, became very indignant because his sponsor had written a song into the program without consulting him. When one of the agency officials said to him, "But, Mr. Eddy, it was your sponsor who ordered that song for your program," Nelson stormed, "I don't care who put it in. I'm not singing that song. It's not the type for my voice."

Sometimes he loses patience with people who can't keep pace with him. There was the singer with whom he was rehearsing a duet, who was plainly mediocre. "If you hold that note so long," she demurred, "I can't make it."

"You'd better do something else then," came Nelson's cryptic comment. "I can't mold my work to suit you." Yet at the concert that night, Nelson tried his best to have his fellow artist's voice show off to best advantage in this number.

In some things, as witness his treatment of the press, Nelson is apt to be changeable. Sometimes after OK-ing material for publication, I understand he has changed his mind, which works a hardship on both the writer and paper involved. And though Nelson is punctilious to a fault in other business matters there have been times when he hasn't been any too prompt for appointments.

Back in Philadelphia, in the days when Nelson needed the money and jobs, he was sometimes late for rehearsal. "I remember once when he came in forty minutes late," Jean Hight told me, "explaining to the rest of us that the street car service was terrible and he was caught in a snow drift for thirty minutes. Having heard it before, we knew it was a phony story, but Nelson is so likeable, we forgave him anyway."

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